THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Liberty

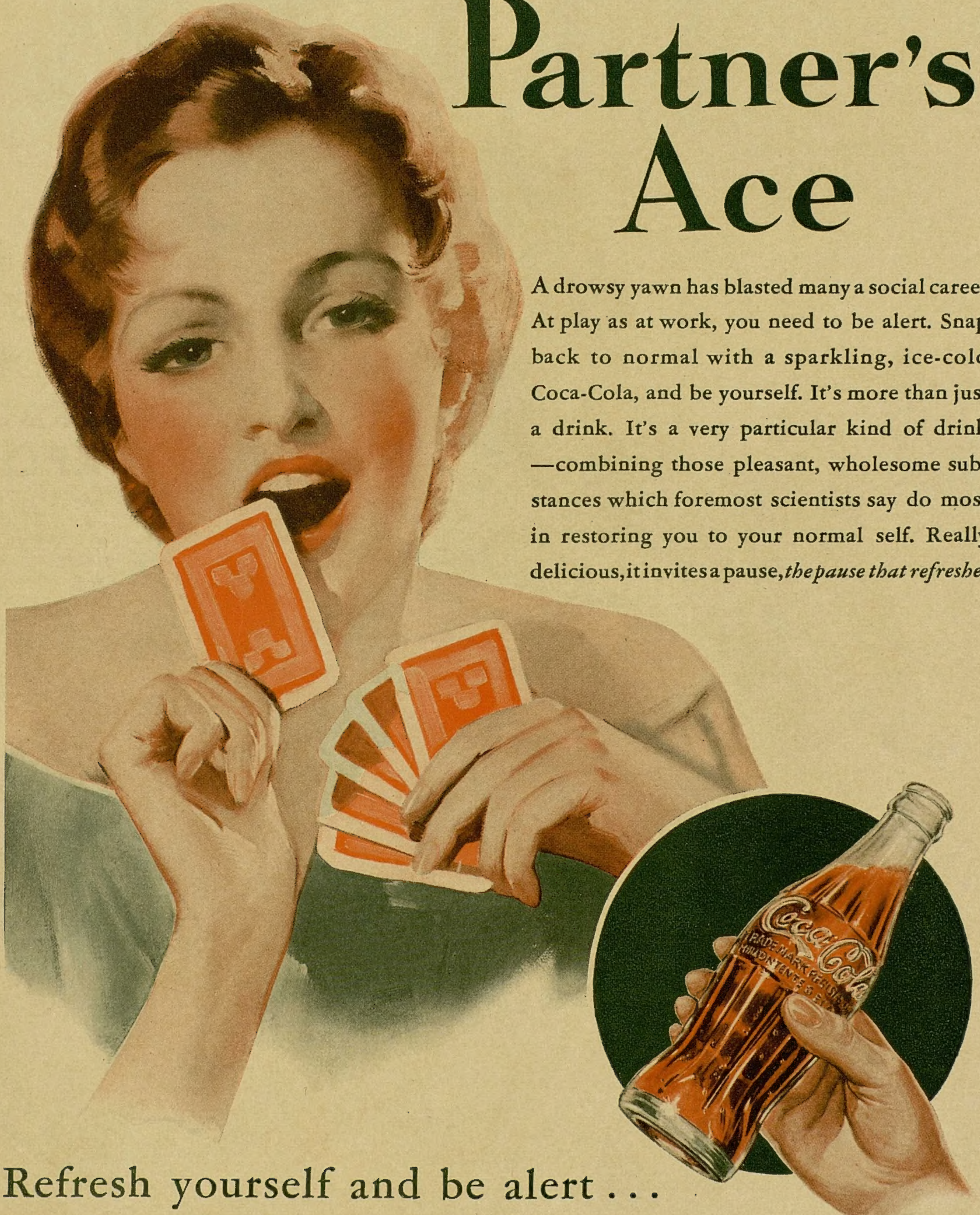
JULY 29,
1933

5¢

MARRIED
FOR
GLORY—
A RACKET
EXPOSED

Charles
Hargens

Don't Trump your Partner's Ace



A drowsy yawn has blasted many a social career. At play as at work, you need to be alert. Snap back to normal with a sparkling, ice-cold Coca-Cola, and be yourself. It's more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, *the pause that refreshes.*

Refresh yourself and be alert . . .
Snap back to normal

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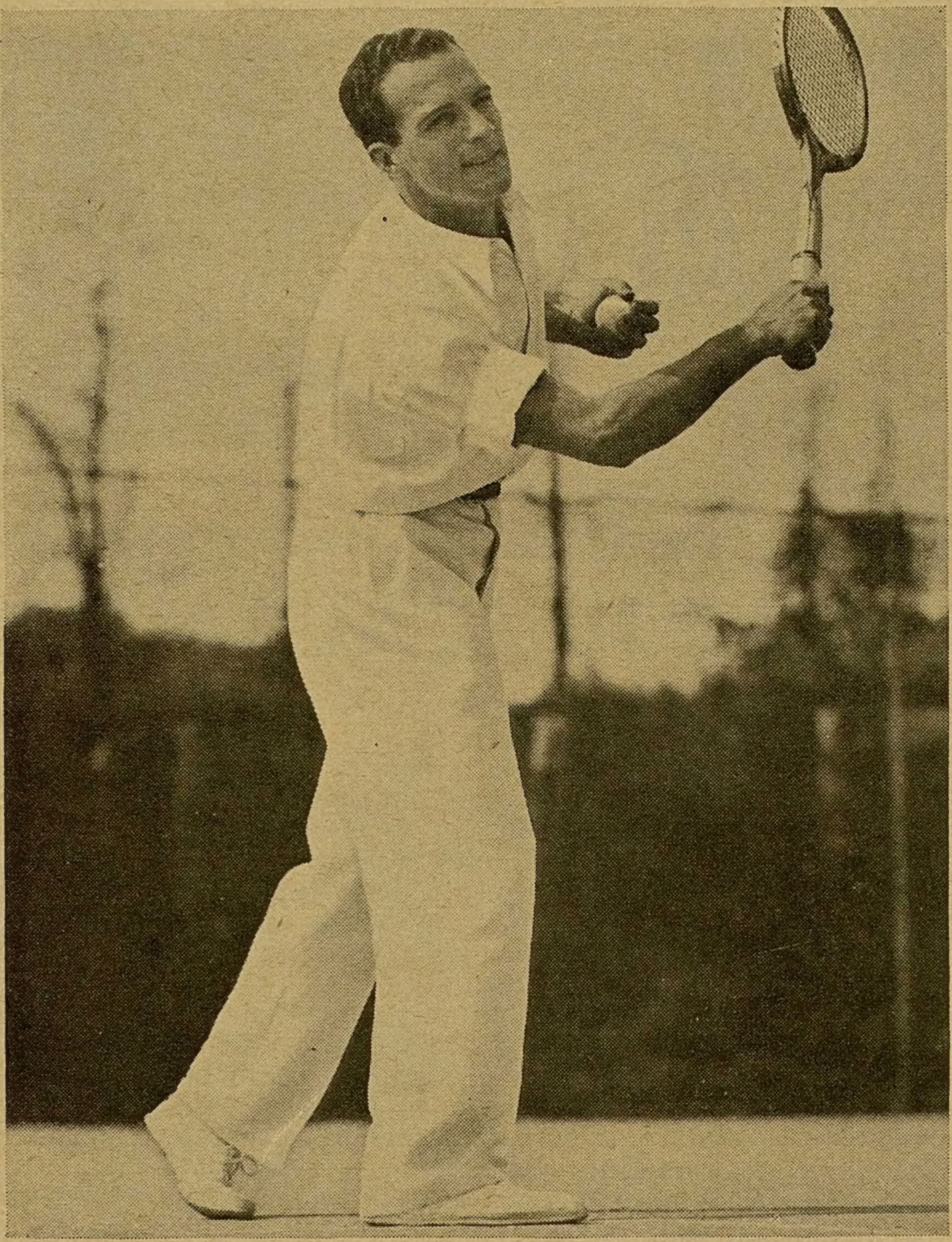
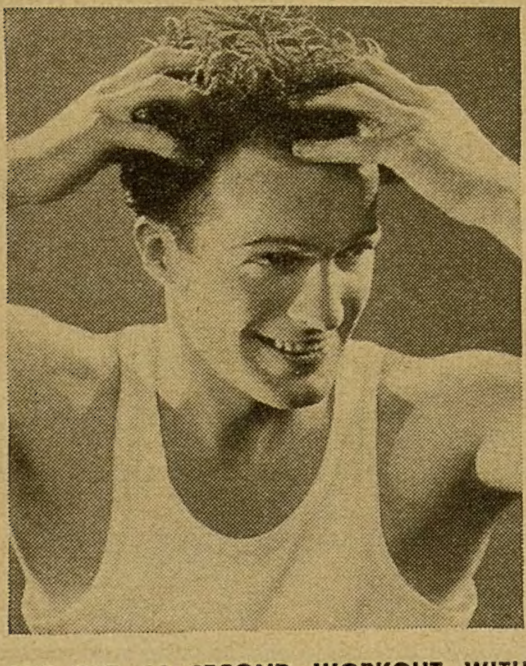
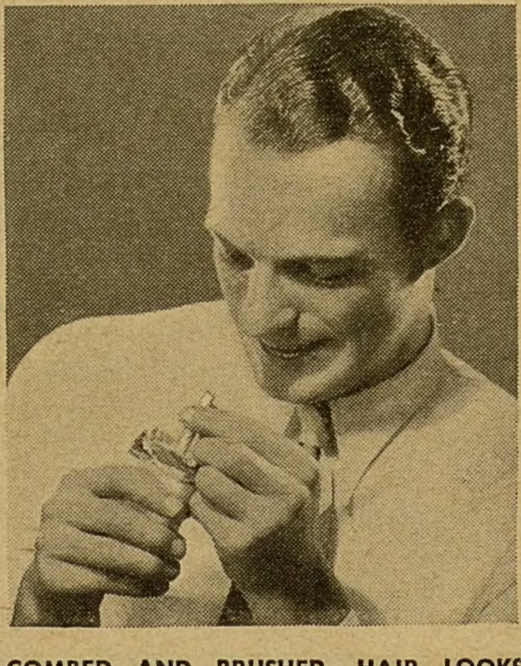
Hot Sun is Tough on HAIR!



HOT SUN PLAYS HAVOC WITH YOUR HAIR . . . dries out essential oils from your scalp . . . leaves hair snarled, brittle, dull-looking.



BUT THE 60-SECOND WORKOUT WITH VITALIS corrects the parched tightness which endangers the health and looks of your hair!



COMBED AND BRUSHED, HAIR LOOKS GREAT . . . smartly groomed, lustrous, healthy! And no "patent-leather" look about it!

Protect your HAIR... Keep it HEALTHY...with VITALIS and the 60-Second Workout!

Summer sun, outdoor exercise, swimming, can do you a lot of good. But they can *ruin* your hair!

The hot sun bakes the life out of your hair, makes it brittle, splits it. Water washes away the natural oils that keep it healthy and alive-looking!

You can have healthy, handsome hair in spite of sun and water. Just do this: twice a week give your dry, tight scalp a brisk workout with Vitalis. On sweltering days rub in Vitalis before you start out and again after your cooling shower.

The Vitalis massage brings back life to your scalp. It restores the essential oils needed for health. It eliminates loose dandruff. Your hair gets back its lustrous, vigorous look. It becomes manageable and stays neatly in place without a hint of "patent-leather."

Start today to protect your hair with Vitalis and this 60-second workout. It will work wonders for the life and looks of your hair.

ASK YOUR BARBER

VITALIS
VITALIS

Your barber knows what your hair needs! When he suggests Vitalis, he's prescribing a preparation he can vouch for!

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

JULY 29, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 30

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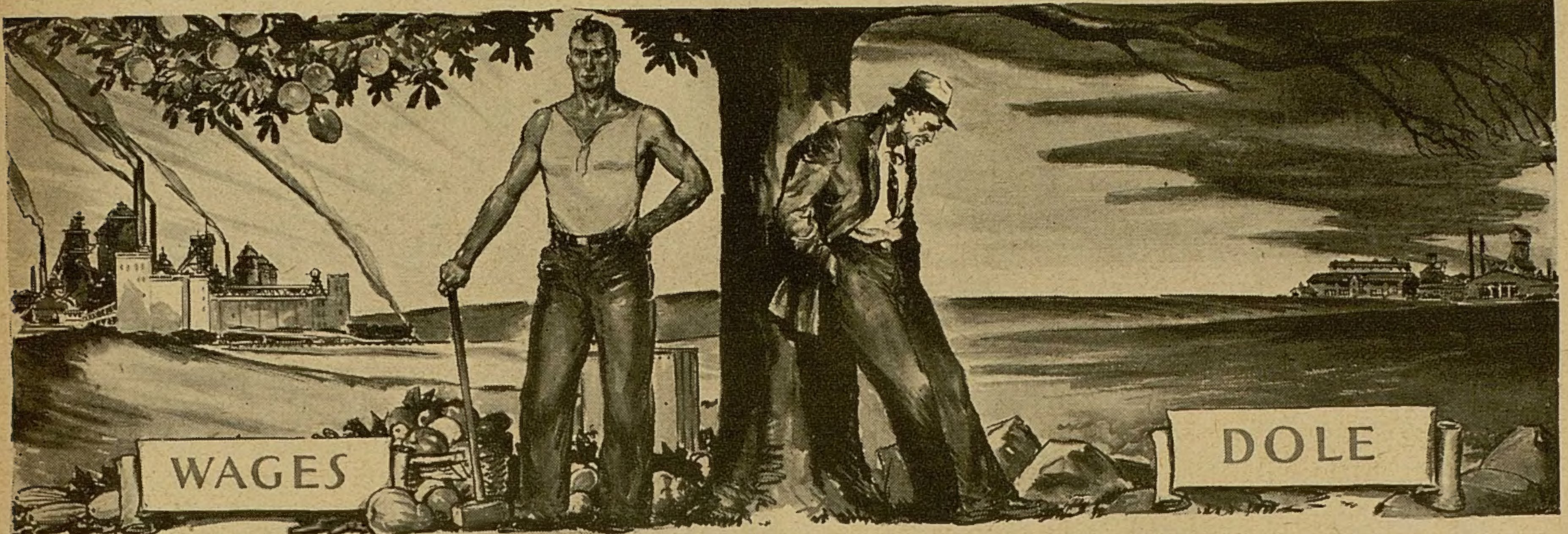

THE DOLE—A GREAT CALAMITY

THE depression has brought us many evils of more or less magnitude—unemployment, with the associated sorrow and suffering—but one of the most destructive forces that we are combating at this time is what is known as the dole.

There may be times when charity is beneficent, when it is necessary to save people from starving in dire emergencies; but unearned rewards are often dangerous, and when one acquires a habit of accepting such favors the tendency to depend upon them grows on one with perilous tenacity.

One of the most important factors in the growth and development of human life is the struggle associated with it, the effort required to win the rewards that we seek, the work essential to earn the comforts of life. And when the necessity to struggle disappears, body, mind, and soul gradually disintegrate, muscles become soft and the brain sluggish.

Put an untamed lion in a cage. For a while he may remain the king of beasts, but he ultimately becomes a sniveling, cowardly weakling. It is the struggle in life that makes man courageous and strong, that builds character, manhood and womanhood.

The fight to live—that is what sustains life. Conquering the difficulties with which we come in contact is the source of real human power. The fighting instinct, the spirit to contend, the struggle for the things we want in life—these are what build and develop superior citizenship.

The weekly dole is not unlike a drug that dopes mind and body. The morale slowly disintegrates; the need to struggle no longer exists. The necessities of life come without effort. You do not have to work or worry about the future.

Down, down you gradually descend in the scale of life until you join the oyster and the jellyfish—spineless, spiritless, without an atom of fight left in your personality.

Feed the hungry! That is our duty. There is not a community in the land that cannot find labor of some kind which can be performed by those who are now on the dole. Any kind of work is better than none, and when relief workers once realize the serious injury being wrought upon the victims of charity they will undoubtedly make some effort to find work for them.

If there is nothing better, the men—and also women—could be drafted under army rule and a modified system of training could be required of them. Every victim of this distressing situation would quickly note a change in morale if a policy of this kind were pursued.

When a man who is accustomed to hard work finds himself on the dole, he becomes spiritless, loses ambition, enthusiasm, and he ultimately degenerates into a dull human clod. There is nothing in life worth while without constructive activity.

Managers of relief agencies have tested the policy of giving the charity victims work for only one day a week, and even this slight deviation has wrought great changes for the better.

There is a remarkable difference between the value of money that you have definitely earned and that which comes to you as charity, although the buying power of each may be the same. That which you have earned you appreciate to the last degree.

The dole must be continued where necessary, but its demoralizing influence should be recognized and avoided as much as possible.

To find work of some kind for these unfortunate members of society should be an insistent demand at all times.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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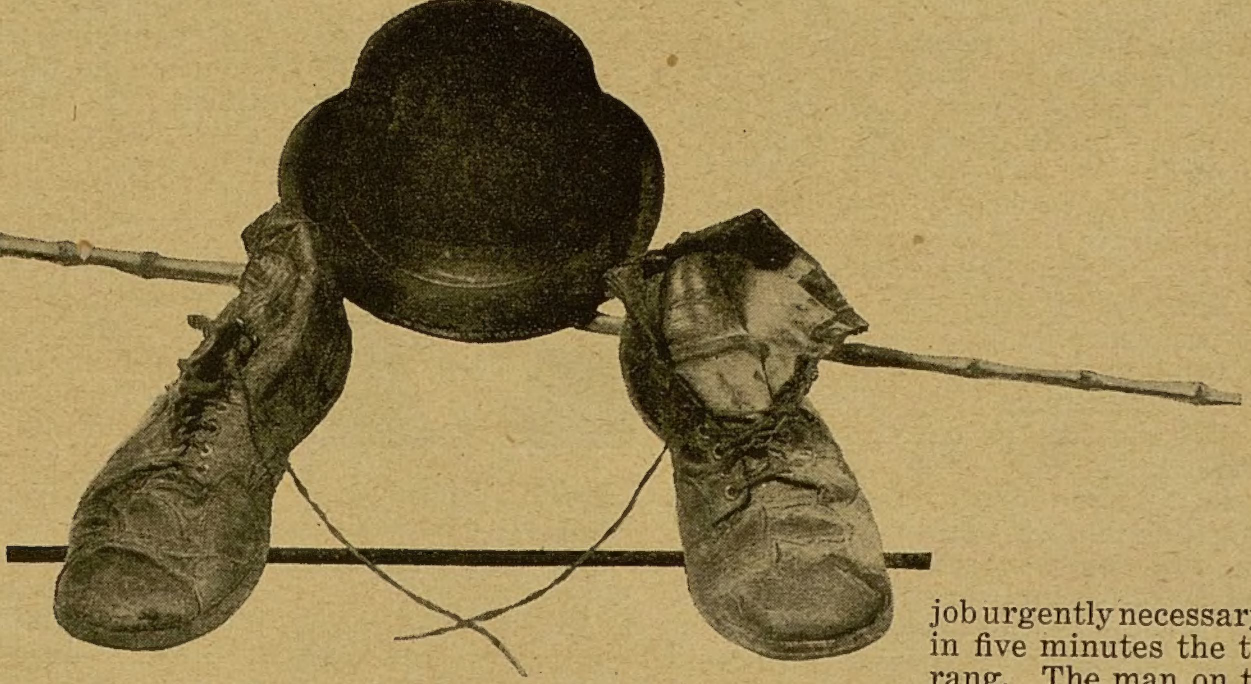
Beginning—

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF Charlie Chaplin



A Revelation of Things That Have Never Before Been Told

By CARLYLE R. ROBINSON

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS (c) KATHLYN HAYDEN

(Reading time: 26 minutes 20 seconds.)

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

MUCH has been written about Charlie Chaplin. Yet little has been told.

For the real Chaplin is not easy to know. Not infrequently I have had occasion to wonder if he knows himself.

My knowledge of him has been acquired through sixteen years of close personal contact. I have worked side by side with Charlie day and night. We have traveled together, we have played together, we have lived together.

He is a man of great physical courage and endurance.

There is no sentiment in him. Yet he is so sensitive as to avoid at any cost inflicting pain on others—in their presence.

He has few friends. He has had scores.

He does not count it a loss!

There has been much talk about Chaplin's being "misunderstood." Actually he has fostered the idea. His "lonesomeness" is of his own choosing. He spends those hours alone—*rehearsing!*

As everyone knows, he was born in London, April 16, 1889. The poverty of his early years is also common knowledge. It was not until 1914 that his name flashed around the world. From that day to this it has been spread across the front pages of the world's newspapers. Every move he makes is of interest to the public. Now that the talkies have arrived, with their language limitations, he is the one man in all filmdom who—with his still silent films—has in his grasp a world audience.

PART ONE—THE LONDONER GOES HOME

A LITTLE more than sixteen years ago an invitation for me to become identified with a motion-picture company in Hollywood seemed to me to be the answer to a prayer.

During the preceding two years I had been doing in-and-out jobs in the film industry, as a press agent. At this time, abruptly, I found myself jobless, with another job urgently necessary. Within five minutes the telephone rang. The man on the other end of the wire was John Jasper. He said something like this:

"Listen. I've just had a telephone call from Mr. Freuler, president of Mutual Film. You know, they own the Lone Star Company—the outfit where Chaplin works. Mr. Freuler's got ideas about Chaplin. What are you doing?"

"Looking for a job."

"Well, that's fine! Nine o'clock tomorrow morning you start as press agent. Good-by."

I didn't know Chaplin. Few people in Hollywood did. We knew his salary was supposed to be $667,000 a year—and guessed it was actually one quarter of that figure. (Our guess was wrong; the announced figure was right.)

I assume I had passed Charlie on Broadway in Los Angeles a score of times. Even had I been aware of his identity I am afraid I should have paid *him* scant attention. For in those days his arm was almost always linked with that of the most beautiful blonde I have ever seen—the divine Edna Purviance.

Keen disappointment smote me the following morning when I went to work. Charlie Chaplin would not appear on the lot until the end of the week. However, this gave me a chance to get my bearings. One of my early discoveries was that the star disliked newspaper men and had no desire to be annoyed by "old friends."

I discovered he liked to be called Charlie—hated "Mister." That his hours were irregular and many of his demands impossible. That he had strong likes and stronger dislikes. That he had no idea of time.

And then at last I got my first close-up of Charlie.

I saw a young man in the studio yard playing with the company mascot, a goat. The animal would charge at Charlie—Charlie side-stepping the rush in toreador fashion. Then he would grasp the animal by the horns and pin it to the ground. This first sight of him did not impress me particularly. There were two things about him that did stamp him as being different: the smallness of his feet and his almost feminine hands. Generally, however, he was an unimpressive-looking person, although he looked much younger than his twenty-seven years.

Arriving at the studio the next morning, I had a conference with Jasper. On my way back to my office I heard a voice shouting, "He's here! He's here!" Everybody in sight stopped short in whatever they were doing—actors, carpenters, electricians, everybody! Then Chaplin came through the gate.

The whole performance struck me as ridiculous. I wondered vaguely why they didn't blow a bugle or fire a salute. (Subsequently I learned the announcer was Rollie Totheroh—one of his many unofficial jobs!)

The star arrived in a large expensive black sports car. Two men occupied the front seat. One was tall and thin. He alighted first. The other, the chauffeur, was a Japanese. The thin man scurried around the car and opened the door of the tonneau. Out stepped Chaplin, wearing a long black broadcloth overcoat with upturned collar of astrakhan. He was hatless. Slowly he strolled across the studio yard, Tall-and-Thin following.

Rollie Totheroh, Charlie Chaplin's able cameraman.

Bewildered, I sought enlightenment.

"Miss Roberts," I ventured, "is this an everyday occurrence? All this ceremony when Mr. Chaplin arrives?"

"Yes indeed," replied the studio stenographer. "Rollie has to do it every day. Charlie loves it!"

It did not take me long at the Lone Star studio to get the impression that on this lot everything was done *backward!* And in one respect at least I found that this was true.

I asked several executives to enlighten me as to the story of The Immigrant. None of them could. Only one person knew the story. That person was Mr. Chaplin!

(I know now that even *he* hadn't the least idea what the story might turn out to be!)

The last thing to be done at the Lone Star studio was to write the story of the film—after the film was finished. And writing the story was one of my jobs.

That evening Mr. Chaplin summoned me to his dressing room. As I came in he was pulling the fake mustache from his lip. He greeted me with a smile and asked me a few questions about myself. Then he bundled an overcoat about him and pulled a cap down over his eyes.

"Guess I'll go to the club," he said. "Good night. See you tomorrow, Mr. Johnson."

"Robinson," I interjected.

"Oh—oh, yes. What's your first name?"

"They call me Carl."

"All right, I'll call you Carl. And you call me Charlie. Good night. See you tomorrow." And off he scampered.

In the succeeding sixteen years Chaplin seldom addressed me orally as either Carl or Robinson. Generally he called me Buddy.

I DIDN'T fully appreciate the energy of the little man until the last scene of The Immigrant had been completed and the elimination of excess footage was begun.

The Immigrant had to be cut down to sixteen hundred feet of film. Forty thousand feet had been shot. For four days and nights, without rest or sleep, Chaplin milled in the film. When finally it had been cut his closest friend would not have recognized him. His beard had grown a good part of an inch. His hair was a matted mass. Collarless, haggard, and dirty. But his picture was finished!

Chaplin at this time was nearing the end of his contract with the Mutual Film Corporation. Every company in the industry was bidding for his services. Telegrams containing offer after offer whizzed across the United States, each succeeding one better than the others. He signed his name to a document that guaranteed him a million dollars for eight two-reel pictures to be completed within eighteen months. His last film for the Mutual people was The Adventurer.

He now chose a site for his very own film plant: a piece of ground on the outskirts of Hollywood, five acres in the midst of cornfields. The choice was really made by John Jasper, his astute manager. How good the Jasper judgment was has since become abundantly clear. For that acreage, which cost Chaplin $34,000, is today in the very heart of Hollywood, and only recently the comedian turned down an offer of $1,250,000 for it.

In his new venture Charlie retained Jasper as his manager. In his company of actors Edna Purviance continued as his leading woman. But Edna never had a written contract. Chaplin knew, so far as she was concerned, a contract was unnecessary. Flattering offers were made to her by other companies; she chose to remain with Charlie at $100 a week.

Eric Campbell, a towering Scot, continued on as the heavy. Albert Austin remained as one of the chief foils. And I stayed on as press agent.

Chaplin had moved out of his room in the Los Angeles Athletic Club to a house on a hill behind Hollywood. In this ten-room mansion he dwelt alone, his entourage including the valet and three Japanese servants—Kono, the chauffeur, and a cook and a butler.

ENSCONCED in his new home Charlie now embarked on his first social whirl. But he steered clear of film folk. Among his guests were Max Eastman, student of socialism, Claire Sheridan, sculptress, Dudley Field Malone, lawyer, Upton Sinclair, author. From his association with this group a new Chaplin began to emerge.

At this stage of his career there were no love affairs to cause Hollywood whispering. To see Charlie and Edna arm in arm had become a commonplace. Otherwise he evinced no interest in feminine companionship, preferring heavy reading. Politics and world affairs intrigued him.

Miss Sheridan's arrival in Hollywood, and her inclusion in the list of house guests at the Chaplin mansion, gave the Los Angeles newspapers a grand idea. They would start a romance. When the reporters swooped down upon Charlie he made the mistake of running away.

Of course they tracked him down. They found him enjoying the quiet and beauty of the countryside with Miss Sheridan and her son. This was quite enough for the reporters. That imaginary romance now burst forth!

One reporter, an old-time pal, came to see me for the low-down. After I had denied a dozen times that there was any romance, I became a little impatient.

"Good heavens," I finally said, "don't you realize Claire Sheridan is old enough to be Charlie's mother?"

Of course I didn't mean him to take it literally. It was a hasty exaggeration for emphasis, a phrase picked out of the air to scotch the idea that there might be a marriage. It was not said for publication, and it was most certainly not to be attributed to Chaplin.

But next morning this headline hit my eyes:

NO CHAPLIN-SHERIDAN MARRIAGE! COMEDIAN SAYS
SCULPTRESS OLD ENOUGH TO BE HIS MOTHER!

I knew that at that moment Chaplin was reading the story. That Miss Sheridan was reading it. *And that they were together!*

The next thing I knew was that Miss Sheridan had quit the Chaplin home as a house guest and was domiciled in a hotel.

Then a roaring Chaplin thundered into the studio. Nothing I could say pacified him. For an hour he stormed. Then he allowed me to tell him the true story, and calmed down. Presently he was himself.

To this day I do not know whether I did break up a romance.

With the coming of 1917 and America's entrance into the World War thousands of letters began to pour into the studio, their indignant writers demanding that Chaplin lay aside his film work and take up arms as a soldier. His countrymen were the most insistent of these letter writers. But hundreds were from United States citizens.

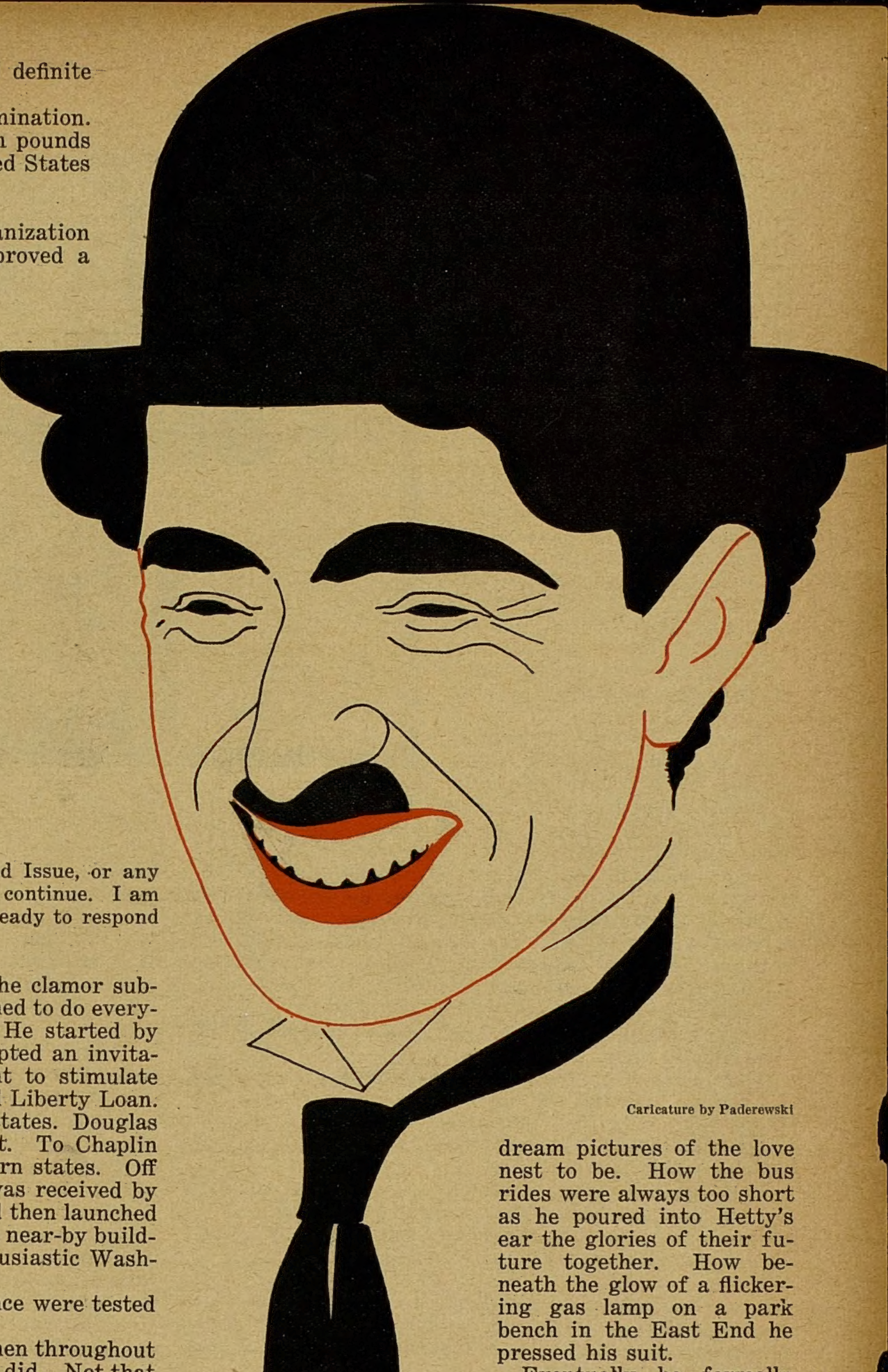
It was clear that something must be done, and done quickly. Many of the letters contained definite threats.

First Chaplin underwent a private examination. His weight was one hundred and sixteen pounds —below the minimum so far as the United States draft law was concerned.

Chaplin returned to his grease paint.

But now a powerful newspaper organization flayed him mercilessly. At last he approved a public statement beginning as follows:

> Regardless of the passage of . . . any bill which has to do with the drafting of men for military service, I can only state that my attitude would be the same as it was at the beginning of hostilities. And that is that I will willingly go when called.
>
> In my present capacity in the motion-picture industry and also in private life I have always considered that I have been doing my "bit" despite the fact that I am not in the trenches with a gun on my shoulder. . . . Knowing myself as others do not, I am certain that until it is absolutely imperative that I join the ranks my efforts will serve the country in a more effective and valuable manner than if I was included among those now on the firing line.
>
> What I have done, what I am doing, and what I want to do to prove my loyalty to the cause of Democracy has not and will not be publicly exploited. . . . I have not neglected my duty in any direction, whether it be for the Red Cross, Bond Issue, or any cause to defeat Prussianism, and I intend to continue. I am one of millions of individuals who are also ready to respond to the request of the government.



Caricature by Paderewski

THE statement was widely printed. The clamor subsided. But now Chaplin was determined to do everything possible to prove his patriotism. He started by making propaganda films. Then he accepted an invitation from the United States government to stimulate interest in the sale of bonds for the Third Liberty Loan. Mary Pickford was covering the Eastern states. Douglas Fairbanks was active in the Middle West. To Chaplin was assigned the territory of the Southern states. Off we went to Washington, where Charlie was received by President Wilson at the White House, and then launched his Liberty Loan drive from the steps of a near-by building before a crowd of 75,000 wildly enthusiastic Washingtonians.

Chaplin's physical courage and endurance were tested to the limit on that Liberty Loan tour.

Not one of the thousands of bond salesmen throughout the country created as big a demand as he did. Not that he was a good salesman. He was not. But he was a mighty magnet.

For the first week Charlie was thrilled. In the middle of the campaign, however, something happened. Perhaps the man was tired. At any rate he abruptly canceled the rest of his tour, returning to Hollywood.

Surely nobody today will question the statement that Chaplin did more for the Allied nations during the World War than he could possibly have done by enlisting. All of the hostile criticism of him was based on ignorance.

After our return to Hollywood I discovered that Charlie had derived practical good from the tour. His experiences had given him the germ of the idea of Shoulder Arms.

It was while making this film that Chaplin took his first dip in the sea of matrimony. Until then it had been generally supposed that if there were ever to be a Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin it would be Edna Purviance.

It is true Charlie had often spoken of his one and only love—Hetty Kelly, an English girl; the girl of his dreams during his music-hall days. He told me how he had wooed and hoped to win Hetty. Told me how, often in a secluded corner of a tea shop, over a lemonade, he had painted dream pictures of the love nest to be. How the bus rides were always too short as he poured into Hetty's ear the glories of their future together. How beneath the glow of a flickering gas lamp on a park bench in the East End he pressed his suit.

Eventually he formally proposed—and Hetty rejected him.

"It was a great blow," Charlie told me. "She did not take me seriously. There was nothing I could do. But I remember saying to her, 'You'll be sorry, Hetty; one day I may be famous.'"

Not long after being flouted by her, Charlie went to America as a member of Fred Karno's repertoire company. It was a different Charlie who returned to London. Now he was well groomed. Gone were the patched trousers, the worn-down heels. How he thrilled in anticipation of that reunion with Hetty!

They met. But it was a different Hetty. She too had prospered. Wealth had come to her family.

Charlie found himself wondering which of them had become the more successful. Could he again ask her to be his wife? He didn't. He went his way and she went hers. She has since been laid to rest.

A startled world awakened one morning to learn that Charlie had married Mildred Harris, a girl in her teens.

There had been no courtship. To Hollywood Mildred had seemed to be just another girl. She had played bits and was being developed by Universal for better parts when she came under the gaze of Charlie. They had been seen together once or twice—at the theater, dancing afterward. Nobody gave it a moment of serious thought—not even Charlie's intimates or Mildred's closest friends.

Yet their marriage was an accomplished fact. Then began the wagging of many tongues. Predictions were in order. Most of them came true.

There was no home life for this couple. The novelty soon wore off. They had nothing in common.

Then a son was born to them. There was rejoicing. Then grief.

In a Hollywood cemetery there is a simple headstone inscribed, "The Little Mouse." It marks the final resting place of the first Chaplin heir. The infant had scarcely opened his eyes before they closed again forever.

Had this child lived Mildred and Charlie might still be together. As it was, the next step was the divorce court. Mildred's prayer for relief from the bonds of matrimony bristled with many charges against Charlie. He said nothing. Mildred accepted $300,000 as compensation for her brief experience as his wife.

Today Hollywood has forgotten her name.

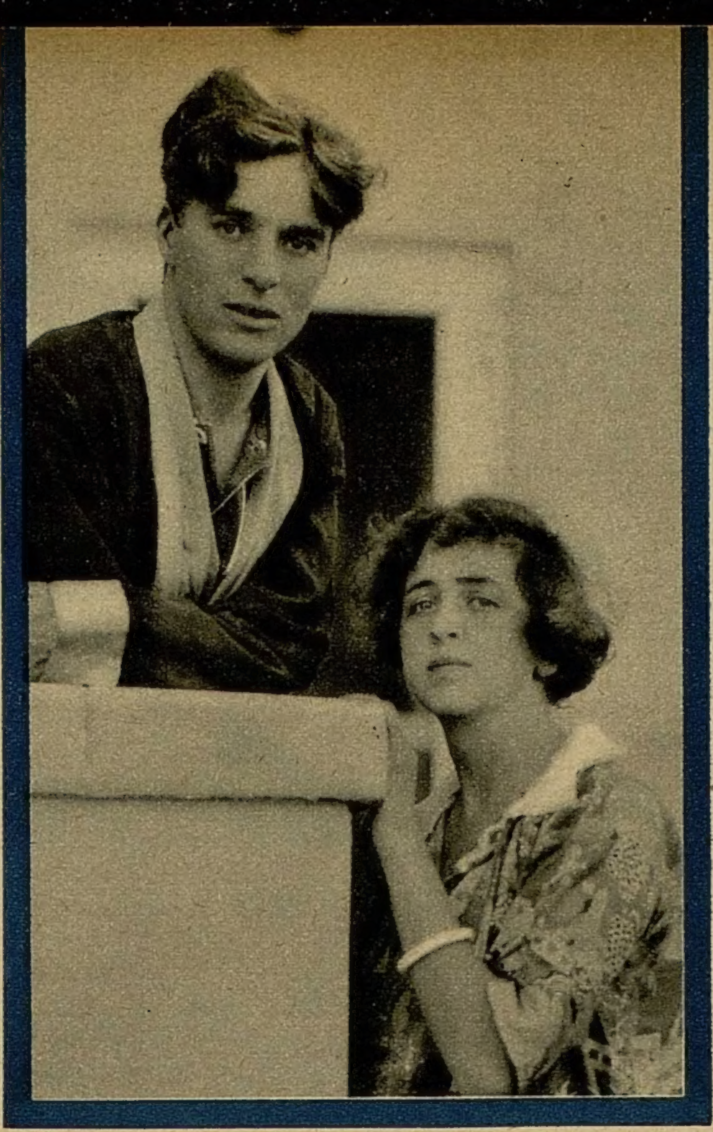
I fancy Chaplin would have difficulty in placing her, were they to come face to face.

Those of us who thought we knew him were sure he had got the matrimonial bee out of his bonnet for all time. Then—another girl in her teens, trying to crash the gates of filmdom! Again the Chaplin eye was focused on alluring youthful femininity.

Yet Charlie showed symptoms of caution. At any rate something prevented his proposing to and marrying May Collins. He made it a point to be accompanied by a third person during the later stages of their romance.

It was not long after her departure for the East that, at supper in a Hollywood restaurant, he suddenly became dazzled by the smiles of a beautiful blonde. It was I who introduced them.

This beauty was not an unsophisticated girl. She was the mother of a young son. A divorcée. She had come to Hollywood for a film career, and under the capable tutelage of Lois Weber, one of filmdom's few successful women directors, she was being developed into star timber.



Charlie Chaplin with Claire Sheridan, sculptor and writer.

All she needed was publicity. And what could be lovelier than a romance with Charlie Chaplin?

One August evening newsboys startled the community yelling the news of the kidnaping of the blonde beauty! To quote from the police records:

> At two o'clock in the afternoon a young woman arrived at the Hollywood Riding Academy. She parked her car at the curb and entered the establishment and hired a horse. [A description of her follows.] Ten minutes after engaging her horse she rode away. Three hours later the riderless horse returned to the academy. The doors of the car were locked. On the driving seat were a purse and three books. The owner was shown to be . . .

The police sent the alarm throughout California and into Mexico. Chaplin was frantic. Vowed he would wreak dire vengeance on the abductors. Offered a reward of $1,000 for information leading to their capture or the recovery of their victim.

The newspapers gushed forth with screaming headlines:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S SWEETHEART KIDNAPED!

Hollywood rose up in arms. A mob milled about the Hollywood police station. Telephone reports, all imaginative, came in from miles around. Through the night hundreds of men and women searched the wooded countryside.

Charlie was prostrated. His physician ordered him to bed. But the next day he was astride a horse, joining in the search in the hills behind Hollywood.

For forty-eight hours the search continued. At last the police called Chaplin to the station. Information had arrived that the young woman was held captive outside of San Diego. The police captain had a high-powered motor car ready.

Just as we were about to enter it, word came from headquarters that she had been found! In those very hills where thousands of people had been searching! She was now being rushed in an ambulance the sixteen miles to a Los Angeles hospital.

Charlie and I made a dash for that hospital. But when we got there we learned that she was in a private room and no one might see her.

Chaplin paced back and forth awaiting word from the sick room. But none came. He went back to his home. Her first statement reached us through the newspapers. It told of her having fallen from her horse. Becoming dazed by the fall, she had wandered through the hills. A physician stated that she was suffering from shock, exposure, and malnutrition.

Two days later she was removed to her home. There was a great reunion with her son and her mother. Chaplin arrived. Listened sympathetically as she told him of the terrible experience.

The following day a young man and a young woman put in a claim for the thousand-dollar reward. They were brother and sister. It was in front of their home that she had been found. Chaplin wished them to be paid.

I interviewed the beauty herself. She was a sorry sight. Her complexion was sallow. There were dark circles under her eyes. Her voice had lost its accustomed firmness.

As she unfolded her story I began to be suspi-

Carlyle Robinson with Kono, the Jap chauffeur.

Mildred Harris as she appeared when Charlie Chaplin wed her.

cious. Some of her statements did not tally with those she had made earlier. I had covered practically the entire area on foot for two days. I could not believe—if she had really been wandering about—that we should not have seen her. I had carried powerful binoculars.

As I chatted with her I noticed the boots she had worn. Not a scratch on them!

I took a close look at her. Saw that that complexion and those dark circles were make-up! Suggested that it might be a good idea if she told me the facts.

At once she admitted that the whole thing had been a hoax, a publicity stunt. She had hired the horse and ridden to the house on the hill. She had insisted on having an animal that knew the trails. She gave it its head, confident her disappearance would soon be noted. I now sent for the brother and sister and obtained written waivers disposing of their claim.

This is the first time the truth about the “ kidnaping ” has ever had general circulation.

Charlie Chaplin was overcome. But after an understandable period of painful brooding he came back to work.

Charlie's contract with the First National outfit called for his keeping his productions within two reels. But now, unexpectedly, a story idea hit him—a story that could not possibly be told on two thousand feet of film.

The idea flashed into the comedian's brain following his meeting the tiny Jackie Coogan. The child appealed to him tremendously. He decided to ignore the contract and carry on until he was satisfied he had rounded out an artistic triumph.

The story of The Kid is in reality a chapter from the life of Charles Spencer Chaplin. I have Charlie's own word for this. And to the best of my knowledge it is a thing he has never confided in anyone else.

The action in the attic where he hides with the boy is no brain creation of Chaplin's. That episode actually happened—to him. In an attic of the old house in London. The only difference is that when Chaplin was dragged off to the poorhouse it was from his mother's arms that he was torn. In the film the child is forcibly taken from his foster father.

The nucleus of almost every comedy that Chaplin made during my association with him was a situation in which, at one time or another, he had actually figured in real life.

THE KID was undoubtedly the greatest film in the entire Chaplin repertoire. The world has given it that rating. Much of Charlie's energy had been expended during the months of hard work on it. When everything had been adjusted, his one idea was to get away and rest. But after a brief fishing trip he came back to the studio and plunged into planning for his next comedy.

Three months were consumed in preparing a story, another in the construction of sets. Finally, everything in readiness, the cast was engaged, and the word given to begin filming on the morrow.

The time was August, 1921.

The first scene was a costume ball. One hundred extra people had been ordered to report for the first day's work. They arrived in costume. The cameras and lights were set. All that was needed for the production to get under way was Chaplin. From eight o'clock until midday we waited. Then, at last, he arrived.

It was at this point that I heard the voice of Sidney Chaplin calling, “ Carl! Come here.”

I left my desk and went to the star's dressing room. Charlie was pacing up and down the room. He stopped and faced me.

“ Can you go to Europe? ” he asked.

I tried to conceal my surprise as I replied, “ I can go anywhere you want to send me.”

“ All right, then,” said Charlie. “ Get your hat. Don't tell a soul. Have Kono bring my car around to the side entrance and we'll sneak away to England.”

FOR a moment I thought the man had gone out of his mind. I thought of the extras on the set, the four months of preliminary work, the money represented in those sets that had been erected. But out the side door we went. To a bank. To the passport office.

As the train sped eastward Chaplin seemed perfectly content. The cost of what he was doing bothered him not at all. He was homeward bound—after eight years!

The start across the ocean was a new thrill for him. He had made the passage several times, but never on a ship like the Olympic. And never first-class.

Before we were in mid-ocean it was evident that England knew the great comedian was returning to his native land. Every minute of every day brought wireless messages to him. He would send no replies. He was in a blue funk. Scared stiff!

As the ship neared Cherbourg he became increasingly nervous. I had told him that the French and some British newspaper men would board the ship there. He rebelled at the idea of seeing them. Likewise I knew that the Lord Mayor of Southampton would be on hand to greet Charlie upon his arrival there—and that Charlie would have to say something in response to that formal greeting.

Finally we dropped anchor at Cherbourg. A tender came alongside, her decks packed with men. Chaplin looked down over the rail. His knees began to shake. Up to the boat deck we ran. Behind us swarmed the newspaper men.

The mass interview lasted about ten minutes and went smoothly, one correspondent acting as interpreter. But on the fringe of the crowd was a short heavy-set man with uncombed black hair, fiery dark eyes, and a determined jaw. I could see he was bursting with some big question. Finally his chance came.

Shouldering his way through the crowd, he came to a stop with his face a bare two inches from Charlie's.

Charlie and Mildred Harris on their honeymoon.

This picture of Charlie was taken after he finished cutting the film of The Immigrant.

The moment he spoke I distinguished the unmistakable accent of the Russian.

"What," he growled, "do you think of Lenin and Lloyd George? Which is the greatest man?"

Charlie's comeback was lightning fast. You would have thought the scene had been rehearsed.

"One works and the other plays," he said.

The questioner seemed satisfied and rushed off with his "news."

When we were once more under way and it was safe for Charlie to appear on deck again, he let me know how well pleased with himself he was over that reply to the Russian's question. But he did not attempt to explain its meaning.

Shortly before midnight the Olympic was made fast alongside the dock at Southampton. Most of the passengers were asleep. Few were on deck. But Chaplin and I were, until I suggested that we turn in for what remained of the night.

We went below. He accompanied me to my cabin. Opened one of the ports and stared down into the blackness.

Suddenly he wheeled about and faced me. He had hit upon a way to escape from the coming ordeal. We would take pillow slips and pack them with his clothing, get overalls and caps from the engine room, and together steal away from the ship! Thus we could arrive in London unannounced and unobserved. He was actually serious!

I TOLD him it would never do. Too many people would be disappointed. (I did not add, in my pleading with him, that he would be disappointed too!)

I could not get him to go to bed. He decided to prepare a speech—one that would be responsive to anything the Mayor of Southampton might have to say. I suggested he set it down and memorize it. Thus I got him to his suite.

An hour passed. Then I was startled to hear his voice.

I hurried to the door of the suite. I heard him saying: "Mr. Mayor, Honorable Mayor, Honorable Sir, Your Excellency." Over and over he kept repeating the words. I realized he was rehearsing his speech. So back to my cabin I went.

Charlie and Edna Purviance, long his leading lady.

Hardly had I got between the bedclothes before he burst into the room, a piece of paper in his hand, eyes alight with inspiration.

"Listen," he said. He looked at the paper. "Mr. Mayor," he began. Then he looked at me. "Do you think that is the way I should address him?"

I had to admit my ignorance. Being an untraveled American at that time, I did not know how an English mayor should be addressed. At length we decided that it might be best not to call the mayor anything, but to start off with "I thank you, sir."

I thought he would never finish trying to write that speech. He stood in front of the mirror, gesticulating to an imaginary mayor. The day was breaking and I was dead for sleep. At last he went to bed.

AT seven o'clock I was out on deck again. Great masses of people were jammed behind the police lines. As far as the eye could see along the dock they stretched—men, women, and children. Some carried flowers, others flags. Almost all had autograph books.

I hurried below to the suite. Charlie was slumbering peacefully. On the floor beside the bed were fifty sheets of paper, a few words scrawled on each. I picked up the papers and tried to piece them together, but they made no sense. I had hoped to be able to type the speech in order to give the newspaper men copies of it.

At that moment my steward called me. Told me two couriers from "his Lordship" wanted to see me. They informed me that "his Lordship" would be on C deck to welcome Mr. Chaplin on behalf of the people of Southampton—at eight thirty! I thanked them—afraid to tell them how greatly this announcement troubled me. Obviously the Lord Mayor couldn't be expected to know the enormity of my task—to get my principal on deck at such an ungodly hour!

But I had no choice. I made for the suite and yanked Charlie out of bed, telling him he had less than an hour in which to present himself before the Lord Mayor and deliver that speech.

He dressed hurriedly, his hands trembling. While he was tying his cravat I looked out of the porthole and saw a tall gray-haired gentleman mounting the gangplank. It was the Lord Mayor, accompanied by a committee.

In the corridor outside the suite were scores of newspaper men and cameramen. As Charlie pulled open the door they poured in. Most of them did not know him. They seemed to be looking for a man with a mustache.

To my surprise and delight, Charlie was patience personified as he answered their questions. His nervousness was gone. He might be standing there yet had I not seized his arm and pushed him out on to the deck. It was up to us to get that official greeting over and done with.

The ordeal on deck was not so much of an ordeal, after all. In fact Charlie was cooler than the perspiring Lord Mayor, and expressed his thanks neatly. He had forgotten his speech—if indeed he had memorized one.

So now Charlie was in his homeland. As he descended the gangplank the crowd pressed forward, screaming words of welcome and very nearly bursting through the police lines. The cavernous customs shed resounded with cries of "Good old Charlie!" "Welcome, Charlie boy!" and the like.

Finally we were in the comparative seclusion of a compartment in the boat train. The door was closed by a smiling attendant. The toot of the engine whistle.

Charlie Chaplin was rolling away in the direction of his native London.

Now that we were aboard the train it was evident that those fifteen minutes at Southampton had exhausted him.

There were five of us in the compartment, and four were solicitous nurses. Charlie stretched out at full length, face buried in his arm. We bundled coats about him. But he could not keep still. In a minute or two he bobbed up off the seat and stood peering out of the window at the passing countryside.

SOMEBODY mentioned the crowds awaiting him at Waterloo Station. It was a well meant attempt to cheer him up but it only served to add to his nervousness.

One of the greeters who accompanied us was Arthur Kelly, a brother of Hetty. Gradually he succeeded in interesting Charlie in anecdotes of the old days in the East End. Under his calming influence Chaplin quieted down. Finally he put a question to Kelly.

"And how is Hetty?" he asked.

"Hetty died two years ago," replied Kelly.

It was a terrible shock. But the train—like life—sped on. And as it passed the little stations Charlie leaned out of the window and waved to the people on the platforms. I know he did not see them; just went through the mechanical motions. But presently this mood passed. The train was nearing London. Landmarks associated with Charlie's boyhood began to appear. He rattled off their names.

A missing one would lead him to speculate as to what had happened to it.

Next to Charlie in this group is Max Eastman, and at the extreme right is Rob Wagner.

The parting scene in The Kid. Charlie and Jackie Coogan.

Charlie, Edna, and the Lone Star Company, full strength.

Between Clapham Junction and Waterloo we mapped out a hurried campaign. We knew we had a job on our hands, bucking that crowd. But in our wildest imaginings we never foresaw what we were about to run up against.

There were tens of thousands of people shouting and cheering. As our train came to a slow stop they surged forward irresistibly. The next moment eager hands had seized Charlie and literally dragged him out of the train. Then they "chaired" him on their shoulders!

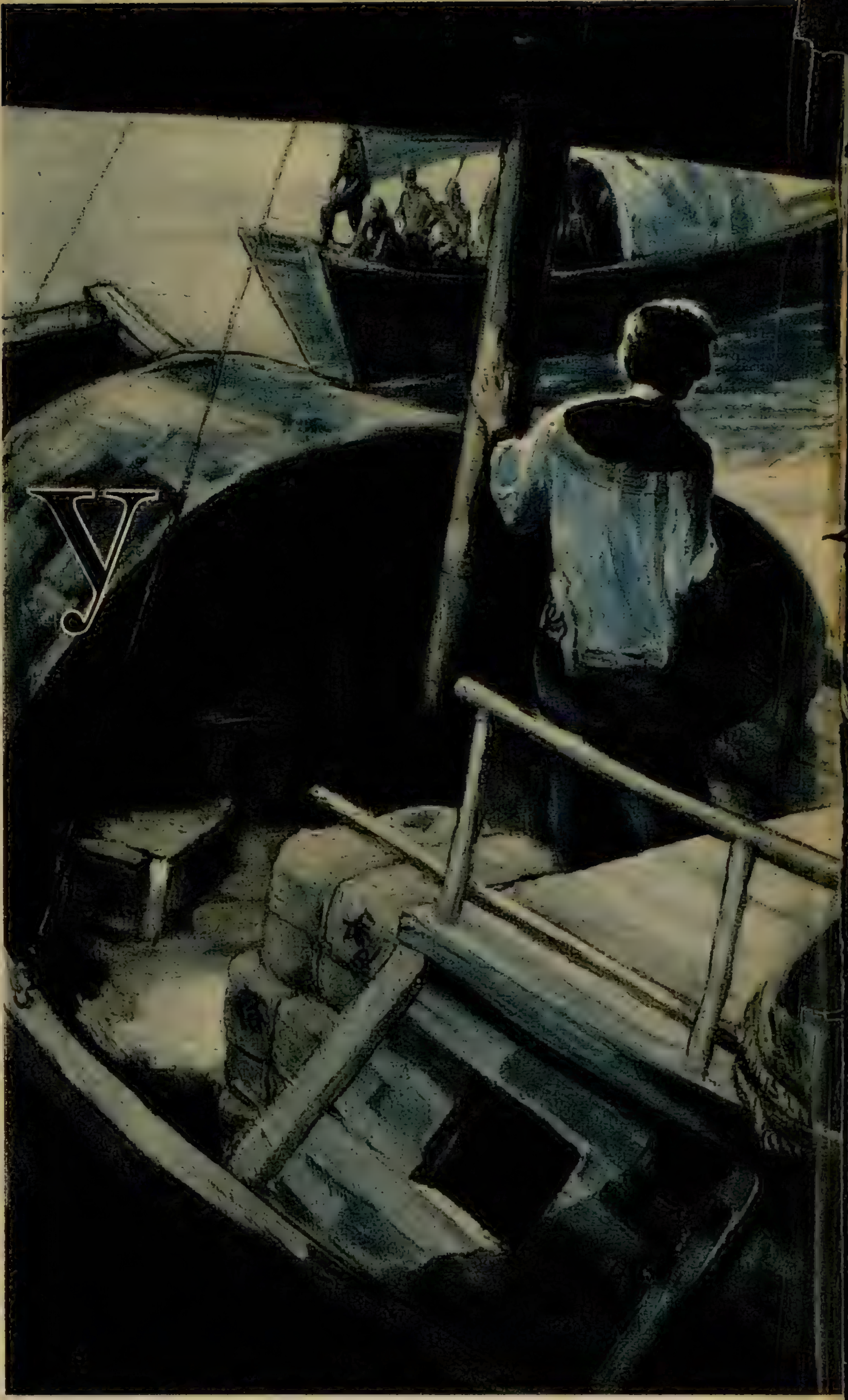
The police were helpless. The last we saw of Charlie he was being tossed into a taxicab which started off with a jerk. Beside him sat a complete stranger!

His entourage had disappeared. He never gave that fact a thought. Began to talk animatedly to the man at his side. At last the stranger explained that it was all a mistake, his being in the cab. He had been bundled in by the mob! Apologized. Charlie assured him that he was glad to have company!

We had made room reservations at the Ritz Hotel and apparently all London knew it, including the taxi driver. For straight to the Ritz he drove without instructions. I am sure Charlie hadn't the slightest idea of his destination.

Charlie's reaction to his triumph in London; his visit to the East End tenement room where as a kid he had been separated from his mother, and his wildly romantic experiences in Berlin and Paris, will be told in next week's installment. So will the real story of the infatuation that led to his second marriage, to Lita Grey.

Cash AND Carry



(Reading time: 26 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE little river junk appeared to be gliding silently uphill. That was because the dark farther bank was lending itself to a tricky panorama. Nobody was visible aboard this wind scow.

But there came from somewhere aboard her a petulant whining in a minor cadence. Any real mother would have been quick to recognize the character of its complaint.

"That tub is our best bet," Piers said.

"But it's going the wrong way." This objection came from a bundle on a flat slab of black granite.

"Then I'll make it go the right way—and don't speak so loud."

"Who is there to hear?"

"All China. There's nothing in it as much alive as your voice. Make it whiny—like that chow-dog puppy out there on the junk."

"Can't I get back to the mission?"

"No. H'su's rabble has occupied the village, and you're in all wrong."

He hailed the river boat. Piers had a fair vocabulary of Chinese current names for things.

There came a clatter as of somebody aboard the junk getting into a small sampan in obedience to the order for a boat. The river cargo freighters had got used to this sort of thing. The best they could do in a region where one never knew from one day to the next who might dominate it was to obey.

Nevertheless the melon pip of a small boat hovered off the bank until Piers had said a few more words and chinked some coins. That was a reassuring sound in any country and in any coin. It lured the boat in to the bank.

"Come along," Piers said, and they got into the little bowl. The man sculling them was the junk's captain, because he wore a shirt. When they got alongside there was another brief harangue, and more clinking of money.

The tide was turning to ebb and the junk began to swing. Her captain and his coolie swept her round with the jointed sculling oar. Piers and the girl went into the tiny cabin. The dim glare of its oil-dip standing light showed a bare interior.

The girl sank down on a grass mat spread on a low bunk.

She asked, "What about these boatmen?"

"Safe enough, unless somebody hails them to report there's a big reward offered for a lovely Manchu girl spy."

"The general must know I'm an American mission teacher."

"He's not going to publish that. By this time the mission has reported your absence and asked him to order a search for you. He probably knows also that a girl in Manchu dress was with the group of villagers watching his advance column crossing on the pontoon bridge, and was then caught in the act of taking some snapshots. He has probably got the camera that the Chinese sergeant took away from you."

"How did you manage to keep me from being arrested?"

"A little money goes a good way with such a semi-bandit outfit."

She said in a sort of wail, "It will be terrible for you if we're caught together now."

"It wouldn't be so good for either of us," he admitted. "I don't think anybody saw us when I overtook you on the road. You'd never have got to the mission. The village was occupied while you were away."

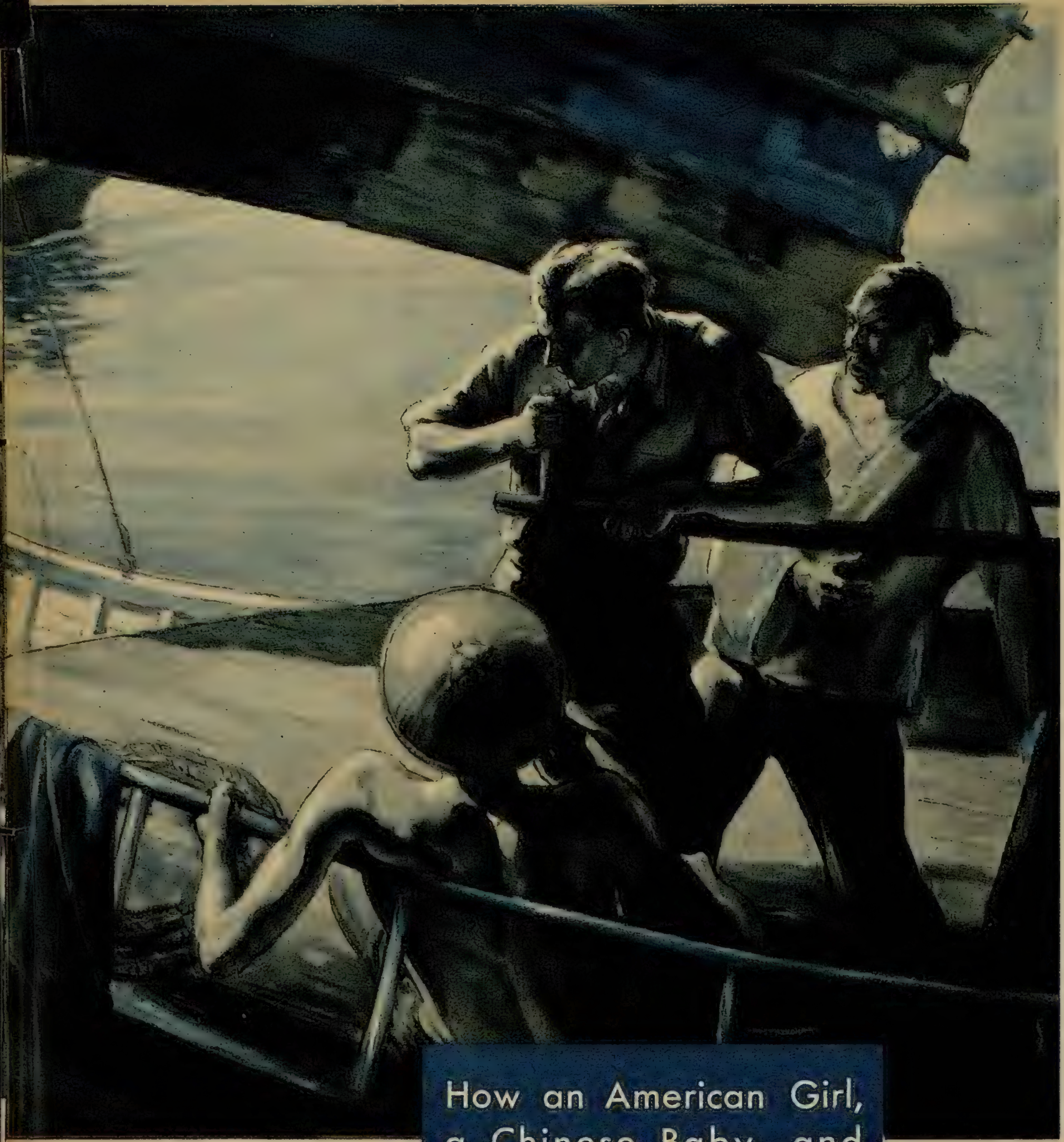
She said bitterly, "I was a fool to think I could get away with going Manchu."

"No, for taking photographs. That was asking for it. You look Manchu enough. How is that?"

"My type, I suppose. A little make-up helped. I didn't think I'd be noticed. I kept the camera under my Manchu coat."

"Even worse. The general may know that you are from the mission, but he's got the goods on you as a spy. Why did you take such a chance?"

"That was because a free-lance American corre-



Piers grabbed the coolie, tore him from the tiller, and threw his chest against it.

How an American Girl, a Chinese Baby, and $70 Worth of Trouble Proved that China's a Grand Place to Shop!

Illustrations by CLYDE PRETTYMAN

spondent I met some time ago told me that he had sold some exclusive photographs of military operations for enough to pay all his expenses for about a year. I needed some money."

"Who doesn't?"

A faint puff of dank river air made the oil candle flicker. The matting sail gave a dull rustle. There was a little trickle of water alongside.

"Land breeze coming down the river," Piers said. "If it would only thicken up there'd be a chance for us to get by and out to sea."

"Is this boat good enough?"

"Plenty. She's scarcely a junk. More of a big cargo sampan. But these things are abler than you'd think."

Overhead the padding of feet ceased. The night breeze gave the boat steerageway, so the sculling oar was hauled in along its crotch on the quarter and the coolie took the long tiller of the big barn-door rudder.

The captain looked in on them. The money paid him by Piers had probably roused the desire to serve his passengers, and so far he was unsuspicious that they were a source of danger to him.

"Chow?" Piers asked, for neither of them had eaten since midday.

The Chinaman ducked his head and raised a loose plank in one corner, disclosing a food locker. There were some curious dried comestibles that might have been prunes and apricots and fish and sea slugs and worse, and round cheeses made from mares' milk, and even tins of American products.

The skipper indicated that they were to help themselves, and went out to his navigator's duties. Piers examined the rations.

"Alaska sockeye salmon, Boston baked beans, also the soy sort, and what may be squid or chow-dog or reindeer pemmican, and cheese that can chin itself one-handed, and a beautiful bowl of rice. Our skipper is something of a squirrel."

It was midsummer and warm. The night breeze that wafted in smelled like sun-baked mud. The girl, who had told Piers that her name was Inez, mentioned that typhus had broken out in the port downstream of them.

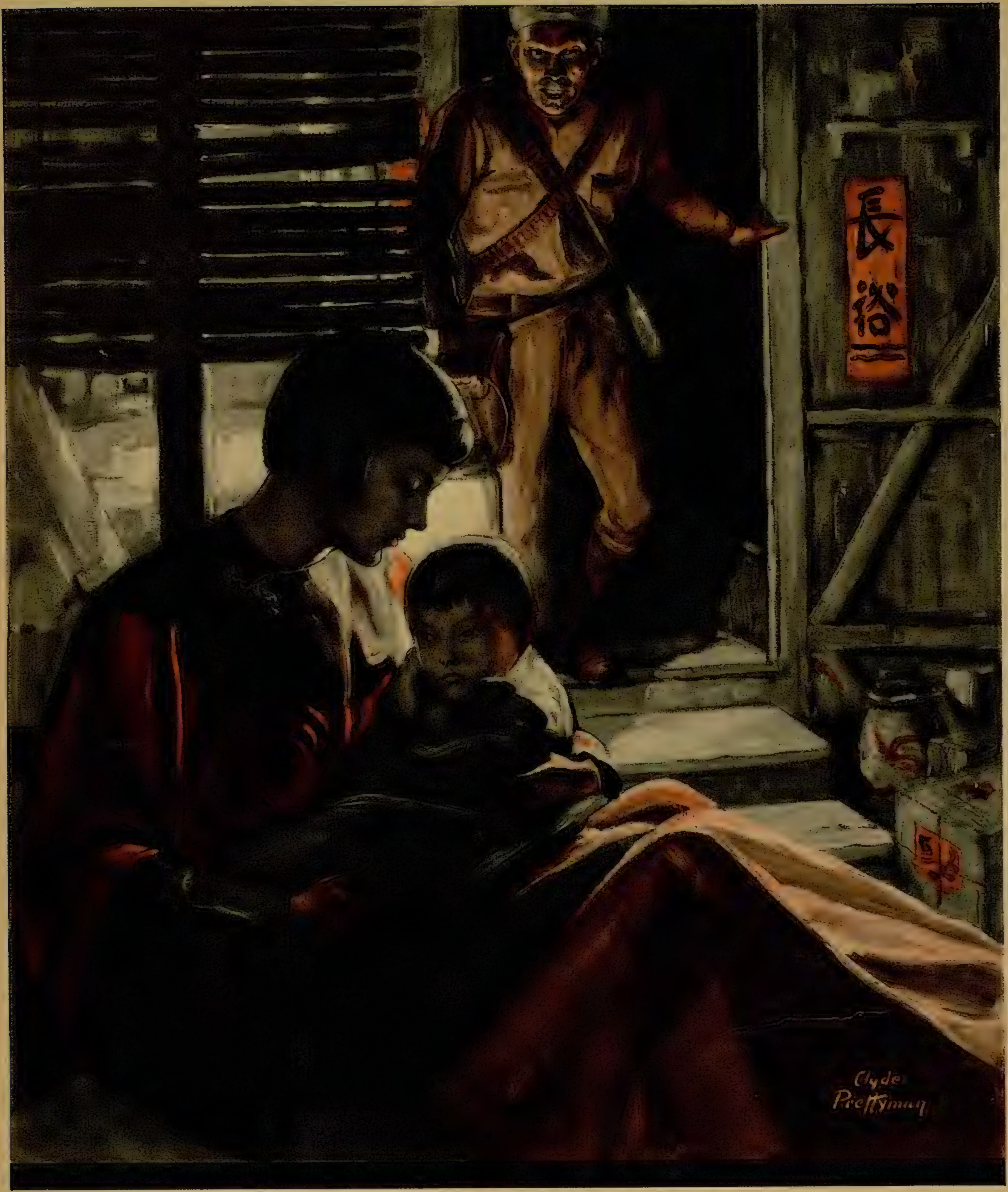
"If we can slip through there unchallenged we ought to make a getaway," he said. "Once out in the Yalu I'll persuade the skipper to set us ashore on Chosen."

"Aren't they apt to search all these river boats? The general knows we can't be very far."

Piers was surprised that they had not been already stopped, but he said merely, "Let's hope he's got more important matters to think about. Since you say there's spotted fever in the port he may have evacuated it in the last day or two."

But he was very anxious. At any moment their skipper might be hailed from the bank. The man would not dare deny that he had aboard a foreign devil who appeared to have acquired a pretty Manchu girl, as foreign visitors had a habit of doing.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND



Inez was on the bunk, partly covered by a mat and holding the baby.

"If we do get out of the scrape," Inez warned him, "you're apt to find a nuisance on your hands."

"I'll try to bear up under it," he said dryly. "In China, when you save anybody from death you become responsible for the future of that one. Therefore, if you save one from worse than death the job is even bigger."

The junk continued to drift rapidly downstream with the current and a freshening breeze. Inez presently stretched her lithe body on the mat that covered the raised bunk. She slept.

Piers was pondering ways and means when he heard the puppy whimpering that had come from the junk when they had first sighted it out in the river. The noise seemed to be under the loose plank flooring.

He raised the plank beside him. The round crown-shaven head of what looked like an animated Chinese doll appeared. It was a pretty baby with bright black eyes that had not much of a slant, a little bang on its forehead, and a skin the color of ivory, more cream than yellow. It blinked at Piers and started to crawl out of its abyss.

Piers reached out and raised it. The baby smiled at him and asked, in a language that is not national but merely human, for food and water and perhaps such other necessities as any baby might require.

Inez awoke. "Mercy me! That's what we heard from the shore. They must have stuck it in there when we came aboard."

"Yes, with a little dope to keep it quiet. Now it's waked up and wants some grub."

"There was rice left in the bowl. It was thick, well cooked paddy." She got up, added a little water from a jug, and gave it to the baby, who scooped it into its mouth with a little paw.

"Why should he have hidden it?" Piers asked.

"I can make a guess. Saifoo, down at the mouth, is quarantined for spotted fever. Somebody has bribed our skipper to smuggle the child upriver to friends."

"That sounds reasonable. Now if it would only kindly break out with something we might have this hooker to ourselves. That's the one disease of which they have a holy horror."

They watched the baby, which was presently replete. It wore a single little cotton shift that was fairly clean. Presently Inez asked:

"Have you ever seen a case of spotted fever?"

"No, and hope I never may."

Inez stared at the baby for a moment, then picked it up and drew off its little slip. She took a small flat box from a pocket of her long Manchu coat. "Hold her hands, Piers—"

"What are you going to do?"

"Give this baby a spotted-fever make-up."

The infant appeared to enjoy the jabbings and ticklings and gurgled happily. But when finally Inez had finished her artistry, Piers said:

"Gosh, it scares me."

"It's enough to scare anybody. Let it be. Now put it back under the floor and give it a few minutes to get hot and then call the captain."

He replaced the baby and the loose plank. As they expected, the child, aggrieved at this sudden change from fondling to dark solitary confinement, again began its plaintive whining and whimpering, but louder.

Inez stretched out and pretended sleep. Piers did not have to call the captain. The noise reached him and he came below. Piers asked in his broken series of nouns what might be making noises under the flooring.

The boatman babbled something about a baby, an orphan, relatives, disease. Then he reached down and removed the plank.

Again the small head with its bang and moon face popped up and a pair of chubby forearms were extended. But this time it was a terrifying little head and face and forearms.

The captain gave a series of groans and clickings and other symptoms of dread and distress. Piers lifted the child and pulled up the little slip, when more horrors were revealed.

Piers tapped himself upon the chest and smiled. "Doctor—no fear—all right."

He made it clear also to the captain that they must not fetch up at Kai-tse but make out into the gulf. There would be a penalty for concealing a case of pest. Money, prison, sinking or burning of the junk.

Also more and bigger coins changed hands. Piers made it clear he desired to be landed on Chosen, preferably near the port of Seoul. This would mean a voyage of three or four days with average weather of the season. The Chinese skipper did not long hesitate.

THE night breeze down the river held steady as they slipped down on the top of the ebb tide. The air chilled, and puffs of it struck into the cabin with odors of the damp matting sail. Inez held the baby under her light wool Manchu coat, hoping that its violent eruption would not blur too much. Piers stretched out on the floor and drew a grass mat over himself.

He was roused by the captain's hissing in his ear.

"Soldiers—boat—" he said, and raised the wide loose plank over the well locker where the baby had been stowed. He motioned to Piers to hide. This made it look as if he had suspected all the time that his passengers might be fugitives but had been unable to resist the richness of the bribe.

Unwillingly but sensibly Piers squeezed through the aperture into what was like a fairly roomy coffin, and slid the plank back into place.

There came the bumping of a boat alongside and the padding of feet on deck. Piers could hear voices. He was glad that it was fairly dark in the cabin. Inez was crouching on the bunk, partly covered by a mat and holding the baby.

He heard then a sort of hissing sound as of consternation and the hurried exit of whoever had come into the little cuddy. The boat shoved off. The Chinese let the sick tend their sick and the dead bury their dead.

Piers came out of his lair a little sheepishly.

"One way of a man's protecting his wife and young—to crawl under the floor boards."

"It took a real man to do it," Inez told him. "If you'd tried to bluff it out I'd be on my way to the general's guest room and you to his torture one, and the baby overboard. Somehow the last seems the worst to me."

"It would. If I'm a real man you've got the makings of a real mother. That was the water jump and we are safely over."

But their captain did not seem to be so reassured. They were drifting into the wide estuary. A breeze sprang up abeam. The long yard of the matting sail was braced round and the huge rudder lowered to serve as a stern centerboard against leeway.

AT first there were other craft about them, junks and fishing sampans, and now and then a small power boat chugging on its way. These became fewer as they glided farther out in gathering darkness with a speed that surprised Piers, although he knew that these boats' clumsiness was apparent rather than real.

They came to a working arrangement of shifting watches. After observing Piers' steering for a little while the captain apparently concluded that he knew his work. Why not? These foreign devils knew everything, even how to combat the plague. The Chinaman had watched the baby toddling about, evidently none the worse for its alarming eruption.

"Nice sailing," Piers said to Inez. "Ladies' weather."

"Yes," she agreed, "but where are we sailing to?"

"Somewhere on Chosen."

"Our skipper keeps peering about. What's he afraid of?"

"Don't know."

They sailed on throughout the next day with a fair breeze that freshened instead of dropping toward sunset. The land was always in sight to the northward. Their skipper appeared to have no doubt as to his position and objective, but his disquiet did not abate.

Piers said to Inez, "I think I can guess what's worrying the old bird."

"So can I. The search party told him they were looking for an important woman spy disguised as a Manchu girl—"

"With an American in khaki. Somebody saw us cutting across for the river."

"Yes, and if my films have been developed they'll show some interesting pictures of operations. I got them two days before."

"So that's it. Well, I—" He checked himself.

"You what?"

"I think that the sooner we land the better. We might be followed still, and grabbed. That's what the skipper's afraid of. He keeps looking astern—"

She interrupted: "He might be right at that. Here comes a boat that seems trying to head us off."

Piers saw a mile away on their quarter what appeared to be a fishing sampan of about their own size. It was heading as if to intercept their course at an acute angle. This put it on a broad reach, as the junk was running free.

"Bad men," moaned the skipper, and it occurred to Piers that this expression meant pirates. There have always been pirates in Chinese waters.

At this moment the commerce might be swelled by the disorders on the mainland.

Piers saw now that the other boat was slipping through the water two feet to their one. No other vessel was in sight. The breeze had freshened and stirred up a little following swell so that the junk was wallowing and churning along on the top of the water in a way that reminded Piers of a Biscayne Bay sharpie schooner running light before a sou'wester off the keys.

Pirates such as these first killed their victims then robbed them. They would strip a vessel and sink her. Formerly they had burned them, but found this procedure unwise since swift government boats had patrolled the coast.

With the sailing sampan drawing in nicely to cut their course and about two hundred yards away, there was still light enough for Piers to see that there was a considerable crew aboard her. Their naked torsos gleamed through the dusk. Some of them were watching stolidly the drawing together of the two boats, but two or three were moving restlessly back and forth. But even at that distance, and in the lowering visibility, it seemed to Piers that the helmsman was a giant. The huge dimensions of this man puzzled him. He thought it must be some optical error because the others looked like pygmies in comparison.

The captain at Piers' side seemed stricken inert. He neither moved nor spoke.

When Piers looked at him questioningly the man's face showed only a masklike passivity. Also the coolie at the junk's helm gave no evidence of emotion. He was watching the boat closing in on them, but he merely swayed back and forth as before, steadying the junk in the short following swell. It was as if both Chinamen recognized a doom that was unavoidable, and accepted it with the stoicism of their race. If they had been criminals awaiting imminent execution they could not have shown a greater lethargy of despair.

As if sensing catastrophe, Inez came out and swayed over to where Piers was. She asked sharply, "What boat is that?"

Piers' mouth had dried suddenly. Given time, he would have tried to break the shock. As it was he merely answered:

"Pirates, I'm afraid," and this answer sounded as vapid to him as if he had said, "Excuse me, but we are about to be killed."

She asked steadily, "What are they apt to do?"

He was on the point of saying, "Kill us, probably," but the mere forming of such an answer offended his manhood. It was shamefully supine.

He suddenly woke, threw off the contagious lethargy with which their captain had infected him. The two boats were very close. Piers realized that now at less than a hundred yards apart they might expect a burst of small-arms fire. Instead the pirates' object was evidently to slip alongside and board them under full headway. They were within hailing distance but no order was shouted that they heave to, haul in the wind, nor was any gesture made to that effect. They merely drew together.

IT crossed Piers' mind that no sailor would attempt any such maneuver which was bound to result in damage to both vessels and confusion. Also the chances were that this crew of marauders had no firearms. Only their knives, hatchets, primitive implements that might be turned to lethal use. Conditions ashore would expose them to a search and confiscation of firearms and punishment for their possession. Also such a rabble would be too impoverished to own anything of any value. Their boat, though swift, was old and battered and patched with makeshift sails and rigging that had once been of a good grade. They were, Piers instantly perceived, the lowest type of sea scavenger, and, like a band of ragged nomads, dangerous only in their numbers and in conditions of utter desolation. Inez said again:

"What's that creature steering? It looks like an ogre with a square head. Is it human?"

But there was no time to comment on the phenomenon. Inez had broken his temporary stasis, stirred him out of an apathy that was alien to his temperament. The pause that had immediately followed was merely to rally his faculties. He became instantly the man of action again. What was more important, he became the sailor.

For it had struck him in these last swift moments that this was not any professional pirate crew. It was not a crew of fishermen or freighters or any other sort of boatman turned pirate through expediency. He realized with conviction that here was merely a small band of refugees escaping military conscription perhaps, or deserters who had seized or stolen a battered old boat in which to make their escape. They might be without necessities of any sort and turned pirate through necessity on sighting the helpless little junk out on that lonely waste. There was no seamanship in the way they were going about the attempt—merely to crash into and board their prey.

Piers leaped up on to the platform where the coolie was still steering doggedly as if in a trance. The two small vessels were now scarcely more than fifty yards apart. Pierce grabbed the coolie by the upper arm, tore him from the tiller in which a long stout peg was driven vertically into a hole to give a better purchase, and flung him to one side.

He grabbed the long clumsy tiller, threw his chest against its weather side, and walked it hard down. The junk was light and her barn-door rudder swung her toward the wind. It also swung her toward the sampan that was a little abaft the beam and overhauling. The conditions were right enough for ramming if one disregarded the consequences to the ramming vessel.

EVEN then the giant helmsman of the threatened boat might have averted disaster if he had been sailor enough to realize what was about to happen and jammed his helm hard up. For the two boats had the wind on opposite sides—the junk practically before it, and the enemy on a broad reach. But either he had no seamanship or else his wit was sluggish. The junk was driving her low bow at him before he saw what it was all about. He did the right thing then instinctively, but did it too late, and in this case, as often, it was the worst thing. He swung the sampan off so that the junk would ram her at right angles instead of at an acute one.

This aggressive act was as startling and unlooked-for to the pirate sampan as if a sheep harried by a wolf had suddenly turned and plunged at the pursuer. Also it was smartly done because the breeze had freshened and the junk pivoted abaft the beam and no headsail was set on her.

She whirled about as if foaming and frothing with rage and seemed to leap across the short intervening space in a dive at her aggressor. Her low heavy bows struck the sampan a little forward of the beam and crashed their way into her, heaving her on to her beam ends. There was a terrific smashing and grinding and pounding. Piers feared lest the bows of the junk be torn out by the forward way of the sampan, but they were heavy and bluff and held.

The shock of contact had not flung any of the pirates overboard, because there had been time to grab at something.

Piers had hoped that the more burdensome junk might ride the other vessel down, but the junk lacked the weight to do this. Instead, the headway of the sampan spun the junk on her heel, as one might say, so that she lay parallel to the other vessel and grinding into her abeam.

This was the pirates' chance for swarming aboard the junk. In fact they had no other source of escape from their sinking vessel. It looked to Piers like the end. Such riffraff would not bother with prisoners, and, besides, the chances were that the bow of the junk must be smashed in below the water line. He was unaware of the solid construction and clever joiner work that went into such craft as this.

After the first shock of contact all hands aboard the sampan had loosed their handholds and scrambled to points of vantage, as their vessel remained partly hove down. They seemed now waiting a leader for their boarding party, this office being tacitly referred to the colossus at the helm. As if accepting it, he came pawing his way to the bulwarks and for a moment hung his uncouth head over them. It looked elongated, rectangular, with the face in the upper half, no forehead to mention, and the lower half all shapeless lumpy jaw.

This stasis could not last. The vessels were starting to drift apart. Piers realized suddenly and for the first time what was causing the attack to hang fire. The slow intelligence of the gigantic helmsman had grasped the fact that here opposed to him was a white man of superior caste, probably armed, and that the first to board must certainly be shot down.

But Piers was wrong, as happens nine times out of ten in the Western estimate of the workings of the Chinese mind. He would scarcely have believed that such a creature possessed a mind. He had entirely underrated the mental activity contained in that misshapen head. Piers was not to blame for this, knowing nothing of the giant's antecedents.

Rendered desperate by the rapid settling of their stove-in craft the coolies scrambled up to swarm aboard the junk before she drifted clear. The huge bulk of the helmsman was the first to flounder across the space that was slowly widening between the two vessels. He shouted something inarticulate to Piers, then turned and met the rush of his shipmates. Swinging his enormous arms he flailed them down, swept them back. It looked to Piers as if he gathered the squirming yellow bodies in clusters and hurled them overside. Prodigious grunts burst from him with each appalling effort.

The gap widened. Coolies were struggling in the sea, clamoring frenziedly from the deck of the sampan that had settled awash. She did not sink, the wood of her construction proving sufficient to float what ballast of cobblestones she may have had.

The wind filled the junk's big matting sail, fortunately on the side to swing her away from the floating wreck. Dumb and dazed with astonishment, Piers still had sense enough to grab the tiller and direct a course. The giant was stupidly examining some knife cuts that were merely superficial in his deep mass of brawn.

Next Week—

MY FATHER AND THE EMPRESS

By

Maria Rasputin

The daughter of the most execrated Russian monk of modern times, confessor to the Czar and Czarina, breaks her silence to defend his memory

Also stories and articles by Vincent Sheean—Charles Stevenson—Edgar Forest Wolfe—Marjory Lawrence—and others

PRESENTLY he shambled aft, goggled at Piers, then tapped his vast chest and said in broken French, "*Pas méchant, moi. Lutteur—Nouveau Cirque, Paris. Beaucoup faim, tu sais—*"

The Chinese giant who had told the truth in saying that he was not wicked but a wrestler who had competed in the Nouveau Cirque in Paris and was now very hungry, devoured food enough to kill five men of surfeit.

He then washed his cuts in brine and went to sleep.

The skipper of the little junk and his coolie came up from below, where they had crawled under some sacks of rice. They were unmoved at this fresh evidence of a foreign devil's power. They showed no surprise when Inez appeared on deck with a perfectly healthy baby whose delicate light saffron skin was clear of all eruption. The junk sailed on for the shore of Chosen.

When the Titan wrestler awoke he washed his wounds again, drank a samovar of tea, ate a bowl of rice, a whole hard malodorous cheese, a can of salmon, then poulticed his cuts with tea leaves, and went to sleep again.

The junk sailed in to a low rocky shore, where she lost the breeze and was sculled in closer by the captain and his coolie swaying on either side of the jointed oar. Close to the beach the sampan was hauled alongside. Inez looked at Piers questioningly.

"What about the baby? We can't leave it aboard, Piers. They might throw it overboard."

"Or the giant eat it."

"No. He's a harmless hulk. I could use the big boy, but I can hardly use a baby."

"Let's all get ashore before we're stopped. There are people coming."

"They won't bother. I don't know where we are, but it's all right."

They sent the Manchu over alone, then made another trip to land themselves, for the little tub was small. The junk captain grunted and went back aboard.

PIERS looked thoughtfully at the giant awaiting orders.

"What do you call yourself?"

The name was laborious. Piers said briefly:

"I shall call you Charlot and you are my Number One boy."

"*Oui, m'sieur,*" said the giant.

They started to walk and came presently to a road.

Inez said presently, "All of this is a dream. For all three of us—the baby, Charlot, me. I'm more of a burden on you than ever. All I've got is this Manchu mission dress. The trouble is it's about all I've got anywhere."

"No," said Piers. "You've got a stake that ought to be worth a good deal. First to me, then to the Press or any newspaper."

"What's that?"

"Your rolls of films. I bribed that Chinese sergeant to turn them over to me. They're in my sack."

She thought of this as they walked along the road to the village not far away, the giant Charlot carrying the baby.

"How are we going to divide our baby?"

"I don't know—but not in King Solomon's way."

"If we can't divide the baby," he went on, "then how can we divide ourselves?"

She asked, "Is this a Chinese form of marriage proposal, Piers? Because if so, the answer is 'Yes.'"

"Then that's all right," said Piers. "China is certainly a grand place to shop on the cash-and-carry plan. For about seventy dollars, including the bribe to the Chinese sergeant, I've acquired a beautiful bride, a fine plump baby, and a whale of a Chink wrestler—to say nothing of the transportation."

"The cash part is all right if you like the goods," she admitted, "but the carry part is not so easy. What are you going to do with your purchases?"

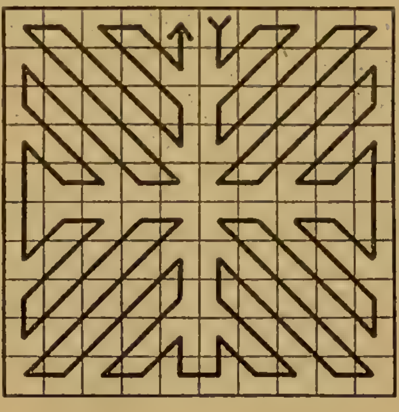
"Take them to Paris," Piers said. "By sea from Seoul and Nagasaki. There's an embargo on two thirds of them in the U. S. A. Perhaps some day we can manage the baby."

"How?" Inez asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Shuffle it in with the others perhaps."

She asked no more questions.

THE END



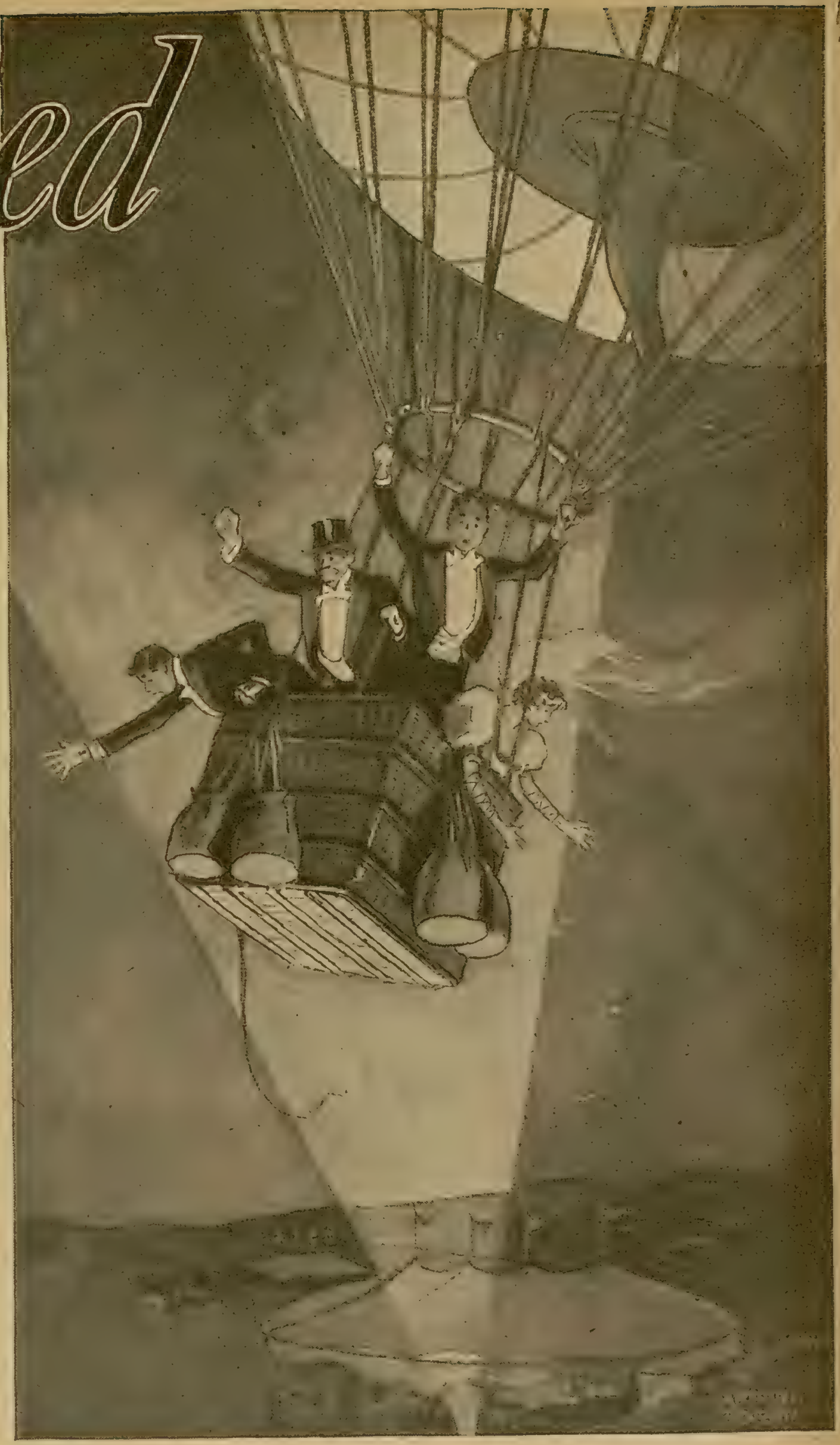
YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Drawing your pencil line as indicated at left will give you this message: The German spy, Mata Hari, did not confide in men. It was her best friend, a young girl, who finally disclosed the spy's identity.

Married

A Racket Exposed—The Surprising Confessions of a "Publicity Wedding" Promoter



Straight up went that balloon for two hundred feet, where the force of the ascent broke the cable, and sent the balloon careening away—bride, groom, best man, mayor, and all for a wild ride.

(Reading time: 13 minutes 5 seconds.)

I WALKED with my friend to the City Hall, where he procured a marriage license. On the street again, we chatted casually—I did not even congratulate him. That night I saw him married—for the two hundred and thirty-second time in five years.

Thousands watched the marriage. Everyone was happy and excited. The bride—she had been married an equal number of times—took an interest in the ceremony for the first time in years. This wedding had provided a surprise; usually it was only a part of their job to be legally married once a week in a den of lions.

The public marriage almost enters the realms of a big business. I have engineered more than five hundred, and I am only one of many such promoters. I have conducted marriages in captive balloons, in swimming pools, on fair grounds, in theaters, at baseball and football games, and winter circuses; any place, in fact, where an audience can be provided. They are real marriages, with no fakery—except, of course, the wedding in a lions' den. Even that has a good chance of being honest. The street fair in which my friends were employed did not like to take chances; a lion's scratch might mean a lawsuit. Besides, there was the matter of money.

To obtain a big crowd the marriage of a local widely known pair was advertised. I was the go-between, and it was not a difficult matter to find a young man and young woman who thought they wanted to take a chance with the lions, especially since they would receive one hundred dollars in gold if they went through with the ceremony, plus many gifts donated by the merchants of the city. If they failed—which they usually did—we gave them the presents, and paid our "volunteers" (a showman and his wife) fifteen dollars, thus saving eighty-five dollars. There is no law which prevents a man being married to his own wife as many times as he chooses.

On this particular night all was ready. The volunteers were seated as usual in the grandstand with the audience. The minister appeared—to conduct the ceremony from outside the bars. The lions were shunted into the arena. The presents were carried in, almost a truck load of them. The young man and woman moved forward in readiness for the beginning of the wedding march as played by the show band. Then something happened.

Ten lions suddenly went off their pedestals into madness. They fought each other, they lashed wildly about with arclike sweeps of vicious claws.

Vainly the trainer fired his blank-cartridged revolver and cracked his whip in an effort to drive them back to their seats. This was the "gimmick" to prevent outsiders entering that arena. Each pedestal upon which a lion sat was topped with a copper plate connected to electric wiring.

"That looks awfully dangerous," I suggested. They admitted that it did; the groom was about to faint. I asked:

"You don't care about it, eh?"

"Not if those lions keep acting up."

I knew they'd continue to "act up"—every time they touched a pedestal they got a fresh shock. I signaled the announcer. He made his usual speech—apology for the action of the lions, equal apology for the frightened boy and girl. Then he asked if anyone else would like to try it. Immediately the "volunteers" began their act.

It was the usual gag, worked every week in the season. Naturally that audience knew nothing of the fact that this woman could handle lions as well as any trainer. At other times she was "Lalita, the Gir-rul Who Dawnces in the Lions' Den."

"See here!" the young man said. "Those lions are quiet now. We're willing to fulfill our contract."

"Give 'em the juice!" commanded the owner in a whisper. The switch was again thrown on.

for Glory

By
W. H. (BILL) RICE

Illustrations by ARTHUR E. EDROP

But the lions remained placidly on their pedestals; some even began to doze. Again and again the switch was thrown, to no avail. A lead-footed property man had tripped over the wiring, breaking the connection.

Into the lions' den went the legitimate bridal pair, and a double wedding was performed. Our show turned away customers for the rest of the engagement—and after that we made the double wedding in the lions' den a part of our regular marriage show.

At Eldorado, Arkansas, a cowboy in the show told me he was engaged to a town girl and asked if they could be the public exhibit that week. There'd already been something in the papers about their engagement. So, with the publicity begun, I agreed, and started out to arrange for the presents, the minister, and the license.

In this case there was little necessity for preparations. It was not an elaborate wedding—no special costumes were needed. Everything was all right except the bride. She did not appear.

"Guess she's 'loped out on me," the cowboy said.

I turned toward the grandstand to offer a reward for anyone who could find a substitute pair. The cowboy halted me.

"Aw, don't do that!" he begged. "Give me just another half hour."

I agreed. He hurried away. Within the time limit he returned—but with a different girl. He did not even know her last name. Nevertheless she insisted that she was willing to go through with the marriage. I got a new license and took them before the grandstand. When the ceremony was over, I watched them go to one side.

Carefully they divided the presents. They opened the envelope containing their pay. He counted out half and gave it to her. Then he called a taxi and helped her place her presents in it.

"So long," he said.

"Good-by," she answered. And, to my knowledge, those two persons never have seen each other since.

BUT for that matter I once thought I was never to see a whole wedding party again. This time the affair was to be in a captive balloon—one of those sight-seeing things at a state fair down South. The balloon was anchored by a donkey engine and a cable on a windlass, which allowed it to go about two hundred feet in the air and there remain stationary.

There was a big crowd. We loaded in the bridal pair, the best man, the father, to give the bride away, and the mayor, who was to officiate. However, we planned to send them up only about twenty feet, thus giving the audience a good view of the ceremony.

"Let 'em up fast and give 'em a bump," I told the engineer. "The audience will get a laugh out of that."

So the engineer threw the lever and the engine started full blast. The balloon shot swiftly upward. When twenty feet was reached the engineer pushed on the lever again. But it was stuck.

Straight up went that balloon for two hundred feet, where the force of the ascent broke the cable, and sent the balloon careening away—bride, groom, best man, mayor, and all for a wild ride. More than that, it shot off in a direction where automobile roads soon ceased. We chased that thing all afternoon and half the night. That balloon traveled thirty-two miles. The occupants were so frightened that they forgot all about the wedding. Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, they came to earth.

IT looked like a bad night for me. The mayor wanted to put me in jail. The bride and groom wanted to kill me. But at last I got an inspiration.

"Look here," I said. "The crowd got its show in seeing you ride away. I'll pay you for that, just as if you'd really gotten married. And I'll pay you double if you'll come out tomorrow and complete the ceremony."

Money soothed them. That day the fair did the biggest business in its history.

I have said that ministers are not hard to procure. A few years ago, on the Pacific Coast, I had advertised a wedding on a raft at a beach resort. Now, just why a wedding on a diving raft should be different, I don't know. But the crowds flocked to it nevertheless.

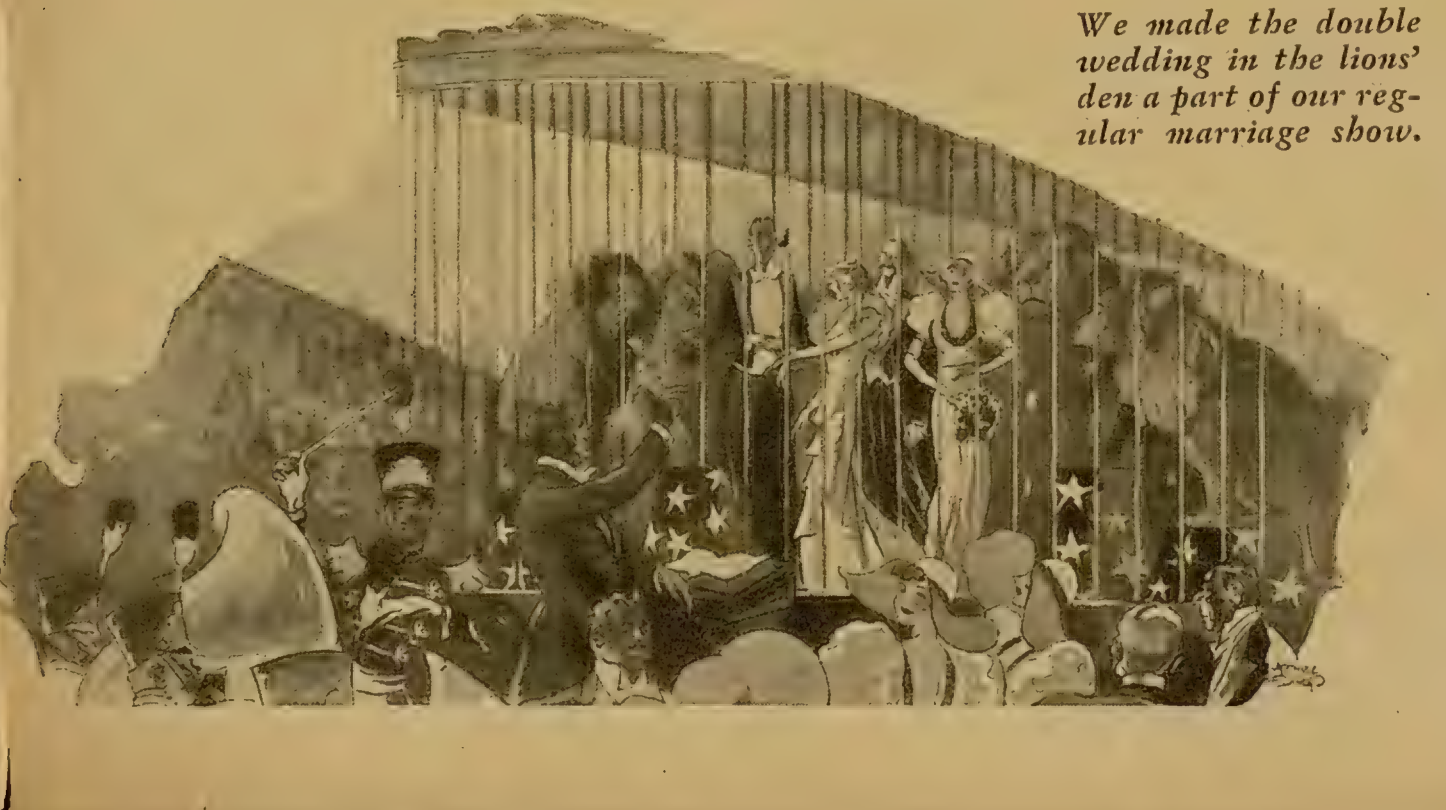
We took the wedding party out in boats. There were flower girls, bridesmaids, and the bride and groom. We waited for the minister. He did not appear.

"I'll offer a five-dollar reward to anybody who can get me a minister in twenty minutes!" I shouted. "And I'll pay that minister ten dollars for performing the ceremony!"

Fifteen minutes later a man rushed up on a motorcycle with a clerical-appearing man in the side car. We started him toward the boat. But just then an automobile skidded in the sand of the beach with another volunteer minister. Then a third one showed up and a fourth, fifth, and sixth. Finally the seventh arrived.

"Time's up!" I shouted. "No more ministers—they're too late to qualify."

But I paid, nevertheless. And I took that whole gang out on the raft for witnesses. I felt I was entitled to something. In addition to all my other expenses it had cost me a hundred and five dollars to get that knot tied.



We made the double wedding in the lions' den a part of our regular marriage show.

But even that was not as bad as another adventure at a state fair in Kansas. This time it was the couple which failed to appear. I offered twenty dollars to anyone who could get me another pair within an hour. This time four of them appeared, all eager for the presents and the one hundred dollars offered to the pair who would be willing to be married in public.

"I'm not going to pay you one hundred dollars apiece, and you can do as you please. That's final," I declared.

"Who wants a hundred apiece?" asked a bride-to-be. "We'll divide up, won't we, girls?"

As a rule I don't kiss the bride. I kissed all four of these.

Last summer I arranged a public marriage at Midland Beach, New York. The couple failed to show up and I substituted two show people who have a child. A few days later a newspaper carried a story that my couple were already married. Last December the "bride" rushed up to me on Broadway. "I don't know how I can thank you, Bill," she said. "You see, we had *never been married before.*"

I was running a "water show" at the time, with the New York Hippodrome patents, whereby my diving girls could go into the water and apparently disappear. This was accomplished by what is known as a "bell," a contrivance like an overturned trough, filled with air, under which a person could walk out of the tank with his head above the water level, but unseen by the audience.

It requires some practice. We had planned for the bride and groom to be married, then walk into the water and disappear. The officiating minister, of course, was not included in the act.

Knee-deep in water stood the wedding pair and took their vows from the minister, standing on a dry step above them. The ceremony finished, the pair waved to the crowd, walked deeper into the water and disappeared. The minister stared. Then, suddenly, he stepped down into the water and walked after them! Instantly I called for the show's diving girls to jump in and fish him out—he knew nothing about the underwater bell. Finally they found him, water-logged and tangled in the wires supporting the bells—and about dead. They dragged him out. Time could not be lost. They half stripped him at the top of the steps and resuscitated him. The crowd liked that better than the wedding.

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

U	G	H	A	N	S	C	O	D	E
O	R	H	T	I	S	S	S	E	M
R	E	D	L	E	N	T	A	G	E
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A	P	I	W	D	P	E	C	C	I
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C	S	Y	W	D	R	R	H	H	T
L	E	F	E	H	E	H	P	M	A
E	V	A	M	● T	★ R	R	A	Y	P
R	B	R	O	U	O	G	A	N	S
S	I	T	I	T	S	M	O	W	N
H	C	R	Y	P	G	E	R	M	A

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once. Start at the ● Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

NOW and then, when I roam around the country, I drop in on married couples whom I have come to know as their impresario at a public wedding. There is one couple whose home I head for with a great deal of anticipation. They are happy, and so am I—and I'm godfather of their child. I was putting on a big wedding for a benevolent society in a large Pacific-coast city. There were to be sixteen bridesmaids, all costumed, twelve flower girls, a fifty-piece orchestra, donations of flowers and decorations which turned the auditorium into a veritable garden. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the wedding date the girl telephoned to say that she would not go through with the wedding.

I was desperate. Thousands of tickets had been sold; between the lodge and myself there was about five thousand dollars at stake. I took my only chance and hurried for the marriage-license bureau of the City Hall. It was nearly six o'clock now. The place was about to close. Then in hurried a half-frightened poorly clad young man with a request for a license.

I waited for him. I asked him to walk with me—pleading for his confidence. At last I said:

"I'm going to tell you my troubles first—so you'll believe me. I am a promoter of public marriages. My couple's run out on me. I'll give you two hundred dollars if you and your fiancée will take their place."

"A public marriage?" he asked.

"Yes—a big one—flower girls, sixteen bridesmaids."

His lips quivered. A queer look came into his eyes.

"That's funny," he said. "We'd always wanted a big wedding. We'd been saving every cent we could—"

"Then some bad luck, eh?" He looked up.

"No"—came hesitantly—"not bad luck. But last night Doris told me she thought we'd better get married now—instead of waiting."

"Well, you're just that much money ahead."

He laughed queerly.

"No—that's the trouble—we'll have to—" Suddenly he realized that he was talking to a comparative stranger. "Mind if I telephone her?" he asked.

A BOOTH was near by. He hurried to it. I heard him say, "Honey—honey! We're going to have a big wedding after all!"

I walked out of hearing distance. There was an element of pathos to it all; showmen see enough of that without listening for more. At last he joined me.

"Doris doesn't believe me," he said.

"We'll get a taxi!" I commanded. "We'll go see her."

We found her in a small dress shop, a brown-eyed, dark-haired girl, not pretty, but somehow beautiful after I had convinced her. We went to my costumer's. The dress which the other bride was to have worn must be altered. Gray-haired old Mrs. Melton, my wardrobe woman, took the girl in her arms gently. I saw now that she was crying. I could not wait to learn the cause. I must fit out this young fellow.

That night, with brightness all about them, with prettily garbed bridesmaids and flower girls, with a well groomed best man, I saw them face the minister. No longer were they a mechanic's helper and a salesgirl from a dress shop. She was in satin; her bride's bouquet was as beautiful as any ever tossed away in a millionaire's home. He was in evening clothes; they seemed to exalt him. Beside me in the wings stood my wardrobe woman.

"Well, they got their wish," she said.

"She looks like a little Madonna," I answered.

As I say, every time I'm in town I drop around and see them. He has a little garage of his own now and he's making a living despite hard times. They're terribly happy. Their baby is dark-haired and brown-eyed, just like her mother. Every time I see her I think of old Mrs. Melton standing there in the wings, smiling—and saying nothing.

THE END

They Burned BRUNO for Looking through a TELESCOPE

The Lord may have created the heavens and the earth, announced astronomer Giordano Bruno to Sixteenth Century Venice, but they're a mere drop in the bucket of creation. . . . There are innumerable worlds floating about through space. . . . Many of them are far greater than our own. . . .

Graybeards glowered. This was heresy. The Bible admitted of only one heaven, one earth. . . .

Rubbish! fired back Bruno, the Bible is a moral work, not a scientific one.

They threw Giordano Bruno into prison.

After eight years' solitary confinement, they burned him at the stake.

But no burning could destroy Bruno's teachings.

In scattered, secret places, increasing numbers read his works, carried on his researches.

Reactionary thinking, even today, persists in many quarters of the Christian globe; but the march of the liberal spirit is irresistible.

There will always be hope for the progress of the world because there will always be a strong group of young, liberal minds in every community of the world. Here, the tender bud of the new idea will be examined without the prejudice of hardening arteries. Measured by the needs of the times rather than by the practices of tradition. Guarded against the sneers of radicalism as well as the frowns of conservatism. Here, the new philosophy, the new discovery, the new invention will find an established group to support it with the weight of their numbers. And bring it into the practical use that will qualify it for acceptance among the traditionally-minded remainder.

In America, as in every other nation, these young, liberal-minded men and women lead the way. For the manufacturer, they constitute the true primary market. Through them and their ready support, the new breakfast food or electrical appliance may find the way to the acceptance of the more conservative millions.

And in America it is Liberty magazine, appealing to the young, liberal minds from Maine to Oregon, that offers the manufacturer his direct introduction to this primary market.

Companies which advertise to keep old customers will do well to keep old media. But companies interested in introducing their story of new efficiency, new quality, or new service to new millions, are invited to swing country-wide adoption through the young, liberal leaders in Liberty magazine.

These will buy most readily. These will buy first. And these, buying, will start the new idea on a fair way to becoming a national tradition.

JULIUS ERNEST KAMMEYER, LL.D.
MANHATTAN, KANSAS

Professor of Economics, Kansas State College

PROFESSOR KAMMEYER WRITES TO LIBERTY:

> "I can commend the liberal policies which you outline. They are certainly in keeping with the times."

DR. JOHN WILLIAM FRAZER
SELMA, ALABAMA

Pastor, Church Street M. E. Church, of Selma. Former Chaplain, 214th Engineers, U. S. A. Chaplain, Spartanburg Post and South Carolina Division of American Legion. Author: The Untried Civilization; What is Heresy?

DR. FRAZER WRITES TO LIBERTY:

> "The change in the tone of Liberty since you took it over has been—well, thrilling, a change from jazz to martial music.
>
> "Liberty's articles are uniformly well-written, informative, and thought provoking."

JAMES SIMPSON, JR.
CONGRESSMAN FROM ILLINOIS

CONGRESSMAN SIMPSON WRITES TO LIBERTY:

> "I have been delighted with your clear-cut, sensible, conservative editorials that you have been having, and feel you are doing much good toward our country in her time of need, as Liberty possibly is more responsible for public opinion than any magazine of its size in America."

DIRTY WORK at the

Mr. Arliss and Some Gay Gamboleers Demonstrate the Fine Art of Intrigue, Past and Present

George Arliss—in the title rôle—and Doris Kenyon in the semi-historical film Voltaire.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 42 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ VOLTAIRE

CAST: Voltaire, George Arliss; Mme. Pompadour, Doris Kenyon; Nannette, Margaret Lindsay; François, Theodore Newton; King Louis XV, Reginald Owen; Count de Sarnac, Alan Mowbray; the Captain, Gordon Westcott; Dr. Tronchin, David Torrence; Emile, Murray Kinnell; Mme. Clairon, Doris Lloyd; Lekain, Ivan Simpson; Oriental King, Douglas Dumbrille; Mme. Denis, Helena Phillips; Morteau, Leonard Mudie. Directed by John Adolfi.

George Arliss now adds Voltaire as a contrasting companion piece to his famous portrait of Disraeli. Unlike the suave, gentle, aristocratic Jew who became prime minister of England, Arliss pictures Voltaire as the sharp, shrewd pamphleteer who, while holding his place at court, was fostering the unrest that resulted in the French Revolution.

Louis XV is eating cake while the people lack bread. Count de Sarnac suggests the guillotine for a rich peasant and the Bastille for his daughter, expecting to grab off their estates for himself. Voltaire, working through Mme. Pompadour, beautiful mistress of the king, tries to prevent the blunder. He fails in the case of the father, but succeeds in hiding the daughter in his own house.

Voltaire writes a play to show the king the seriousness of his mistaken policy. The king recognizes his portrait and orders Voltaire to the Bastille. Triumph for de Sarnac. Voltaire suspects de Sarnac of sending traitorous information to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. King Frederick was always consulting Voltaire regarding his bad poetry, so Voltaire tricks de Sarnac into a confession by pretending some verses he has received are documents proving his guilt. Thus de Sarnac is imprisoned, while Voltaire, Mme. Pompadour, and Nannette, the refugee, win.

The story ends with Voltaire writing, writing, writing—his contribution to the end of feudalism in western Europe.

Arliss's portrait is clean-cut and convincing. Doris Kenyon makes a beautiful Mme. Pompadour, and Reginald Owen puts over the blind, inconsequential "I-am-the-state" Louis superbly. Alan Mowbray as the ambitious de Sarnac makes a perfect foil for Arliss.

★★ GAMBLING SHIP

CAST: Ace Corbin, Cary Grant; Eleanor La Velle, Benita Hume; Blooey, Roscoe Karns; Jeanne Sands, Glenda Farrell; Pete Manning, Jack LaRue; Joe Burke, Arthur Vinton; Baby Face, Charles Williams; District Attorney, Edwin Maxwell; First Gunman, Harry Shutan; Second Gunman, Frank Moran; First Detective, Spencer Charters; Second Detective, Otho Wright. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin.

Pass all the laws you wish, they don't reach out into the high seas. Hence the gambling ships moored off our coast with fast water taxis carrying the suckers to the suckees.

Cary Grant, ace gamboleer, ducks West on a vacation from murder, police, and other annoyances. On the train he meets Benita Hume, posing as a refined socialite, something new in Cary's life. He poses as a blue-booker, something new in Benita's life. Love and kisses en route.

Jack LaRue, operator of one of the floating palaces of chance, in the film Gambling Ship.

Arriving in Los Angeles, Cary innocently joins Benita's partner, Arthur Vinton, running a gambling ship off San Pedro. Jack LaRue, an old enemy of Cary, runs a rival ship. Dirty work at the crosstrees, bombings and such. During the brawls the sweethearts learn each other's real identity, but stick because of true love. The big punch arrives when Jack LaRue's gang sneak aboard and start shooting up Cary's gang. But a storm comes up, and just as all seems lost Jack and his horrid crew are swept into the moist and moaning sea!

OFF THE

By HARRIET

BEAUTEOUS June Knight, musicomedy star now in films, former sweetie of Jimmie Dunn and currently cooing all over the sport pages with Max Baer, is telling the Hollywood press that she is of royal descent. Says she has detectives in Europe trying to trace a golden cradle in which she gurgled her first torch songs.

Mae West, daughter of a fighter, is a great fisticuffs fan and a real connoisseur. She could give most of the professional managers lessons. Recently Mae had plans all set to manage two promising fighters she'd discovered when the studio stepped in and said "No-o-o-o." Paramount officials thought it wouldn't be ladylike!

Double-Cross Roads

By ROB WAGNER

It's all pretty exciting if you can swallow the sea stuff. Cary Grant is very he and handsome. All the same Arthur Vinton. Benita Hume is beautiful when fully dressed, and Roscoe Karns is no end of fun. But there isn't enough of Glenda Farrell and that fascinating Jack LaRue.

★★ HOLD YOUR MAN

CAST: Ruby, Jean Harlow; Eddie, Clark Gable; Al, Stuart Erwin; Gypsy, Dorothy Burgess; Bertha, Muriel Kirkland; Slim, Garry Owen; Sadie, Barbara Barondess; Aubrey Mitchell, Paul Hurst; Miss Tuttle, Elizabeth Patterson; Lily Mae Crippen, Theresa Harris; Mrs. Wagner, Blanche Friderici; Rev. Crippen, George Reed. Directed by Sam Wood.

Clark Gable, a piker crook, flimflams a fellow out of forty dollars—big money for him. He's chased by the police and hides in Jean Harlow's room. Jean is a roughneck living by her wits. Underworld love-making. The picaroons frame a new theft, using Jean as a bait, but when Clark finds the sucker in her arms, as per arrangement, he kills him. Police. Clark escapes, but Jean is sent to reform school. Heavens, she's going to have a baby! Clark risks a visit, and while hidden in the school chapel a colored preacher on a visit to his "bad" daughter marries the unhappy pair. Clark is arrested and sent to prison, emerging five years later for the happy ending. At the train to meet him, Jean and his son!

Garry Owen, Jean Harlow, and Clark Gable in a scene from the underworld film Hold Your Man.

Clark and Jean do their rough stuff well. Stuart Erwin is again the honest-hearted boob making the great sacrifice. Dorothy Burgess is quite as rough as Miss Harlow. Most interesting scene: The wedding, mellowed by the Negroes, who more and more are being allowed a place in pictures.

A trio from blithesome Melody Cruise—Charlie Ruggles, Shirley Chambers, and June Brewster.

★★ MELODY CRUISE

CAST: Pete Wells, Charlie Ruggles; Alan Chandler, Phil Harris; Elsa von Rader, Greta Nissen; Laurie Marlowe, Helen Mack; Hickey, Chick Chandler; Zoe, June Brewster; Vera, Shirley Chambers; Miss Potts, Florence Roberts; Mrs. Wells, Marjorie Gateson. Directed by Mark Sandrich.

Charlie Ruggles and Phil Harris, playboys, are off for sunny California (adv.) on a steamer. Both are philanderers. But Charlie is married! Phil likes philandering but is ascairt he'll get hooked, so he writes a letter to Charlie's wife telling all about Charlie's girls, to be opened only in case he, Phil, gets married. See the point? It's now up to Charlie to protect Phil against going too far with wimmin, or else!

Charlie throws a party the night before sailing, only to find two girl friends asleep in his stateroom the next morning, far out at sea. They become "his nieces"! Florence Roberts, old family friend, is aboard. Complications, with Charlie trying to lie out of the situation.

It's pretty much a Charlie Ruggles picture, but Phil Harris, one of the few crooners who can act, is real competition. The girls are pretty and the music is charming.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom.

★★★—Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter.

SCREEN—
PARSONS

Things That Wouldn't Surprise Me: To see Ruth Chatterton double back on her tracks and take up romantically with Ralph Forbes again. It's much rumored that things are cooling off between Ruth and second husband George Brent. And Ruth has always had a soft spot in her heart for her "Rafe."

One of the major studios is serving as back drop for an interesting triangle. A lanky, well-over-six-foot director is forgetting his dignity over an ingénue whom he has twice directed. Much to the embarrassment of his wife, who is a writer on the same lot, he picks the little lady up and carries her around the studio.

The FIGHT on

How the Back-to-the-Land Movement, in Accord with the New Deal, Is Advancing Americans toward National Rehabilitation

By

JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 17 minutes 45 seconds.)

IN Liberty last week Mr. Franklin stressed the vital importance of the back-to-the-land movement as the one way to permanent recovery from the depression and as the one insurance of the United States against violent, catastrophic revolution. He now considers its progress and its future in relation to the New Deal.

PART TWO—ROOSEVELT OUTFLANKS THE DEPRESSION

THE war to save the American people cannot be won by emotion. It is horrible to see a slum baby die of starvation, and it is revolting to see our farmers ground down to economic slavery. But wars aren't won by rushing angrily into uniform and making headlong attacks. We need organization and a plan of campaign.

Otherwise, to pour the contents of the bread lines out on the land would be as cruel as to take ordinary civilians, give them a gun and a ticket to France, and expect them to beat the Prussian Guard. Make no mistake about it!—there's an American " Prussian Guard " standing between our people and their land. Every real-estate speculator in America is preparing to cash in on our inexperience. Up in northern Wisconsin the lumber companies have cruelly exploited back-to-the-land settlers by selling them hundreds of acres of bad, cut-over land. Land companies in Florida and Texas have been doing the same thing. In New England the thrifty Yankee farmers have sold the worst land to foreigners: French Canadians, Portuguese, and city folk. In the South the canny white stock have unloaded the poorer soil on the federal land banks.

Behind these front-line trenches manned by unscrupulous speculators, swindling land companies, and traffic-hungry railways stand the organized commercial farmers and their kept politicians. They will be backed by the transcontinental railways and the crazy system of long hauls for foodstuffs. Moreover, the gangsters who make a racket of public marketing will join in resisting this attempt to undermine their graft. And finally, behind this second line of trenches stand the bankers.

Nobody surrenders power without a struggle. Roosevelt's first move on assuming office was to attack the power of the bankers. It is the first step in his practical plan of campaign for the rescue of the American people.

This plan is based upon the very simple fact that only half of the land in the United States is fit for cultivation, that only one sixth of it is actually cultivated, and that frequently it is cultivated in the wrong way or for the wrong crops. Only by surveying and classifying our land can we protect the farmer and the back-to-the-lander from the people who wish to exploit them or who hope that they will fail. New York, under Roosevelt, was the first American state to start a land-utilization policy. One of his first official acts as governor in 1929 was to form an agricultural commission and to begin a survey of the state's land resources *on the basis of use rather than value.* This survey will take ten years and will analyze the state's millions of acres of farm land. The progress already made shows that between 20 and 25 per cent of all the farms in New York State ought to be abandoned and turned back to forest. Accordingly the state plans to purchase and reforest more than a million acres of this unfit land over an eleven-year period, at a total cost of $20,000,000. This investment will be more than repaid by the sale of timber and by the saving of taxes now spent on useless roads, schools, and public services in these regions.

Roosevelt's New York State plan is the forerunner of other state plans and of a national plan to use our land efficiently and so to *make farm rehabilitation pay for itself.* A similar project was launched last winter in Georgia by the Board of Regents of the university system of Georgia and by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, and the United States Forest Service in coöperation with the National Land-Use Planning Committee. The recruiting of Roosevelt's 250,000 national Citizens' Conservation Corps is a step toward national land-use planning, and the Muscle Shoals Bill marks Roosevelt's determination to make the valley of the Tennessee River the scene of the greatest economic experiment in American history.

To the conservatives' and the power companies' cry of Bolshevism! there is one simple answer: Planning for land utilization enables us to do quickly and intelligently what is already happening slowly and painfully. In the last fifty years 4,500,000 acres of farm land in New York State alone have been abandoned, and the rate is increasing. The state is dotted with dying country towns where half of the farms are abandoned and a pitiful remnant of aging people are clinging to a hopeless attempt to cultivate worthless soil.

Planning will do for these people what they are too poor or too stubborn to do for themselves. What has happened to Vermont shows their fate only too clearly. Once Vermont was a great wheat country, then northern New York grain ruined her markets. Then Vermont turned to cattle and sheep, only to be ruined by Western live stock and Australian wool. Then Vermont spe-

Rookies of Roosevelt's Conservation Corps in a reforestation camp.

U. & U. News photos

the Farm Front

cialized in butter and Morgan horses. Wisconsin undersold her butter markets and the Detroit automobile drove out the horse. Now Vermont is hobbling along on milk, maple sugar, and summer visitors. Sooner or later all that she will have left will be antiques, scenery, and summer hotels. Her population is already approaching a standstill.

The hill towns of Vermont are already slipping into lonely decay. Schools are closing, roads are in disrepair, only a third of the people farm their own land, and taxes are crushing their initiative. Wherever you go off the beaten track in New England you can find similar conditions. Unless these desolate and dying towns are to fester in the bright New England countryside, filling the prisons, poorhouses, and madhouses with broken people, the land must be turned back to its proper use, which is to support trees and not men.

The American land and its inhabitants have been roughly treated in the last fifty years. The automobile displaced 8,000,000 horses since the war—and with them a great demand for hay, oats, and other forms of horse fuel—and prohibition cut into a traditional market for grain. The manufacturers drew 4,000,000 people from the farm to the factory in the period 1920-29, and we let deflation drive 20,000,000 acres of fertile land out of cultivation in the South and West alone. Unscientific lumber looting and slovenly farming have caused the loss of one third of our topsoil in the last hundred years. At this rate we won't even be able to grow our own food in another century.

U. & U. News photos

The New Dealer at his desk, in the thick of the fight for his program.

Above, Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. Her appointment was one feature of the New Deal.

Below, an air view of Muscle Shoals, with the Wilson Dam and the power and nitrate plants.

TO check this condition, replanting of the land in huge areas of the East and South with the oldest and slowest of all crops—trees—is the only wise solution.

Land use and reforestation on the basis of Roosevelt's planned agriculture will be good business. It will make money from the sale of timber and pay for itself. It will benefit the East by reducing taxes for roads, schools, prisons, and poorfarms. It will help the farmers of the West by reducing the production of competing foodstuffs on lands which don't repay the cost. And it will help the nation as a whole by restoring the forests which were destroyed by our profiteering lumbermen, while by protecting drainage areas it will preserve and restore the precious topsoil without which farming is impossible.

The only disinterested outcry against it will come on behalf of the poor people who are driven from their starvation farms in order to make room for trees. What will become of them? Nobody knows what will become of any single one. Some will drift on to farms in the more fertile sections. For others there remains the master stroke of the Roosevelt plan: to move the factory into the country, to break up the big cities with their unwieldy concentrations of wealth and industry, *and to give every man two chances for survival*—one as a small part-time farmer, and one as a member of the weekly pay roll of American industry.

To turn the factory hand into a farmer, at lower wages but with greater security, will arouse the resentment of organized labor.

That is why Roosevelt put a gifted woman, Miss Frances Perkins, into the Labor Department rather than bow down to the demand of William Green that the Secretaryship of Labor should go to a Federation man. However, the fight need not be long or bitter, as labor is already used to following the migrations of industry and the Federation's present work-sharing program dovetails into the Roosevelt program for rural industry. Moreover, the greatest thing about the Roosevelt land policy is that it is not a theory but a fact which already exists and which is being pushed along, not by Roosevelt or any political group but by natural economic forces.

VANISHING AMERICA

The High Sheriff

This is the High Sheriff of Barnstable County, Massachusetts, in full regalia. There are lots of sheriffs in the country—ask the farmers—but very few who deck themselves out like this. Look around and see what good example YOU can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay $10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed. Send your photograph to Vanishing America, Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The great crime of modern capitalism was that it robbed the individual producer of his tools by making them so expensive that only capitalists could afford them, and by swindling individual investors who wanted to acquire small equities in industrial ownership. A hundred and fifty years ago every homestead was both a farm and a factory. Today the household has ceased to function as a factory. Soap, clothes, and so forth can be made much more cheaply by machines in mass production than by individual overworked housewives. And specialized and commercialized farming has made the average farmer unable to feed himself on his own produce. What is needed is to restore to the farm its old purpose as a factory by establishing our factories in the country and running them by electricity.

In this way alone can we hope to regain some of the happiness and charm of colonial America, when every little stream had its mill, and when the cities had not yet drained away and destroyed the more energetic generations.

The old country factory seemed as dead as Nineveh and Tyre, when suddenly the new element of electric energy and superpower transmission gave the country a new lease of life. Today, for the first time since the introduction of the steam engine, it is really cheaper to run a factory in the country than in the city. Already Henry Ford plans to finance the migration of his automobile industry from Detroit into small country units which will manufacture parts, while the workers will combine industrial employment with agriculture, thus insuring themselves against suffering even in hard times.

THIS means that Roosevelt can begin to unscramble the whole industrial and farm mess, preserving all the advantages of modern machinery and specialized skill and still give our people both individual security and a well balanced life. Here again we are not dealing with theories but with facts. And here again we find that the battle must be won in the East. Just as the South Atlantic states offer the best opportunity for maintenance farming, the North Atlantic states offer the best field for the combination of the factory and the farm. That is why Roosevelt's plan for the electrification and development of the Tennessee Valley, lying between North and South, is the key to his whole farm policy.

There's nothing new in all this. His statesmanship consists of combining the known facts in a new way. Already in Massachusetts, for example, there has been a great increase in part-time farming by factory hands. Under this system the factory worker owns and cultivates a small farm and supplements his factory earnings with cheaper and better food grown by himself, and often makes money on the side. In other words, in a depressed section of the country this sensible combination of farm and city life is saving the people from distress.

All of New England, New York, eastern Pennsylvania, and Maryland are dotted with little communities which, sixty years ago, possessed mills. Today they are poverty-stricken villages living on exhausted soil. Yet hydroelectric power is becoming available and offers the hope, if intelligently used, that our factory workers may farm for their own food and, with cheaper and better living conditions, may reduce the cost of wages and of industrial production.

For this reason the marriage of the factory and the farm is the most important purpose of Roosevelt's national land policy. Relief of the unemployed by putting them on the land has first call on our sympathies and statesmanship. Relief of farm overproduction is the next step. The final goal, however, is clearly to include modern industrial machinery among the domestic animals in the twentieth-century barnyard. Muscle Shoals will witness the first gigantic attempt at large-scale crossbreeding of our economic equipment.

NOW that the battle line is drawn and the issue is clear, we cannot falter or compromise. By divorcing the factory and the farm we put the industrial worker at the mercy of the pay roll and the farmer at the mercy of the creditor. We intrusted to the banks the job of handling this dual control and thus created a money power so incredibly strong and so disastrously stupid that for generations men have despaired of taming it, while their power to do so has been weakened. Today we find that money has done its worst: our farmers are ruined or hopelessly in debt and our workers are unemployed. No modern revolution has succeeded which did not include both the farmers and the workers. Roosevelt is the great revolutionary leader of our time because he realizes that this second American revolution can succeed and be rendered permanent only by combining the farmer and factory hand in one and the same person.

Sooner or later we shall have to consider the many reasonable objections to the back-to-the-land movement, and it is wiser to consider them now than later.

Any big campaign to put people on farms will be bound to reduce the cash market for farm crops—as more people grow their own food; and to increase farm surpluses—as the new farmers sell some of their produce for ready cash. Check! This new movement will hit the commercial farmer harder than he has ever been hit before. He will be compelled to do what he should have done years ago: cease to be exclusively a commercial farmer. He has no right to forbid his fellow countrymen to grow food for their own support.

According to some critics the Roosevelt land policy is a retreat to the jungle. They put it on the same low plane as hoarding and other signs of panic. Check! If the back-to-the-land movement stopped there these critics would be quite right. Seen in the right perspective, however, it simply means that the factory workers are being moved out to the country in advance of the factories which must follow cheaper power and labor supplies.

Others point out the danger of the exploitation of inexperienced farmers by real-estate operators and politicians. Check! The only answer is that this is why we cannot afford to let nature take its course (and Babbitt take our money) during the present migration back to farming, but must handle the problem through Roosevelt's comprehensive plan.

The final criticism is that farming is a difficult business and that not everyone is capable of becoming an efficient farmer. Check! That argument simply reënforces Roosevelt's demand for careful planning. Families with previous farm experience must be selected in preference to the city-bred. But on the whole the mass of people must be handled on a sink-or-swim basis, for the farm movement is no Communist Utopia, no guaranty of a living; simply a good chance to survive while we are making the necessary social repairs.

This movement is infinitely bigger than any criticism that can be brought against it. It is as unanswerable as the automobile, as inevitable as death itself. Our millions of unemployed will first bankrupt us and then undermine our institutions and our civilization unless they are enabled to support themselves. So long as the land is the source of life Roosevelt cannot go wrong in trying to help our people live on the land. This truth is so simple that criticism of details of the movement does not apply; all that opposition can do is to help us avoid mistakes.

Roosevelt's crusade for economic liberty has begun and will be pushed through to a finish. For twelve years the Republicans fought it and the Department of Agriculture under Secretary Hyde opposed every effort to promote maintenance farming in preference to big-scale commercial farming on the Soviet scale. Last year Senator McNary of Oregon introduced Senate Joint Resolution No. 169 which provided for the coöperation of government and private agencies to help the unemployed to obtain a livelihood in rural regions. It passed the Senate but was tabled by the House and never saw the legislative light of day in the last madhouse session of the lame-duck Congress. Back-to-the-land legislation languished so long as Hoover was at the helm.

Then came the New Deal. Senator Bankhead of Alabama introduced a bill, with President Roosevelt's approval, calling for an appropriation of $400,000,000 to help the unemployed to acquire and live upon subsistence farms. It provided for local committees, like the Draft Boards in the World War, to serve without pay in helping to find suitable land and to assure the support of the settlers until a crop can be produced. The settlers were to borrow the money at 4 per cent and guarantee repayment in twenty-eight annual installments, beginning three years from the date when the land is acquired. The funds could be loaned both to individuals and to coöperative or nonprofit organizations created for the purpose of establishing colonies, groups, or individuals on farms. This measure reappeared in the form of a $25,000,000 authorization for a beginning on the back-to-the-land move, incorporated in the Industrial Recovery Act at the President's insistence.

This Bankhead Bill is the first economic measure which makes sense to the Forgotten Man. During the last four years charity, relief, and reconstruction expenditures in the United States have amounted to at least ten billion dollars. *We haven't got a thing to show for it and our condition is worse than when we started.*

ROOSEVELT is just beginning the fight for economic salvation. The first step in that campaign is the readjustment of debts: farm mortgages, home mortgages, bank debts, and railroad debts. Roosevelt's legislative program provides four billion dollars for refinancing mortgages at a lower rate of interest, the banks have been taken over by federal conservators, the railroads are to be consolidated, the currency and credit systems are to be inflated so as to ease the debtor's burden. These are the first fruits of the rent strikes, the mortgage strikes, and the "penny auctions" in the farm belt.

The second step is to establish the back-to-the-land movement on a self-supporting basis. The Bankhead measure, the reforestation corps, the Muscle Shoals Bill, and the Tennessee Valley project, combined with such signs of the new industrial movement as Henry Ford's plan to decentralize the Detroit automobile industry, are direct attacks on the main problems of survival. These are the results of the years of agitation for back to the land by Liberty and other forward-looking publications, and of courageous local experiments.

The third step is to discourage overproduction of farm products. That is the object of Roosevelt's Agricultural Relief Bill, with its broad powers for domestic allotment, leasing surplus acreage, controlling production. That is the result of a ten years' fight by the farm organizations, leading from the McNary-Haugen Bill, the Export Debenture and Equalization Fee, the Federal Farm Board and the farm tariff, down to the greatest grant of government power over private production in our history.

THE final step is to take the farmer out of debt and keep him out of debt. This means that we shall have to change our whole currency and credit structure. The Roosevelt Inflation Bill lays violent hands upon the currency; the credit system is changing under our eyes. What business, city, or state can borrow money freely today? In another six months we may be starting an entirely new system of rationing by adapting to the American character the principles of Technocracy or the methods of Communism. (The War Department has already worked out such economic war plans as part of the scheme of national defense, and the National Industrial Staff, under General Johnson, is a reappearance of the old War Industries Board.)

For Roosevelt's revolutionary policy is a unit. The parts of it have been broken up and sent through Congress piecemeal. The administration stands ready to put the puzzle together now that Congress has done its job.

Taking the poorer land out of cultivation will remove competition from the commercial growers of all crops and live-stock. *They* will be helped. Putting the unemployed on the land will reduce and slowly wipe out the terrific and unproductive cost of relief. The unemployed and the surviving taxpayers will be helped. Requiring those who need aid to practice subsistence farming will automatically reduce large and unprofitable surpluses and in this way help both them and the commercial farmers. Reforestation will help the whole country. The establishment of rural industrial communities will reduce the costs of industry and give greater security to the workers.

President Roosevelt's land program is therefore a vital, practical, and urgent policy, for it reflects the facts of American life and offers the promise of American survival. Have we the brains to accept it intelligently, or are the reactionaries going to insist that it be forced on us by starvation, chaos, or a violent revolution? The return of the American people to life on the soil which supports them *is* a revolution. Roosevelt is trying to insure that this revolution be bloodless.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was Richard Watson Gilder?

2—From what was the name of the state of New Hampshire derived?

3—What was the Kitchen Cabinet?

4—Who wrote The Light That Failed?

5—What is the capital of Bermuda?

6—Which of the Western countries was the first to sign a commercial treaty with Japan?

7—Who are the Ruthenians?

8—Where is Mount Blow-Me-Down?

9—What is talus?

10—What is a Gila monster?

11—When and by whom was celluloid invented?

12—What is the meaning of the term *modus vivendi?*

13—Who was Horace Mann?

14—Who was first called the Watchdog of the Treasury?

15—What is the meaning of the term *sine die?*

16—What does *Der Tag* mean?

17—In what year was the Custer massacre?

18—What was the real name of the woman who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Ouida"?

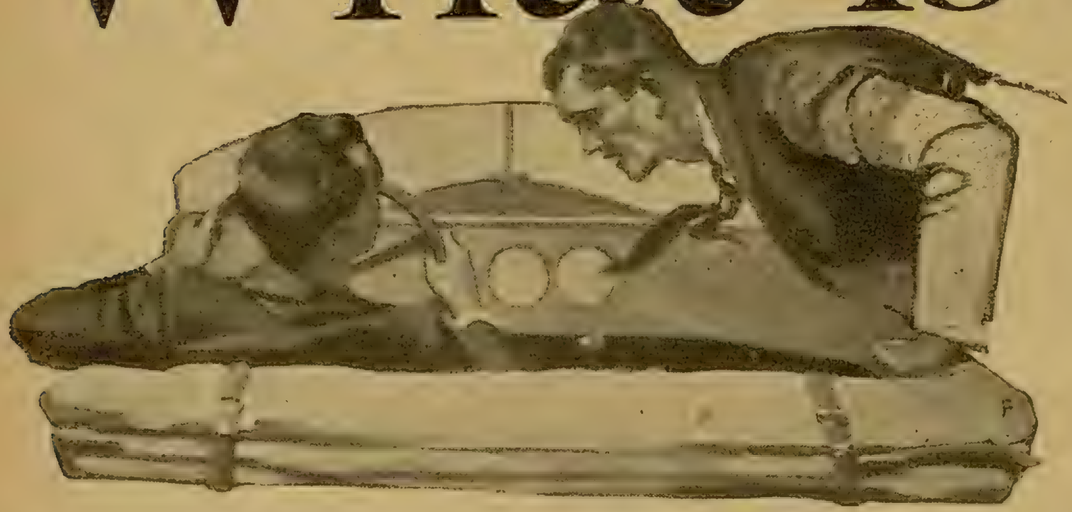
19—By whom and when was the city of Quebec founded?

20—What is codeine?

(Answers will be found on page 32)

What is Good

The Rollicking Story of a Modern Girl Who Got What She Went After



Spike leaped on the running board. "Get me to the beach house!" he cried.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 56 seconds.)

CYNTHIA and Susan are daughters of the wealthy Wertherings of Golden Neck, Long Island. Susan is married to Georgie Hackerbury and Cynthia is seriously considering a similar step with Harrison (Spike) Smythe-Conway. Cynthia, to bedevil Spike, flirts with Georgie, and the two are caught by Susan and Spike. Susan thereupon flirts outrageously with a somewhat questionable prince, and later confesses to Cynthia that she has written thirteen tender missives to him for which he is now demanding one hundred thousand dollars. Cynthia, pledging aid to her sister, pursues the prince about the house, sees him alone in the conservatory and promptly faints in his arms.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE prince seemed so delighted at the opportunity of supporting her that Cynthia recovered her senses rather more quickly than she had at first intended.

"Where am I?" she asked weakly, opening her eyes.

"Right around here," said the prince reassuringly. "What is it, poor child?"

"Oh," said Cynthia, parodying Susan, "you scared me so!"

"I am very sorry," said the prince.

"It's my heart, you know," said Cynthia. "Hasn't anybody told you about my heart?"

"Suppose you tell me all about it," said the prince.

"Oh, prince!" said Cynthia. And she googled.

"Suppose we sit behind these palms while you rest," the prince suggested.

"All the times I've seen you," said Cynthia reproachfully, seating herself not too close to him, "you've hardly spoken to me."

The prince began explaining why he had hardly spoken to her. His eloquence increased. Cynthia listened with her head averted. When she turned toward him her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh!" she cried impulsively. "I hate my sister!"

The prince was astonished.

"Oh, I suppose you think I'm awful to say so, but I do! I hate her! I hate her! I hate her! I hate her!"

"Tell me," said the prince softly but with great interest.

"It all started when we were children," said Cynthia. "Father and mother always did like her better than me. And of course she's going to get all the money."

The prince made a deprecatory gesture.

"Money is a so sordid consideration," he said.

"Oh, prince! You're so noble!"

"No, no!" he pretended modestly. "Just an aristocrat."

Emotion momentarily choked Cynthia, but she managed to go on.

"Then there was Georgie—"

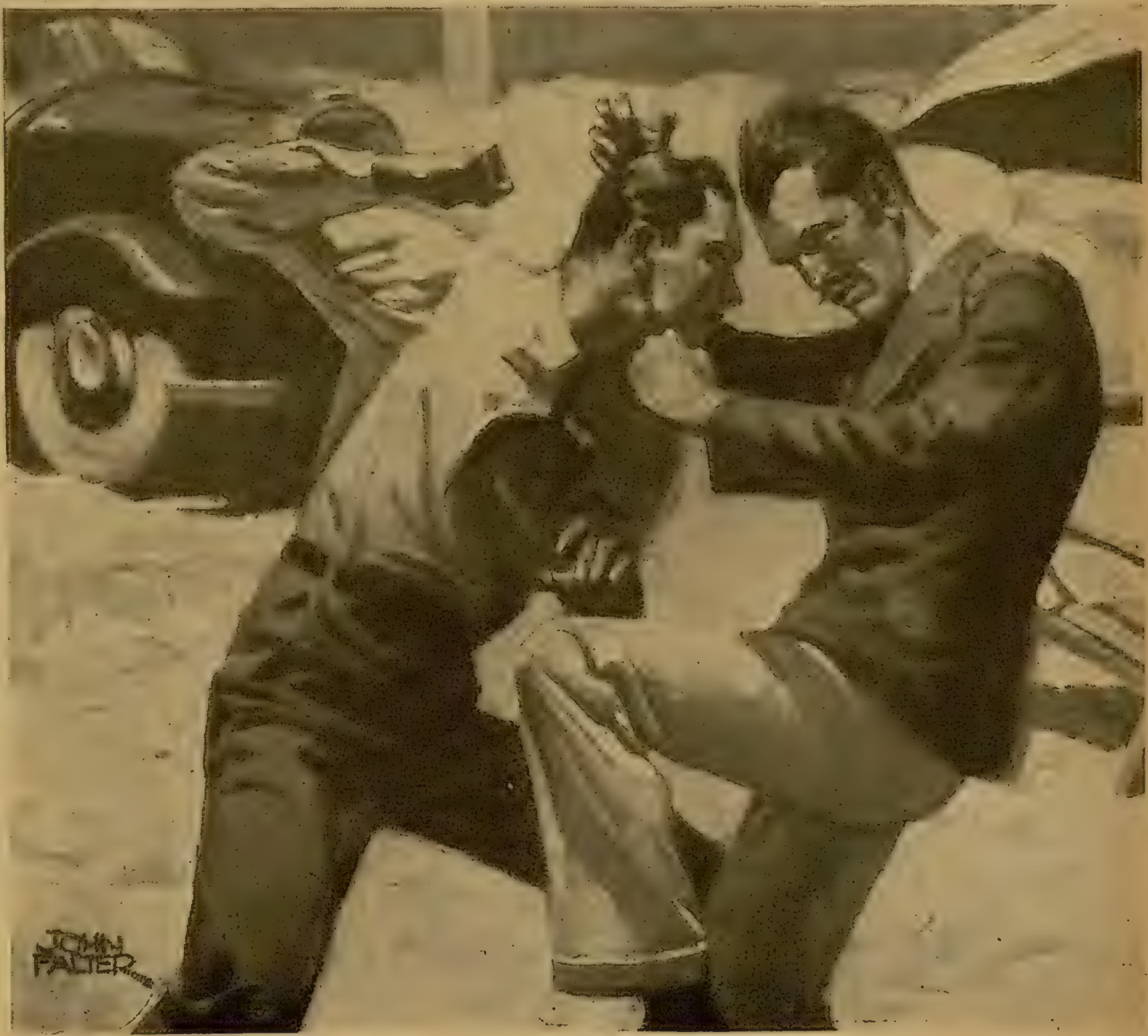
"*Mr. Hackerbury?*"

"Yes. You see, I loved him. But she lured him away."

"Dear me!" said the prince. "It is tragic. It—it is *wicked!*"

Cynthia smiled sadly at him.

"I suppose, after all, it was just a boy-and-girl affair,"



Form?

By

CYRIL HUME

Pictures by JOHN FALTER

she said. "I had resigned myself to that. I could have forgiven her that. But did she stop at that? *No!*"

"But then?" the prince urged.

"I found love. Not the childish love I had known with Georgie. But real love—wild, reckless, passionate—oh!"

"Yes?" said the prince eagerly. "Yes?"

"She lured him too!"

"But perhaps, my dear, you are mistaken. Perhaps this—this fairy prince is not, after all, so fascinated by your sister."

"Oh, yes, he is!" Cynthia protested. "He is a helpless slave to her allure."

"But perhaps you still are wrong, my dear child. Maybe in secret he has even loved you for a long time."

"No," said Cynthia brokenly. "No."

"Perhaps I could help," said the prince softly, "if you would tell me his name."

With her tear-flooded eyes Cynthia looked the prince full in the face.

"Can you ask me?" she cried, shaken with sobs. "Why would I be *telling* you?"

And suddenly she flung her arms around his neck. Then, with no complacent reserve but entirely and instantaneously, the prince went off his head.

"Don't!" Cynthia whispered after a moment or so of this sort of thing. "My heart. You upset me so. I can feel an attack coming. And if I have an attack I shall thrash about and scream, and everybody will come running."

The prince dropped her as though she were red-hot.

"Tomorrow," Cynthia murmured tiredly. "Darling—tomorrow."

"I shall be dying until tomorrow," said the prince gallantly as Cynthia tottered out of the conservatory.

AFTER dinner next evening, when the prince finally managed to corner Cynthia in the conservatory, he was on fire with impatience. He swept her into his arms and began noisily kissing her. She disengaged herself as quickly as she could, and pushed him away.

"I suppose," she said indignantly, "you think I didn't see you tagging after Susan all day? You *would* have to pick the one woman in the world that I *hate!*"

"But it is not for that—what you think—that I have followed her," the prince protested.

Cynthia paid no attention.

"I'd like to kill her," she said in a dreadful voice, "with an *ax!*"

The prince made a grimace of distaste.

"My sweet child," he said tenderly, "you can have a revenge so much better than killing with"—he winced at the idea—"a chop of the ax."

Cynthia brightened.

"Tell me," she cooed.

"Well," he whispered, peering suspiciously among the potted palms, "I have a letter."

"Only one?" Cynthia exclaimed.

"Plenty!" chuckled the prince.

"From Sue?"

He nodded.

Cynthia looked at him for a moment, then burst suddenly into tears.

"You've been writing to her!" she sobbed. "I knew you were really in love with her all along. You're so darn' mean!" she added.

"Sh! Sh!" said the prince, anxiously glancing about. "Wait! Not so loud! Listen! This letter"—he tapped his breast pocket—"this letter is your revenge."

"Let me see it," said Cynthia promptly.

The prince frowned slightly and shook his head. But Cynthia began one of her long, anguished wails, and in a moment the prince was ready to do almost anything to quiet her. "Here!" he cried. "Here! For the love of Mike, read her!"

Cynthia read it all with shameful interest. "Imagine!" she said when she was done. "A married woman, too!"

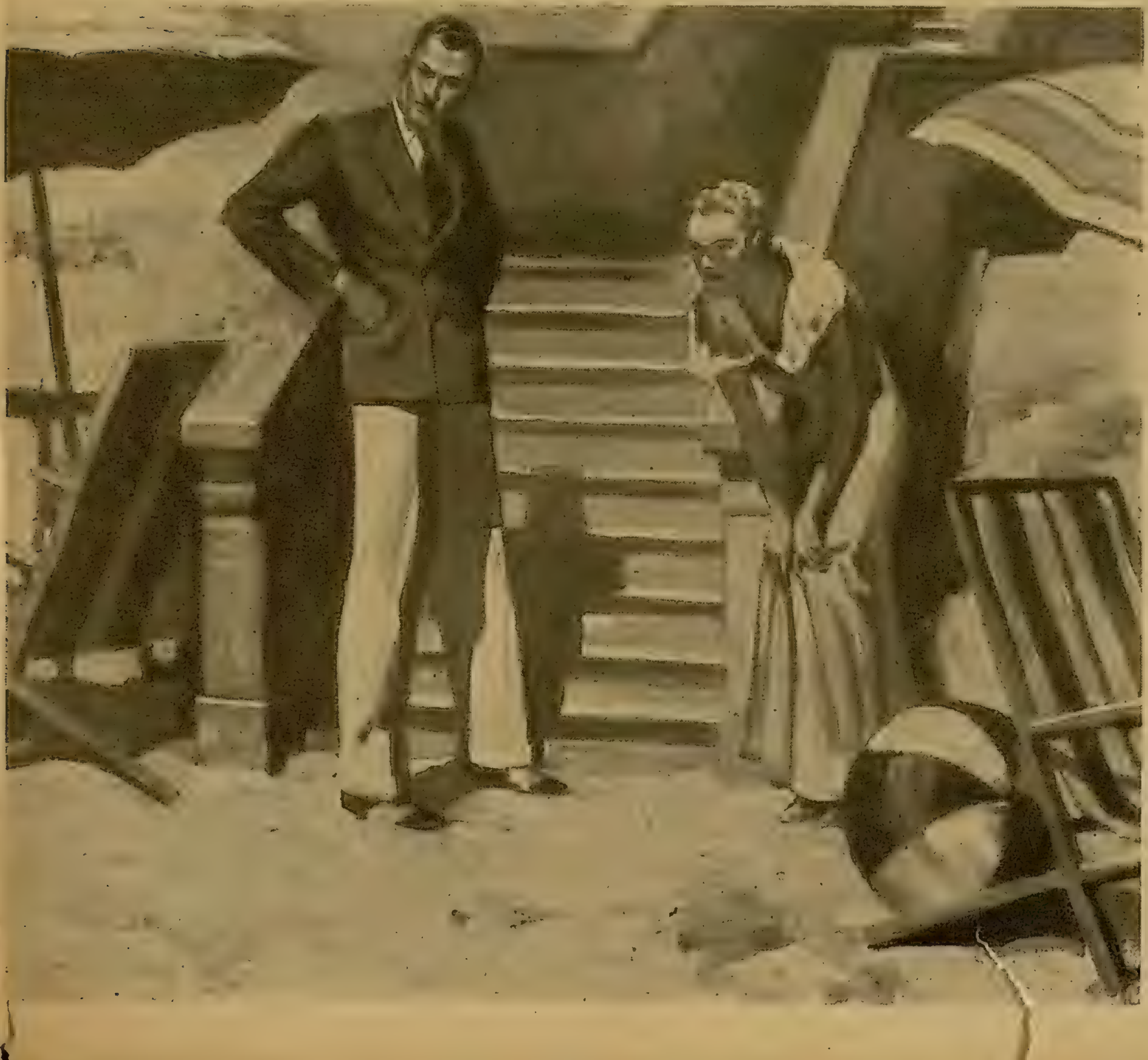
"That's it!" cried the prince triumphantly, recovering the letter.

Cynthia's eyes filled with tears again.

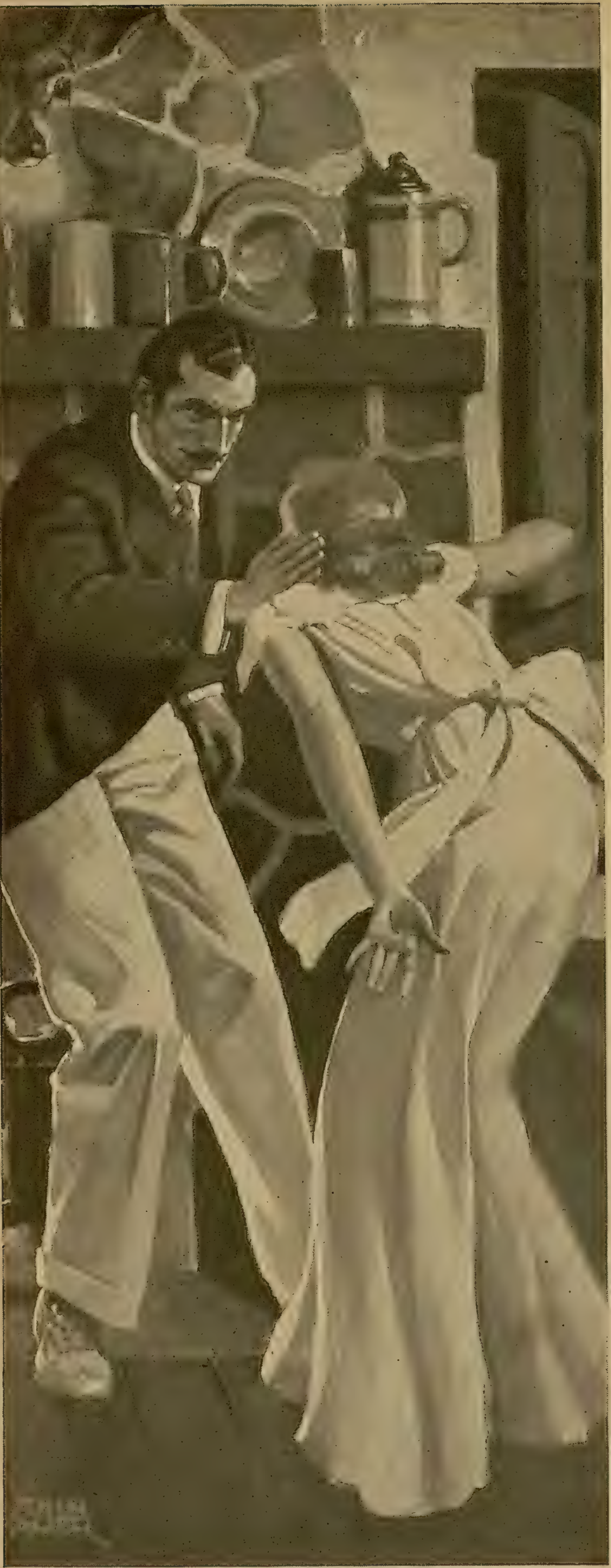
"You must have encouraged her!" she whimpered.

"Wait!" cried the prince desperately. "Don't you yet see?" He leaned close to her and grinned. "How would this letter look on the front page of New York's Times?"

"Oh!" cried Cynthia. "Awful!



The prince bit, bit, gouged, and butted without partiality.



"You call me chameau!" he cried. Then, with his open hand, he struck Cynthia's cheek hard.

For Susan, that is." She ground her teeth close to the prince's face. "It would look *grr-and* to me!"

The prince was delighted with her.

"Listen," he said. "Something much better as New York's Times! For this letter I get from Susan or her fool husband what you call one hundred grand."

"Then what?" said Cynthia, looking up under her lashes.

"Then, my angel, we are rich. We take the next boat back to my country. You see now—ha?"

"And when," said Cynthia softly, "shall we be married?"

"Married!" cried the prince. But he recovered himself promptly. "We be married right away quick when we reach my country."

"Oh!" cried Cynthia ecstatically. "And I'll be a princess!"

"Absolutely," said the prince. "Pretty soon, maybe, you be queen. The old man can't last much longer. Too damn' many revolutions," he added thoughtfully.

"A queen!" sighed Cynthia. "Poor little me! Am I in heaven or on earth?" And she rolled her eyes all over her head.

"My angel!" cried the enraptured prince, and he grabbed her again.

"No!" said Cynthia. "Be careful! You'll get my heart all stirred up, and I'll start screaming and spoil everything."

The prince let her go and regarded her bitterly. "If every time I come into a room you start to scream," he said, "what is the fun?"

"You must remember, prince," Cynthia replied, "I'm just a young girl. I'm not used to being swept off my feet like this."

"If you would just make up your mind to it—" the prince urged.

"That will take a little time," said Cynthia, with her eyes downcast. "But I'll tell you what, prince: Tomorrow we'll go on a picnic—just you and I."

The prince's eyes shone.

"You mean it?" he cried.

"Well," said Cynthia, "it'll be all right since we're going to be married, won't it?"

The prince strode up and down the conservatory.

"I do not know how I am going to live until tomorrow," he said, "but I *manage!*"

THE following morning, as Cynthia was climbing into the blue roadster beside the prince, a thought struck her. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "I forgot. I promised mother I'd tell Higginsbottom something." And she left the prince waiting at the wheel. She appeared again presently, attended by Higginsbottom.

"Very good, miss," the prince heard him say. "In one hour sharp, without fail, miss."

One hour later to the second, Higginsbottom drifted into the card room with his feather duster, to find Spike brooding over a drink.

"Good morning, Mr. Spike—that is, Mr. 'Arrison."

"Good morning, Higginsbottom."

"Your drink satisfactory, sir?"

"It's all right," said Spike, "for its size."

"Allow me to replenish it, sir."

When he had fortified Spike's drink Higginsbottom respectfully coughed.

"What is it, Higginsbottom?"

"I've known Miss Cynthia for a great many years, Mr. Spike—that is, Mr. 'Arrison."

"Since she was a kid, Higginsbottom."

"Consequently I 'ate like anything, sir, to see Miss Cynthia commit any—any indiscretion."

"I know all about that myself," said Spike.

"This morning Miss Cynthia went for a little houting, sir, with the prince, sir."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yes, sir, and Miss Cynthia gave me to understand that she and the prince intended visiting the beach 'ouse, sir."

"The beach house!" said Spike weakly. "The *beach house!*"

Georgie, rolling up the Werthering driveway in his new racing roadster, jammed on his brakes just in time to keep from running down Spike as he rushed out, wild-eyed and bareheaded. Spike leaped upon the running board. "Don't ask questions," he cried, "but get me to the beach house as quick as this tin can will travel!"

"Tin can!" said Georgie indignantly, and stamped the accelerator to the floor.

WHEN Cynthia and the prince entered the lonely rustic living room of the beach house, Cynthia was suffering from a chill, although the weather was warm.

"It's probably my nerves," she apologized. "You see, I'm just a young girl."

The infatuated prince set about building a fire in the fireplace with chunks of driftwood out of the hearth box. Soon he had such a roaring blaze that he had to step back from it. But Cynthia took so long to get warm that presently he could contain himself no longer. He came quickly to her and took her into his arms. Cynthia pushed him away.

"If you think again that maybe you will have to scream," said the prince angrily, "it makes no difference. There is no one near enough to hear you."

Cynthia looked thoughtful.

"It isn't that," she said sulkily. "I just don't think you really love me at all."

"My angel!" the prince protested.

"Then how about the rest of Susan's letters?"

The prince's eyes narrowed.

"And how does my angel know about these letters?"

"Am I blind?" she said. "Can't I see a big package of them bulging your pocket out? And whenever you move they crackle."

The prince seemed almost satisfied.

"But why are you so curious, my angel?"

"I wonder!" said Cynthia angrily again. "With your pockets full of another woman's letters! How do I know you haven't brought *her* here?"

"Never!" cried the prince piously. "Never!"

"Well, I won't believe you until I see for myself," said Cynthia. "And until I *do* see, you needn't try to touch me, for I won't let you."

The prince smiled. "You will not let me?" he said softly. "When it is so lonely here?"

"Try and see!" said Cynthia.

The prince came to a decision and laughed. "All right," he said. "Here are the letters. Read them. Over there by the window. I shall stand here by the fire—in case of accidents."

"Accidents?" said Cynthia innocently. And she carried the letters over to the light of the window.

"Thirteen," said Cynthia when she had counted the letters. "A lucky number for Susan."

The prince smiled. He did not take his eyes from Cynthia as she thoughtfully read her sister's letters. When she had read them all, she tied them neatly into a package again, and tossed them upon a table between herself and the prince.

"I hope you'll forgive me for being so jealous," she said. Then she began smiling at him from under her eyebrows.

In three strides the prince was past the table and had taken her into his arms and was kissing her mouth.

Cynthia clasped her arms around his head and returned his kiss.

Presently she began to gasp. "Oh!" she moaned. "My heart! Really! Oh, it's dreadful! Help!" she called weakly. "Help! Water!"

"Damn!" said the prince. He lowered her into a chair and rushed out into the little kitchen in search of water.

When he returned, carrying a white china mug in his hand, Cynthia was standing before the fireplace smiling as she watched the last flickering of flame pass over the package of letters.

The cup slipped from the prince's hand and burst with a splash upon the floor. However, the prince was a veteran gambler. He knew how to accept reverses. After a moment he walked slowly toward Cynthia with the ghost of a smile playing around his mouth.

"YOU are very clever," he said softly.

"Aren't I!" Cynthia agreed brightly.

The prince nodded gravely. After a while he said, "I do not like to be maked a fool, my angel."

"One doesn't," Cynthia giggled. "Not even a girl like Susan."

"One doesn't," the prince agreed, ignoring the second part of Cynthia's remark. "And so," he smiled, "I think it will be only fair if I give you a little of your own medicine."

"Just exactly what do you mean by that?" Cynthia asked thoughtfully.

The prince shrugged.

"Must I be explicit? Well, then. You thought that you would cheat me completely. But I shall not permit you to cheat me—completely. That is all."

"Oh!" said Cynthia steadily.

The prince moved toward her. When he was quite close Cynthia spoke sharply. "Don't touch me!" Then, in a sudden fury of fear and disgust, "Don't touch me, *chameau!* You camel!"

The blood rushed into the prince's face. "You call me *chameau!*" he cried thickly. "You call me *chameau!*"

Then, with his open hand, he struck Cynthia's cheek quite hard.

Like most women, Cynthia had never been struck on the face before, and the effect of the blow was strange. She was hardly conscious of any pain, but she felt as though she were dy-

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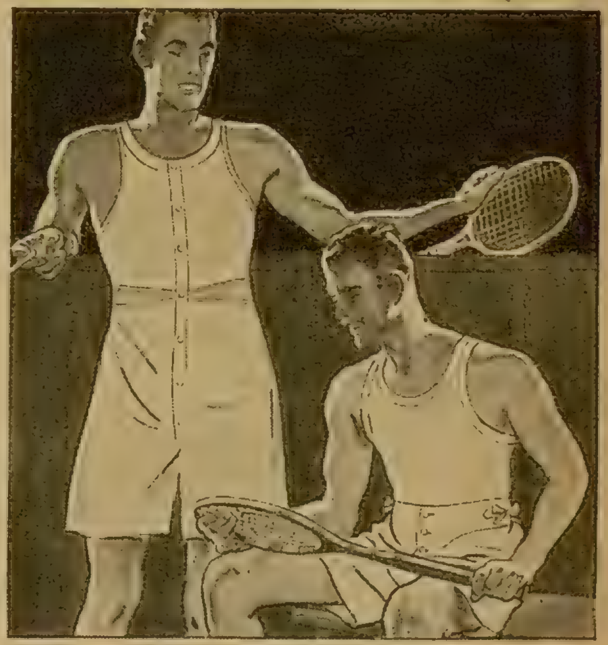

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ing. She began to cry weakly, like a child, and she heard her voice whimpering first for her father, then for Spike. She was conscious that the prince was laughing. But when she looked past him, toward the open door of the bungalow, she was not at all surprised to discover Spike standing there. When she looked at Spike's face she was afraid.

"Don't kill him, Spike!" she called.

Then, apparently without having moved across the intervening space, Spike was within reach of the prince. Cynthia heard a dull ugly *whack*, and the prince shot over backward and crashed with his head and shoulders into the far wall, where he sprawled semi-upright in a sitting position.

She heard Spike say in a voice which she did not recognize, "Get up!"

The prince continued feeling clumsily at his mouth.

After a moment Spike jerked the prince to his feet, and propped him against the wall. "Now," he said in the same odd voice, "I'm going to wipe the face off your skull!" He drew back his arm.

But just then a change came into his expression, and he smiled in a peculiar way. "No," he said, as though he were remembering something. "We must remember good form even in a murder." He grinned and took the prince by the arm. "Come along," he said, and began dragging him toward the open door.

By this time the prince's head had shaken itself clear, and he began to struggle.

"Take your hands from me!" he shouted. "Take your—"

"Shut up!" said Spike, and he twisted the prince's hand up between his shoulder blades. Then he rushed his victim out upon the veranda and down the long flight of stairs to the beach, where Georgie was loitering with his hands in his pockets.

"Georgie!" Spike shouted. "I got a little something for you!"

Georgie looked up in surprise.

"Here!" said Spike. "The privilege is yours. Only, for John's sake, give him a beaut."

"I don't quite get you," said Georgie stiffly, looking a little white.

"You will pay for this outrage—" the prince began.

"Shut up!" said Spike. "Listen, Georgie. This bird has been trying his stuff on a young lady in your family."

"Wait a minute!" Georgie snapped. "Susan is *my* business."

"Come out of it!" said Spike quickly. "Who said anything about Susan? It's Cynthia he was after."

"Cynthia?"

A LOOK of understanding and gratitude came slowly into Georgie's face.

"Yes," said Spike. "This hair ball *hit* her, Georgie. I wish to God I was related to her!"

Tears came into Georgie's eyes.

"He *hit* Cynthia?" he said. "Thanks, Spike. It's white of you to leave him to me. I think this is going to do me a lot of good."

"Him too," said Spike.

"That's right," said Georgie. "O.K., Spike. Let him go."

Spike did, and Georgie hooked a pretty one to the prince's left cheek.

It was a fine fight. A little untidy of course. The prince knew nothing of the prejudices of the Marquis of Queensberry, but with the weapons with which nature had equipped him at birth he set about trying to wipe out his enemy. And it was all Georgie could do, with the neat efficient boxing he had learned at Groton, to keep him from accomplishing his purpose. The prince hit, bit, scratched, gouged, kicked, and butted without partiality but with fine enthusiasm. Once he stooped to a strategy, and danced in a frenzy all about Georgie, hurling fistfuls of sand into Georgie's eyes.

At this point in the fight Spike asked Cynthia if he hadn't better go down and "give the prince a kick in the pants to keep everything fair." But Georgie saved himself by clinching. And in the clinch, instead of trusting to his really telling knee work, the prince made the tactical error of taking a bulldog tooth hold on Georgie's chin. This, of course, brought tears to Georgie's eyes, and washed the sand out of them, so that the prince lost the splendid effect of his *ruse de guerre*.

THE thing ended with the prince spread-eagled on the sand, cold, indifferent, and glazed of eye, and with Georgie practically in the same condition (and even more spectacularly marked), still upon his feet.

When it was over Spike turned to Cynthia. "That," he said in an awed tone, "was a dirty fight!"

"Thank heaven it's over!" said Cynthia.

"Yeah," said Spike without enthusiasm. "Too bad."

Their attention focused upon Georgie. Bloody and disheveled, he staggered up the beach and slumped down upon the running board of his racing roadster. There he began carefully feeling his abrasions. Now and then he would crane his head and peer toward the recumbent prince. On these occasions he would slap his thigh and chuckle like a happy child. Sometimes he seemed to be talking to himself.

"Do you think he's all right?" whispered Cynthia.

"He's fine!" Spike assured her. Then: "Look!"

It was Susan in the station wagon. Her unerring dramatic instinct had brought her in at the very climax of the story. She jumped out and ran to Georgie.

"My baby!" she squeaked. "He's hurt you!"

Georgie did not look up. "He's down there. Maybe you'd better go to him."

Susan began to cry.

At last Georgie looked up and discovered that it was himself Susan was crying over.

"Suppose we go in," said Spike modestly at this point.

"Suppose we do," said Cynthia.

In the living room they grinned at each other. Spike's hand was swollen and one of the knuckles was cut.

"Oh!" Cynthia cried, taking it. "Poor hand!"

"It was the prince's teeth," said Spike.

"Poor hand!" Cynthia mourned. And kissed it.

"He—he hit me here, too." Spike indicated his mouth.

"I didn't see him do that!" said Cynthia, very much astonished.

"The pain is something terrible," said Spike, lowering his hand.

"How *awful!*" she said, coming quite close to him. "I suppose," she said (and she kissed him), "that I shall go on" (and she kissed him again) "all the rest of my life" (and she kissed him a third time) "believing" (and she kissed him still again) "just such awful lies as that."

"Yes," grinned Spike, "and liking it."

And that, dear reader, is the end of our comedy—or the beginning. It depends upon one's point of view.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—An American poet and editor (1844-1909).

2—The county of Hampshire, England.

3—The name given to unofficial advisers of President Andrew Jackson.

4—Rudyard Kipling.

5—Hamilton.

6—The United States, in 1854.

7—A group of Slavic tribes inhabiting eastern Galicia and Bukovina on the eastern slope of the Carpathian Mountains.

8—In Labrador.

9—An accumulation of rock débris at the base of a cliff; also, in anatomy, the ankle bone.

10—A poisonous lizard, inhabiting the deserts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico.

11—In 1869, by the Hyatt brothers of Newark, New Jersey.

12—Manner of living; a temporary arrangement pending settlement of a matter.

13—The first secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education and one of the fathers of the American public-school system.

14—William Steele Holman, a member of Congress from Indiana, so called from his opposition to extravagant appropriations.

15—Without a day; an adjournment.

16—The Day. For many years it was the toast of the German army and navy for the day when war would come.

17—In 1876.

18—Louise de la Ramée.

19—By Samuel de Champlain in 1608.

20—One of the alkaloids found in opium, similar to morphine.

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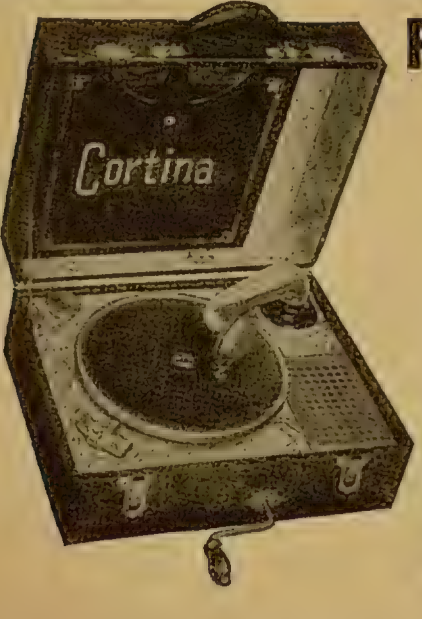

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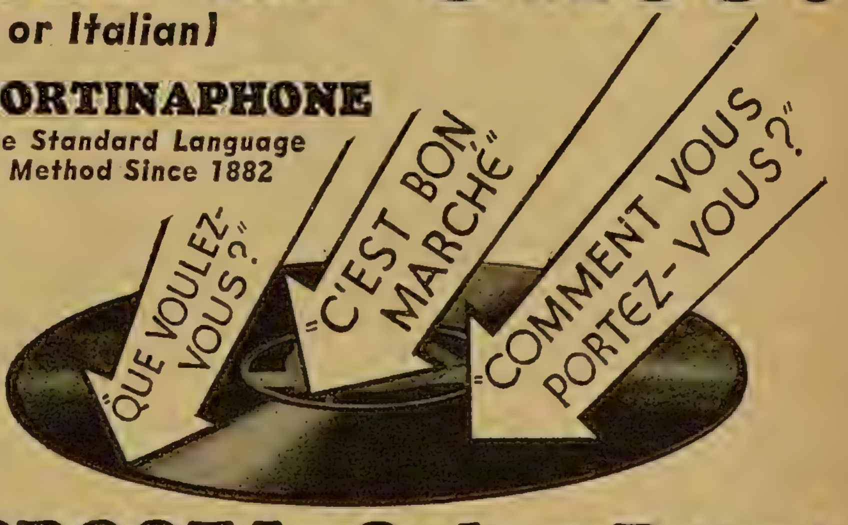
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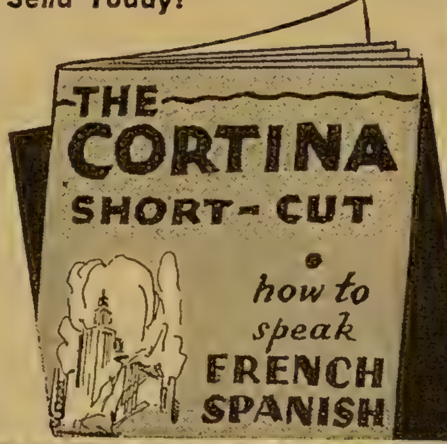

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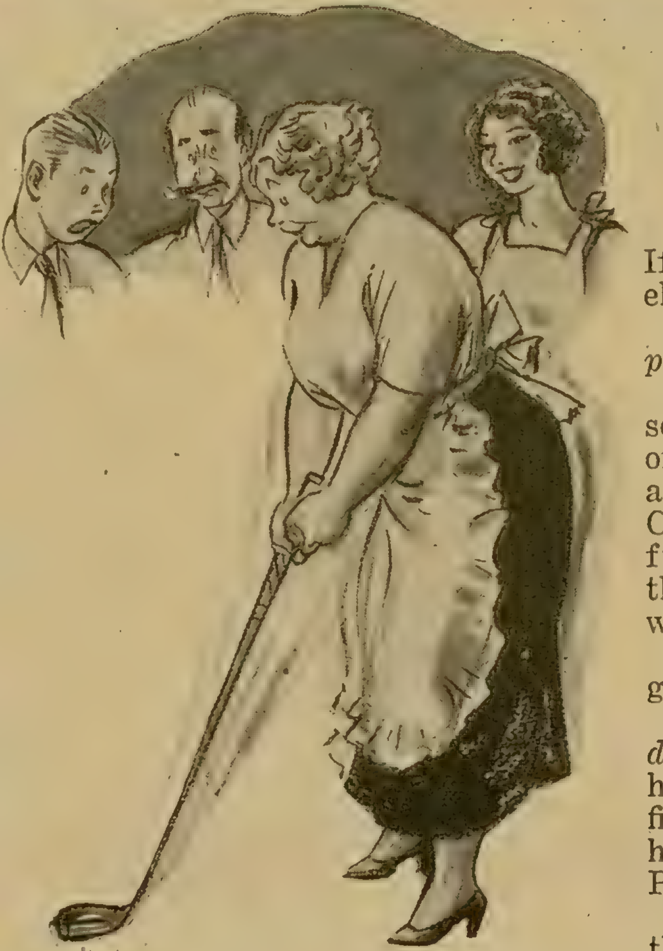

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Prologue

YOU needn't think that life is just one dull round of domesticity for the Potters. Certainly not since they moved to the suburbs and Pa joined the country club. That incidentally was the end of the garden, which consisted principally of onions and lettuce and radishes anyway. It was at the same time the beginning of many new expenses. They left the city to save money, and here's Pa driving balls into a water hole—each worth the price of a good steak—and calling it sport. Well, two can play at that game. Yes, sir! What's golf for the goose is duck soup for the gander, or something like that.

Ma: There's a letter from the country club for you, Pa.

Pa: So-o? And what does it say?

Ma: How do I know? I didn't open it. Do you think I read your letters?

Pa: Don't ask me what I think. Trying to start an argument?

Ma: Well, I don't open your letters, only when I think it's important.

Pa: The important thing for you to remember is not to open them. Suppose it was from some woman who was ker-razy about me?

Ma: I wouldn't believe it.

Pa: Trust me, huh?

Ma: I trust women to have more sense.

Mamie: It's none of my business of course, but why did you marry Pa if you feel that way about him?

Ma: I was young and didn't know. Besides, he was different in those days. Spry and ambitious. Now all he wants to do is set. Doesn't even pay attention to his garden, and that was going to support us all this summer. Ha-ha-ha! What a laugh!

Pa: I've taken up golf instead. It's more exercise than a garden and more fun; besides— (*Opens letter.*)

Ma: And more expense. What does it say?

Pa: Oh, nothing.

Ma: Must be something if you don't want to tell me what it is.

Pa: Just an announcement about lessons. You wouldn't be interested.

Ma: Who told you I wouldn't? Other women play golf—I don't see why I can't. You took me out with you once.

Pa: On a public course. Everything goes there. This is a country club and we've just moved into this community. Want to make a pariah out of me taking you out on their course and—

Ma: A what?

Pa: A bum. What you'd do to a good course! Oh boy!

Ma: Not if I had lessons. I've seen plenty of women on that course and I'm just as quick to learn as they are. If you won't teach me I'll get someone else to do it.

Bill: (*Coming out of the sport pages*) I'll teach you, Ma.

Ma: (*Triumphantly*) There, you see! I've a good mind to learn right off and spend my time at the club like a lot of other women around here. Catch them slaving and stewing and fussing over their family and home the way I do from morn till night and what thanks do I—

Pa: All right, all right—if you're going to start that.

Bill: (*Appearing with Pa's pet driver*) Here you are, Ma. You don't have to go out on the course for your first lesson. I'll give it to you right here in the living room. Move back, Pa.

Pa: Move nothing! And you take that club back and get your own—or an umbrella or something!

Ma: (*Taking it gingerly*) This will do fine. What do I do now, William?

Mamie: I think I'll run over to the club while this is going on, if you don't mind. I've got a weak heart.

Bill: (*Swinging club idly*) Red has another date tonight, if that's what's on your mind.

Mamie: (*Flaring*) It's a lie. How do you know?

Bill: With Gladys, too. I certainly would go if I were you. You'll probably find him at the club with her. In a car. In a clinch. Fore!

Pa: Hey, look where you're swinging that club!

Mamie: You're a filthy liar!

Ma: Children! Children!

Pa: And this was going to be a quiet evening at home. My God!

Bill: Here you are, Ma. The first thing you must learn is how to swing properly. That's all there is to golf. The proper swing.

Pa: Don't you believe him. There's lots more to it than that.

Bill: I suppose you know more about it than Alex Morrison.

Pa: Of course I do. Who is he?

Bill: Who is he? That's rich.

Ma: Are you two going to argue all night or what?

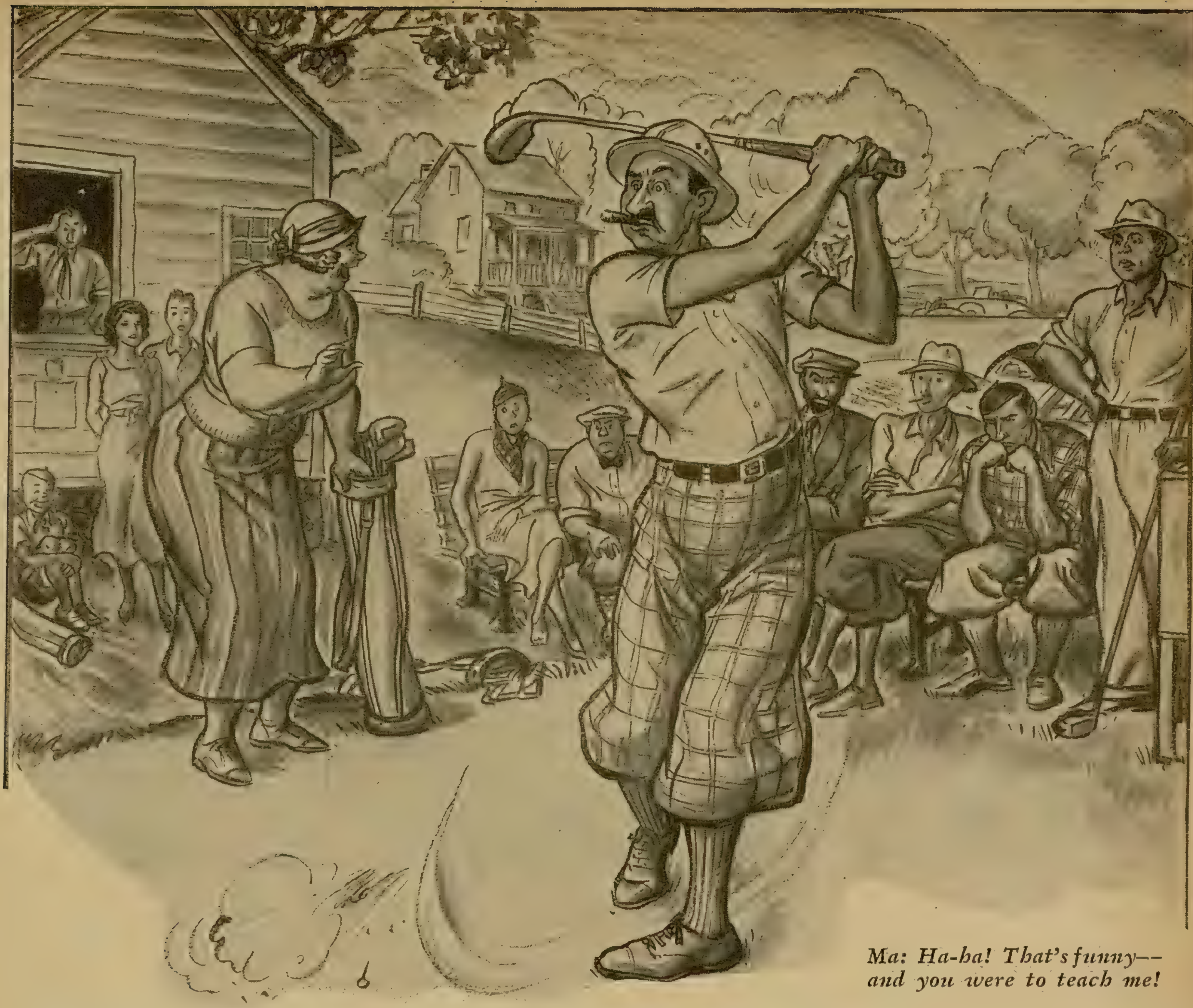
Bill: He taught Paul Whiteman and Babe Ruth and wrote a book about it.

Pa: A lot of people write books, and who ever heard of Babe Ruth's golf, or Paul Whiteman's for that matter?

Bill: Don't pay any attention to him, Ma. He's just trying to confuse us. Now, the first thing is the grip. Rest the club head on the ground in its natural position. Like that, see? Now extend the left arm, palm of the left hand facing down; grasp the club firmly in the palm of the hand with the thumb around the shaft. Got it?

Pa: That doesn't look right to me.

Ma: Now what do I do?



Ma: Ha-ha! That's funny—and you were to teach me!

Bill: Place the right hand, palm facing upward, on the club—same angle as the left. There! How does that feel?

Ma: Doesn't feel like anything.

Pa: I told you! You've gotta interlock your fingers.

Bill: I'm coming to that. Just wait a minute, can't you? Now interlock your right little finger with the left forefinger. No—the other way. How does that feel? Now you have to shift your hips.

Ma: Say, is this a dance or something?

Pa: Keep your head down and your eye on the ball.

Bill: That's old stuff. Morrison says never mind about your eye on the ball so long as you keep your chin pointed just back of the ball.

Ma: When you two get finished with my chin and my hips I wish you'd let me know. What's all that to do with playing golf? Look out, now—I'm going to swing!

Bill and Pa: No! No! That's all wrong. Look out!

Pa: *Hey!* Good God, woman, you nearly knocked my head off!

Ma: Just keep it out of the way. Look out—I'm going to swing again!

Bill: Watch your hips!

Ma: *William,* what a way to talk to your mother!

Pa: *(Bitterly)* And I suppose you'll want me to take you out on the club course after this.

Ma: You said it! *(Swinging)* I like this. I think I'm getting the hang of it.

Bill: Come back slowly. Bend your wrists. *Look out, Mamie!*

Mamie: I'm going to get outta here.

Pa: Me too.

A Few Days Later

Ma and Pa are on the first tee. It seems to Pa that everybody he has ever seen around the club is standing by in rapt attention—including the greens committee.

Ma: All right—I'm ready. Where do I hit it to first?

Pa: The flag is just over that hill. Be careful; don't slice out of bounds. Keep your head down. Keep your eye on the ball. Back slowly.

Ma: *(With the blissful abandon of the gifted amateur)* Who's doing this? Watch it, now! *(Swings and misses.)* Where did it go?

Pa: *(Bitterly)* It didn't go anywhere. You looked up.

Ma: How will I know where it goes if I don't look?

Pa: *(Sotto voce)* Come on, come on. Hurry up. They're piling up behind us here waiting to start.

Ma: Don't rush me. You wouldn't rush anybody else. *(Takes careful swing and drives a beauty right down the fairway.)*

Pa: Hurray! Great! *(To gallery)* Did you see that? Her first drive. *(Is a bit chilled by their lack of appreciation. To Ma)* All right; now let me drive, so we can get going. *(Tees up and swings with tense nervousness. Tops ball, which skitters ahead a scant twenty yards.)*

Ma: Ha-ha! That's funny—and you were going to teach me! *(To gallery)* He was going to teach me.

Grizzled Foursome on First Tee: *(Settle down grimly to long wait.)* Ha-ha! *(But they don't mean it.)*

Ma: *(Gloating)* Hurry up, Pa—don't keep them waiting. Ha-ha!

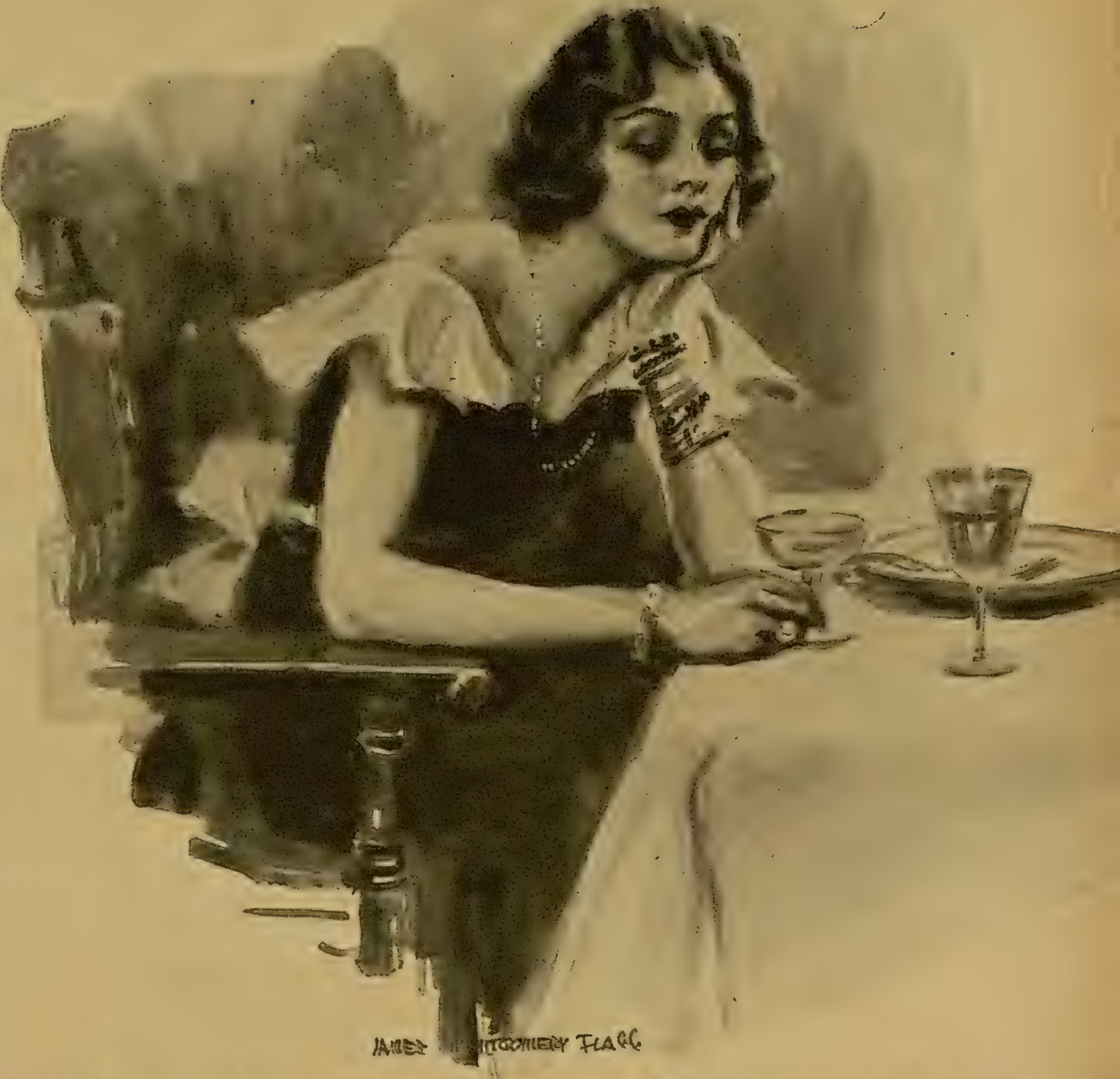
Pa: *(Hits viciously—tears up sod as big as a toupee.)* X*!!Y?x!?

Ma: Such language! Ha-ha! This is easy. I'm going to love this game.

Grizzled Foursome: X!?!!?!x Women! x??!! Wives! x!?x! Good God!

Further adventures of the Potters will appear in an early issue.

New Problems and a New Loneliness Enter the Story of Another "Bad Girl"



(Reading time: 29 min. 35 sec.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee, a girl who was born on the wrong side of the tracks in a small town near New York. Her mother does day work in the homes of the well-to-do families. Sadie falls in love with Tommy Wallace who works at a filling station, and when he loses his job, goes with him to New York, promising her mother that they will be married on their arrival. Instead they go to live together in a cheap lodging house. Tommy lands another gas-station job and meets Dolly Merrick, a blues singer in vaudeville. He leaves Sadie for Dolly, refusing to go back to her. Sadie finds work in a Harlem cabaret chorus. There she meets Jack Brennan, a millionaire, and his friend Gilbert Fenlon. Brennan is very drunk and insists on Sadie going home with them to his Westchester estate. The next day he marries Sadie, who finds out that he is a dipsomaniac. She sets about to cure him and he beats her when she refuses him liquor. After six months Sadie wins her battle and Jack is cured of drinking. Gilbert Fenlon calls to see her. Jack Brennan, still under the care of a doctor, is taking his afternoon nap.

PRETTY *Sadie*

PART SIX—JACK'S FINAL GIFT

Illustrations by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SADIE wanted to leave Fenlon alone in the den till Jack awakened, but he was bent on congratulating her on her victory.

"You've done more for Jack than anyone else in the world would have done," he said. "When I tried to take you away from him I was trying to kill him, Sadie. You're wonderful!"

"Why wonderful?" she demanded.

"You've gone through hell to cure him."

"Oh, nuts," she said.

"I wish you wouldn't say that. Jack's favorite expressions shouldn't be allowed to spread. And don't underestimate what you've done. It's great."

"Why is it great? Because, considering I'm not a Fenlon, I had decency enough not to let him die? Pretty damn' surprising, isn't it, that one of the lower classes would think of saving a man's life?"

"Oh, Sadie, don't take that attitude."

"What attitude shall I take, then? You keep looking at me in surprise and telling me what a great girl I am, and I'm damn' well fed up with it. If your father were standing on the edge of a cliff you wouldn't be surprised if your mother didn't push him over, would you? No. You'd be surprised if she *did* push him."

"Listen, Sadie. Let me explain myself. I've been wrong, I can see that. Only you didn't know Jack when you married him, so I naturally supposed that you didn't love him. The average woman wouldn't, you know."

"What do you know about the average woman?"

"Nothing, Sadie. My apologies for everything I've ever said. I believe now you love Jack sincerely."

"You're a damn' fool. You don't know anything but love, family, and other blah like that. Didn't you ever hear of just giving a person a square deal? Look here. I'm going to tell you why I married Jack Brennan. I married him because I hated Roquette's and I had stage fright every time I went on to do the show."

She paused for a comment which was not forthcoming. Gilbert Fenlon sat smoking quietly.

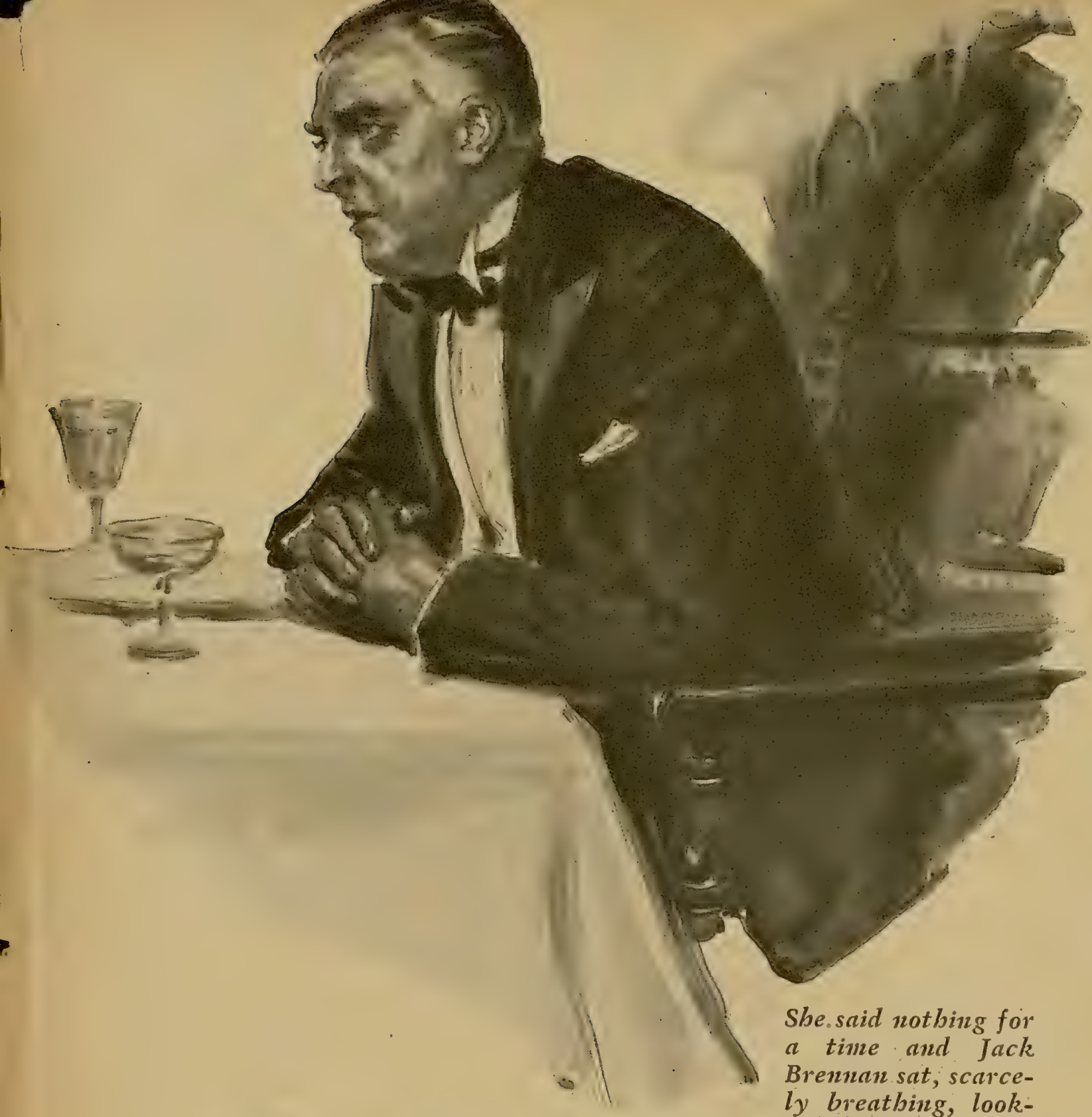
"And I had two other reasons. One was that beds in cheap rooming houses are dirty, and the other reason was that I wanted my mother to quit being a servant girl."

"Three sound reasons, Sadie."

"Well, maybe you're kidding me, but those were my reasons. Jack Brennan took me out of Roquette's, set

McKee

By VIÑA DELMAR



She said nothing for a time and Jack Brennan sat, scarcely breathing, looking down the table into Sadie's face.

me loose in this house, and up to date has spent fifty thousand dollars on my mother. Wouldn't you suggest that something could be done for him in return?"

Gilbert Fenlon laughed, and she turned upon him angrily. "What are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking that you'll probably murder me but I still can't think of anything to say except that I think you're wonderful. Sadie, do you realize that not one girl in fifty million, including no end of Fenlons, would have reasoned things out as you did?"

"It was the only fair way to reason them."

"I'm proud to know you, Sadie."

"Can I say 'Oh, nuts' again?" she asked. "Because you do really make me sick. You're such a smug ——."

"But it still goes. I'm proud to know you."

When Jack Brennan found that he could once more take an interest in business, Sadie's life became that of any suburban woman who is married to a wealthy man. Jack had forgotten how much excitement could be found in his office, and it was with pleased surprise that he again made the acquaintance of the problems of commerce.

He left the house between nine and ten in the morning and never returned before seven. Sadie had the day to herself. Each hour had to be done away with some way or other, and there was nothing worth doing with them. When Jack had been ill Sadie had had a goal, something to work toward. Now she had nothing. There was no reason for waking and no reason for sleeping. Not even a reason for living. There was nothing to do.

THERE were people who came for cocktails and dinner. Jack knew hundreds of people, but they did not help Sadie fill her life. She had gone with a few of the women to matinées and on shopping expeditions, but she was not happy in their company. She did not understand the things that were important to them. She could not bear wandering from one store to another in search of a breakfast set that must be just the proper shade of apple green. She could not bring herself to care who was having a love affair with whom, and she could not manufacture amusing conversation.

"You never opened your mouth all evening," Jack would sometimes say to her.

"I had nothing to say."

"If we all kept quiet for that reason there'd be damn' little talking done, Sadie."

She wondered why she couldn't confront a roomful of people and rattle off an inane story which always began "Listen, my dears. This is priceless." But it took something that she didn't have to talk with such smart affectedness.

Some of the crowd had gentlemen friends who kept them busy in the afternoon. That wasn't for Sadie either. She wouldn't be good at all the adroit stalling which the other women seemed to manage so cleverly.

Gilbert Fenlon said that Jack's crowd was common.

"That can't be why I don't like them," Sadie answered coldly.

"You're not common, Sadie. Jack has managed to gather around him everybody in New York who has more than a hundred thousand dollars and less than a sow's sense of delicacy."

"He gathered you around him."

"I'm speaking of his party friends."

"Oh, I wouldn't have known."

"Why do you hate me, Sadie?"

"I don't. Truly I don't. You don't bother me a bit."

She began going to matinées alone. It was more fun going alone. You could get up and walk out if there was a place where the leading character looked dreamily over the heads of the audience and said in flat tones, "Sometimes I think I can't go on." You couldn't walk out if there were other people with you. Other people, Sadie had discovered, appreciated art, and art was a man or woman with a noble character, a whimsical sense of humor, and a terrible cross to bear.

She saw in Variety and in the daily papers that Dolly Merrick was at the Palace in New York. All alone she went to the opening matinée and sat in the back row. The act ahead of Dolly's was almost over when Sadie saw Tommy come quietly into the theater and seat himself in an upper box. He was carrying a ukulele. It couldn't be *the* ukulele. That one had cost two and a quarter in Richley's only music store. It wouldn't be grand enough for all this.

It gave her a dizzy feeling to look up there and see Tommy. He was so near and yet so far. Within forty seconds she could be seated at his side, could be talking to him and perhaps even see him smile, but Dolly Merrick stood between them, and Jack Brennan, and the fact that Tommy didn't want her. He didn't need her. It was good to know that he didn't need her. He was doing well. His life was the sort of life he had always wanted. She had been wrong in trying to keep him from Dolly. Dolly had made him happy.

He was contented. You could see it in the set of his shoulders and in the way he smiled at the capering comics. It was a curious excitement to see him smile. It made her want to laugh and cry and shout, "Tommy, look at me!"

He was dressed so nicely and he looked so handsome. Yes, he must be happy. He had gotten what he wanted out of life—nice clothes, a beautiful woman, plenty of money, and nothing to do but sing and play the ukulele.

She was conscious now that the comics had disappeared and that the theater was dark. A piano was being brought upon the stage. The automatic announcers on either side of the proscenium arch rolled away the comics' names and presented "Dolly Merrick." The audience applauded. Absently Sadie applauded too. The lights came up to full brightness on the stage and the orchestra played.

A YOUNG man came on from the left and seated himself at the piano. Dolly entered from the right and the audience applauded again. She wore a plain little white dress and carried a sheaf of gardenias. Her hair hung in straight golden strands to her shoulders. She was as fresh and dewy as a sweet little girl at graduation exercises. Sadie thought of the soda jerker who had had her name in his little book. She thought of all the stories Opal had told her about Dolly, and she sat still and marveled. She looked at Tommy. His eyes were fixed on Dolly. She was singing now. Her lovely fragile voice kept the theater respectfully silent. They didn't want to miss a word of her song. She was leaning against the piano and her eyes were closed and she was pouring out her heart to the audience:

"It was just a little flat,
Where you used to hang your hat,
And a girl who looked like me
Was waiting for you—"

Sadie discovered that it was another song about a girl who went right on loving some worthless man, no matter what he did to her. All Dolly's songs seemed to be about that girl or some of her sisters. The audience liked it. They applauded madly. Dolly didn't bow. She just stood smiling graciously at her admirers, and when she had listened long enough to their demonstration she started her next song and silenced them. This was a more sprightly song but it was the same spurned woman in a jocular mood:

"I need that person
Much worse'n
Just bad.
I'm half alive and he's driving me mad.
He's only human; if he's to be had
I must have that man."

The lyric didn't have a very convincing ring coming from so dainty a little woman. It was too coarse a song for her. Sadie heard some people beside her say so.

Dolly was off the stage now. She was no doubt changing her clothes. Her pianist was banging out a few of the season's hits. And then quite suddenly Dolly was back in another simple little dress. Only this one was that heavenly blue of hers and she carried a graceful feathery fan. She began to sing, but quite distinctly above the sound of her voice could be heard someone playing an entirely different tune on a ukulele. Dolly frowned and went on singing. The audience looked toward the ukulele and saw a handsome young man, quite unaware of Dolly Merrick, busily strumming a tune for himself.

Dolly continued to sing for another moment. Then she stopped her accompanist and walked to the proscenium arch. She looked up at the young man in the box.

"Young man," she demanded, "what are you doing?"

"Oh, just messing around." Sadie had known that he would say that. He had always said it in the little house by the railroad tracks and later in the shabby little room they had shared together. If you kept quiet after he said that, he would soon sing and miraculously the ukulele would sing with him. But Dolly wouldn't keep quiet.

"Just messing around, are you? Well, I want you to stop it."

"But I'm practicing. I gotta practice an hour a day on my ukulele and this is the time I always practice."

"Oh, is it? Well, do you realize I'm singing a song down here?"

"Go right ahead. You don't bother me."

THERE was more of the same. Then the young man said that he could also sing.

"Well, let's hear you."

And Tommy sang. After much coaxing and pleading and hedging which seemed to delight the audience, Tommy stood up. He sang beautifully and the audience knew that he did. They wanted him to sing more, and he obliged. Then Dolly and he sang together and the applause wouldn't stop till they took an encore, and then it wouldn't stop till Dolly walked down to the footlights and said, "Thank you. I love you all." The applause stopped then because the audience knew that she would not sing again. The lights went out. The piano was taken away and Sadie saw Tommy walking up the aisle and out of the theater.

She wanted to go to him and say, "You sang nice, Tommy. I liked it." But life wasn't that simple. He would either cold-shoulder her or else talk about himself or about her. He couldn't say "Thank you" quite simply and smile and walk away. He couldn't because they had once been Tommy and Sadie all alone in a little room a stone's throw from the Palace Theater.

When she was sure that Tommy had had plenty of time to get away she got up and walked out into the sunlight. Palmer saw her and ran for the car.

"Home, Mrs. Brennan?"

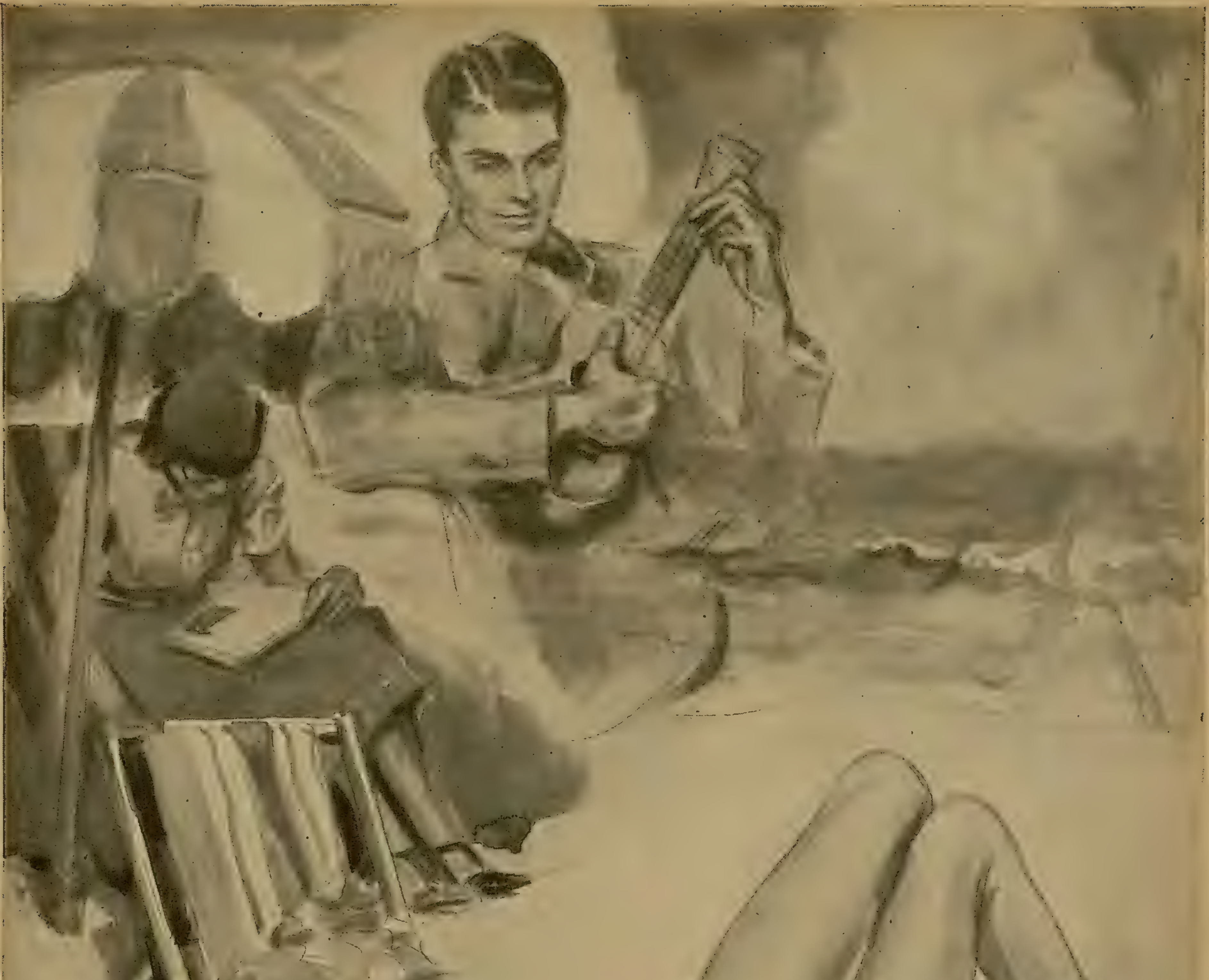
"Yes, home."

Sometimes Sadie sat in her room with the door of her closet open. When she looked up she could see the clothes Jack had bought her. She could see the shelves piled high with hats, the cretonne-covered boxes which held scores of made-to-order shoes. Next to the closet was her fur vault in which hung the chinchilla and the sable and some other coats of lesser value. She could see the wall safe wherein her jewels were locked. He had bought diamonds and sapphires for her. Large stones that made people stare. Jack had said, "What the hell! What's money for?"

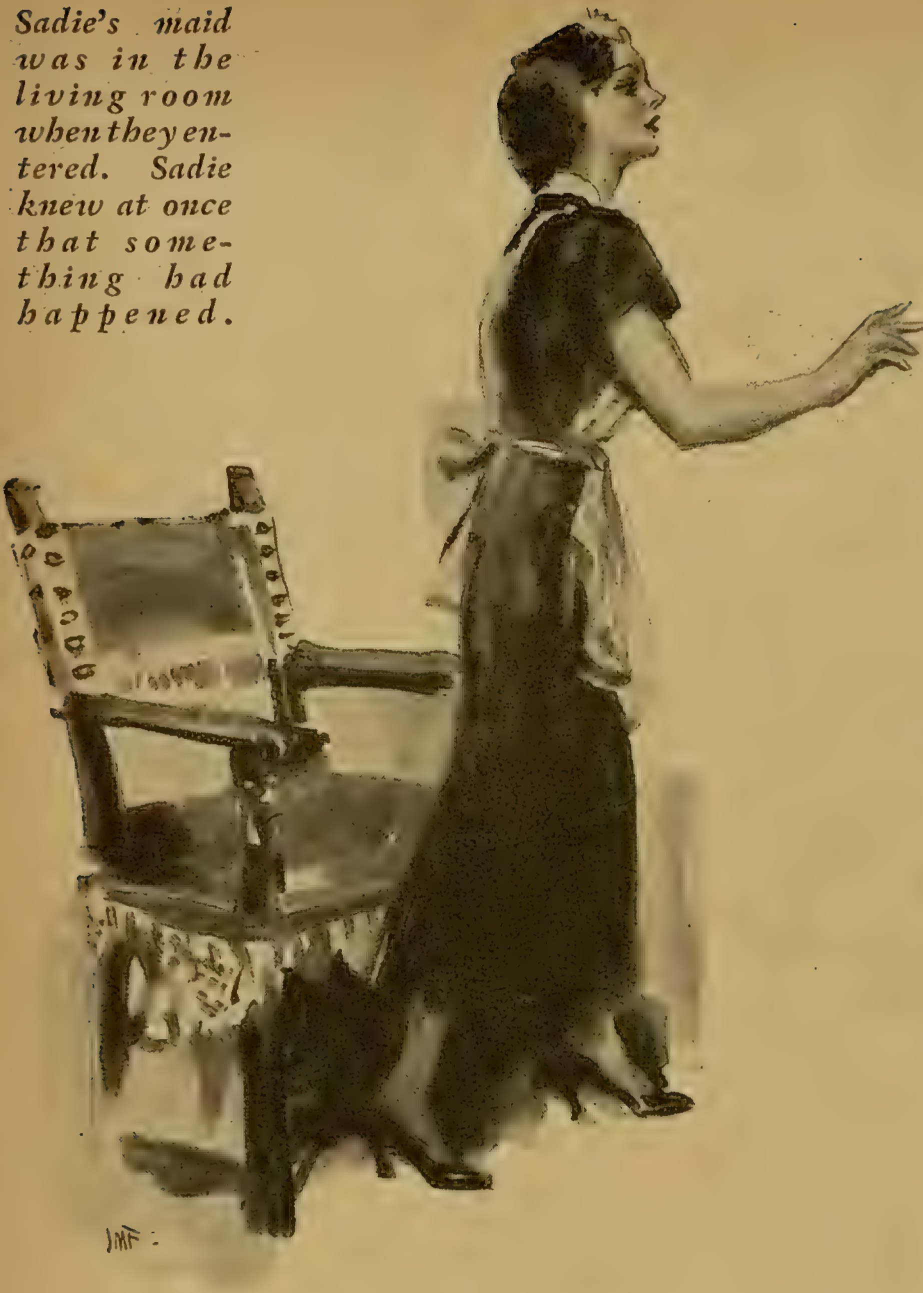
Gilbert Fenlon had looked at Sadie's arm covered from wrist to elbow with diamond bracelets. He had answered Jack's strictly rhetorical question. He had said, "Well, I'll be damned if I think it's right to make a woman look like a Christmas tree." Sadie had gone upstairs at his words and had added a pair of long flashing earrings to her other adornments.

Jack knew that she wasn't happy. She could tell that he knew by the way he kept bringing little gifts to her. A Scottie puppy one day and a huge box of candy the next. A small victrola for her room and an infinitesimal wrist watch. He knew, and he was trying hard to make her happy. You couldn't go up to a fellow like that and say, "I don't care about you and I'm through."

But it was Jack himself who spoke the words that Sadie had kept locked in her heart. Jack and Sadie were alone at dinner. There had been guests every night for a


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Sadie went to Bermuda with her mother and lay on the sand dreaming up at the sky and thinking her thoughts.



Sadie's maid was in the living room when they entered. Sadie knew at once that something had happened.

month, but tonight they were alone. She looked down the long table at Jack. He was solemn-eyed and very quiet. He was always solemn in the dining room. It was the table that did it. Sadie knew that it was, for she felt solemn too in the presence of that grand long table. People who have been raised to eat in the kitchen may giggle in church and venture merry jests at a funeral, but show them a huge gloomy dining room with a long table in it and they are awed and silent. Sadie wondered if a warm and intimate friendliness would have grown up between herself and Jack had they dined together at a kitchen table.

Jack was drinking his after-dinner brandy. The servants would return no more to the dining room unless they were summoned.

JACK said, " Sadie, I want to speak to you about something."

" What? "

" Sadie, I don't think you're happy."

She looked away from him and asked, " Why do you say that? "

" Well, I don't think you are. Are you? "

She shook her head.

" What's wrong? Is there something I can fix? "

She shook her head again.

" I dope it out this way, Sadie. I think I'm wrong for you. In fact, I know I am. I haven't been able to make you happy."

She was silent.

" Sadie, you're a good girl. You're a square shooter. You don't want me and you don't want my money, but you'd stick forever sooner than walk out on me. I like that and I appreciate it."

" Forget it, Jack. Let's go out."

" No. I want to tell you something, Sadie." He paused and shifted his weight in the massive oak chair. " Sadie, if you left me I wouldn't take to drink again. Honest, I wouldn't. You got me cured. You needn't worry about that. I'd behave myself."

" I'm not leaving, Jack."

" Sadie, you don't owe me anything. You saved my life. You needn't stick to me because of anything I bought your mother or you. I could afford it and you should have ten times as much. Don't feel obligated."

" I don't."

" Yes, you do, Sadie. I can tell. You don't love me and you don't love money, so why do you stick? "

" I like you, Jack."

" Sure, but you're not happy and you should be happy, kid. I owe you more than I can ever pay and I want you to divorce me."

She said nothing for a time and Jack Brennan sat, scarcely breathing, looking down the long table and into Sadie's face. What would she say? He thought of a play he had once seen. The man in it believed his wife didn't love him, but all along she really did and he was just too dull to realize it. Miracles had happened before. Maybe Sadie did love him. You never could tell about a woman. Maybe she did love him. Maybe she did.

" Tired of me? " she asked, smiling slightly.

" Tired of you? God, Sadie, I-- Look here, kid, you gave my life back to me after I'd thrown it away. I want to give yours back to you."

" Jack, how did you know I thought you'd start drinking again? "

HE did not answer her at once. Her question was not a question to him. It was simply Sadie's brief way of saying a lot of things at once. In those few words she acknowledged that he had not made her happy; she indicated that she would accept his invitation to divorce him; and she admitted that she had often considered leaving him. He suddenly awakened to the fact that she was waiting for an answer.

" What did you say, Sadie? "

" How did you know that I was scared you'd fall off the wagon if anything upset you? "

" Gilbert Fenlon told me."

" Gilbert Fenlon! Why, I never said anything like that to him. I wouldn't talk over our business with him."

" No, Sadie. He didn't say you did. I had a talk with him about you, though, and that was the way he sized things up."

" Oh."

" I wanted to get somebody else's viewpoint and Gil's a smart fellow, Sadie. He always knows what's going on in people's minds."

" He does like hell."

Jack grinned ruefully. " He knew this time, Sadie."

" That was an accident."

" He's a good friend, Sadie. He wants you to be happy, same as I do."

" Oh, nuts! " . . .

Jack and Sadie had wanted the divorce to be a nice quiet little affair, but the newspapers interfered with their plans. The details of their hasty courtship were retold and pictures of both Jack and Sadie were trotted out again. One of the papers had Sadie's latest picture. It showed her wearing all her bracelets which had irritated Gilbert Fenlon. Sadie had gotten the divorce in Reno and thus robbed the newspapers of the famous " unknown blonde " so well liked by New York newspaper men. But there was publicity and plenty of it. A millionaire can't marry a chorus girl and then be divorced by her without a little attention being drawn his way.

Sadie went to Bermuda with her mother and lay on the sand dreaming up at the sky and thinking her thoughts. Jack had taken himself away and had left half a million dollars wisely invested for her. He had insisted upon doing that, and he had refused to take back the jewels which he had bought her. His kindness made her feel cheap and guilty.

There was a dawning suspicion in her mind that her life was empty because she had nothing to put into it. She knew that some people filled their lives with books or antiques and others with dogs or horses. Some spent their lives fooling around trying to write music or plays, and others went crazy about golf or bridge. There was something in other people's minds that gave them a yen for such hobbies. There was no such thing in hers.

She had cared about nothing except Tommy and her mother, and after childhood had never had a friend except Opal. . . . .

Blake Wellington went back to New York on the same boat with Sadie and her mother. He was a plump, pink-cheeked little man with a mild manner and an inferiority complex. You could tell by looking at him that he had been known as "good old Blakie" at college, and that he had been the victim of every practical joke and the lender of every borrowed dollar. At thirty-five he had come into his money. His father had had the foresight to see that Blake wouldn't be level-headed enough to carry the responsibility of a fortune any earlier.

As it turned out, he wasn't level-headed enough at thirty-five, but he was a Wellington and somebody had to have the money.

It pleased the little pink-cheeked fellow to see himself as a veritable menace to lovely women. He had had lovely women—many of them, and they were showy women. He picked them for their news value. It pleased him to see his name in the gossip columns coupled with that of a foreign star or a dashing divorcee. He had always bought his women, but he never admitted it, even to himself. At any rate, regardless of the method, he had them, and it was a joy to march past bigger, handsomer men with a gorgeous woman on his arm.

Perhaps the envious glances of these other men were soothing to a wound Wellington had received years before.

Sadie was different from these other women. She had money of her own. She took nothing and she gave nothing. She was silent, indifferent, and spectacularly beautiful. Blake Wellington sent orchids daily, and he and Sadie were seen together at all the smart shows and night clubs. His devotion was rewarded by every newspaper in town. Some said that Sadie was about to become Mrs. Wellington, and Blake grinned from ear to ear.

"Don't tell the reporters anything," he said to Sadie. "We'll let them guess."

"Guess, hell," Sadie answered. "They're just filling space. They know I wouldn't marry you."

"Why wouldn't you?"

"Now *you* guess."

SHE detested the little man but he kept her from being alone and he talked constantly, most times expecting no answer. She never fooled him, never permitted him to think for one moment that she was interested in him.

He didn't seem to mind. The eyes of staring multitudes glued upon him and Sadie appeared to make up to him for the fact that she regarded him with cold disdain.

She got an escort and he got a thrill out of his name in the gossip columns. That was the way their relationship looked to Sadie and that was the way she told Blake Wellington it looked.

She had taken an apartment in New York, and as soon as she was settled in it her mother had gone back to Richley. Sadie had wanted to go with her.

There was nothing in New York for her except a silly little man, but going to Richley was like visiting a grave, so Sadie stayed in New York.

She had taken her mother to the station.

"When will you come up to see me, Sadie?"

"I don't know."

"Make it soon, dear. Oh, Sadie, I worry so much about you."

"Why, mama?"

"Because you're so beautiful and so lonely. If only some nice young man—"

"Don't get romantic, mama. There are no nice young men."

"Yes there are, Sadie."

"No; there are only damn' fools like Blake."

"Oh, Sadie, you talk so funny."

"I was trying to. I wanted to make you laugh. I know the world is full of nice people."

"But you'll come to Richley soon, won't you, dear?"

"Very soon."

Sadie went to Richley sooner than she expected to go.

Blake was getting to be a dreadful nuisance. For a long time he had believed that Sadie would marry him as soon as he got around to seriously asking her.

Every woman he had ever known had been all too eager to marry him, so why not Sadie? He had overlooked the fact that Sadie was the one woman on his list whom money did not interest.

Then one night he had asked her to marry him and she had refused. Her refusal left Blake quite shaken. This was an entirely unlooked-for setback. With his amazement came a sudden but inevitable realization that Sadie was the one woman in the world really qualified to be Mrs. Blake Wellington. He had not dreamed of a refusal. He had told his favorite columnist that he and Sadie were engaged and he was having the ring made to order for her.

FOR days he pursued her, pleading with her to marry him. She thought of going to Europe, but he could follow. She thought of marrying him just to quiet him, but that seemed too drastic a measure. For a week she gave up seeing him, but one morning he whimpered so over the telephone that she gave in and told him to call for her that evening.

She was afraid that with his passion for publicity he might do something rash. Blake Wellington's suicide would be good for a column and a half.

They dined and went to a show. She felt that she had had enough of him then, so he took her home. She turned at the door to say good night to him, but he looked so crushed that she let him come in for a drink and a cigarette.

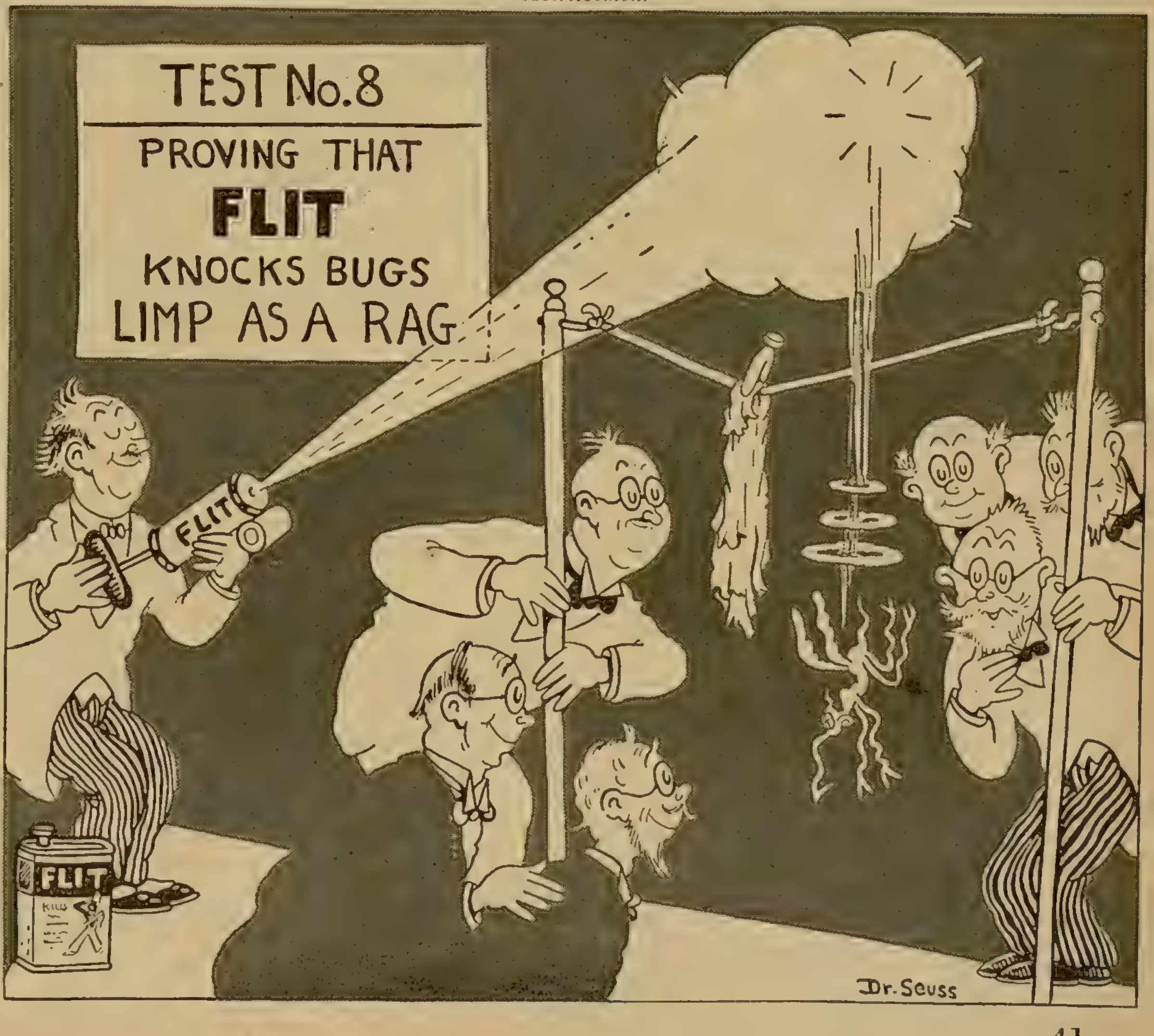
Sadie's maid was in the living room when they entered. Blake stared at the sight of a lady's maid awaiting her mistress in the living room, but Sadie knew at once that something had happened.

"What is it, Hattie?"

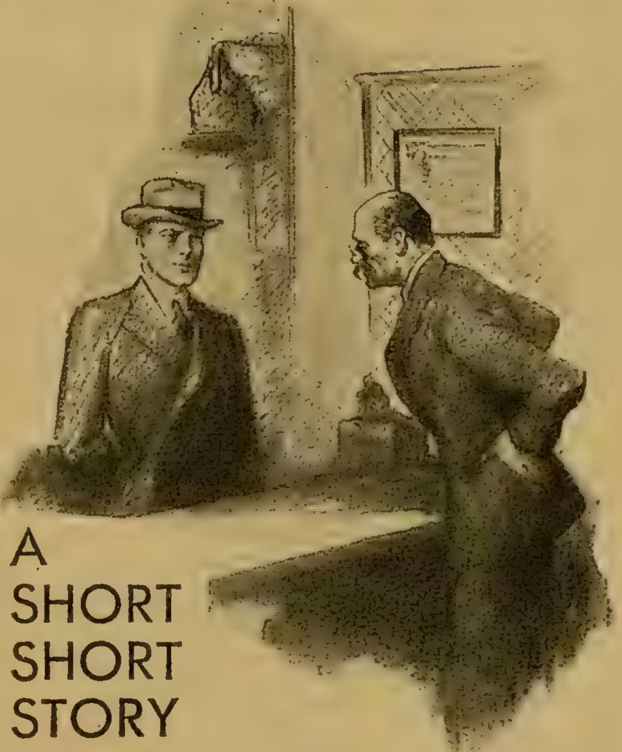
She rushed to the girl, trailing her chinchilla wrap behind her.

In next week's installment you will read of the startling message the maid had for Sadie, and a crisis in the life of another "Bad Girl."

Advertisement



The Perfect Job



A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

J. LANE LINKLATER

(Reading time: 5 minutes 7 seconds.)

IT is very bad form for a professional gem thief to rob a fence. It is, in general, not good business, because if a thief robs a fence, or even attempts it unsuccessfully, the news gets around and pretty soon even a good thief cannot cash in his hot stuff.

Still, Dickie Finn thought it would be all right to rob a fence if the haul were big enough, because then he wouldn't *need* a fence; anyhow, not for a long time. He had been thinking that about old Abe Millersohn for quite some time. He was pretty sure that Abe had a lot of stuff in that safe in the back of the store. Dickie had peddled a lot of hot stuff to Abe himself, and knew certain of the other boys who had been going strong lately and had turned their loot over to the old dealer.

Abe had his little secondhand store in front, and behind the store a couple of rooms in which he lived. He had the back of the building fixed up so that it was practically impossible for anyone to get in that way. There was only one way to get to it, and that was by way of the store in front.

Of course, Dickie told himself, he might get into the store in the regular way and then use a little rough stuff on the old man, but Dickie never used rough stuff. It might mean murder. Dickie knew all about the electric chair.

So far as he could see, there was only one way of doing the job, and that was to get the old man away overnight.

One afternoon Dickie walked into the store and Abe lumbered out from the room at the back to greet him.

"What's on your mind, my boy?" said Abe in his fatherly fashion.

"Aw, nothing. Just kinda thought I'd like to chin with you a while, Abe old pal," said Dickie.

Dickie had a very friendly way of talking.

"You are a nice boy," Abe said heavily. There seemed to be something on the old man's mind. "I am glad to see you."

"Sure, sure," said Dickie heartily. He peered at Abe shrewdly. "What's the matter? Ain't you feeling so good?"

"Well, I guess I'm all right," said Abe, shaking his head. "It's my brother Henry. This morning I got a letter from Rachel—that's Henry's wife. Rachel is a very sweet woman. She says Henry is worse."

"What's the matter with him?" inquired Dickie sympathetically.

"His heart is very bad."

An idea struck Dickie.

"Too bad. You never can tell about a guy with a bum heart."

Abe wagged his head tragically and sighed. His dark eyes, usually keen, were clouded, even moist. Dickie was quick to observe it.

"Where does Henry live, Abe?" he asked.

"Henry is retired now. He has a very nice farm out from Sessonville—that's a little place about ten miles from Preston. He's my only brother, Dickie my boy. A very fine man. Lived respectable all his life. An honorable man, my boy. He has often written and asked me to come and live with him." Abe shook his head again. "But his ways and my ways have been different. It wouldn't be right."

The old man's mood seemed gloomy beyond relief, and Dickie, for reasons of his own, was glad to get away. Indeed, he went almost immediately to the railroad station and took a train for Preston. There he inquired and found out that there was no telegraph office at the little town of Sessonville. This suited his purpose splendidly—made it unnecessary for him to go any farther.

He at once sent a telegram to Abe Millersohn:

HENRY DIED THIS MORNING PLEASE COME AT ONCE RACHEL

Dickie chuckled as he came out of the telegraph office at Preston. He was in the clear, whatever happened. It looked like a perfect job. He had made certain, by putting a few deft questions, that the telegraph clerk had no idea who Henry was, or Rachel.

His good fortune followed him and he caught a train back to the city within a few minutes. It was four hours' ride, and he chuckled again as his train passed the eastbound train an hour out of the city.

If that telegram had had the effect he had counted on, old Abe would be on that train.

Dickie was back in the city by ten in the evening. He stayed away from Abe's place until a little after midnight. He went around to a little side door and rapped. There was no response. Usually there was a very thin sliver of light showing under the door, but now there was none. Dickie went to work carefully and skillfully on the door lock.

PRESENTLY he was in the little store, carefully feeling his way toward the rooms at the rear. In the living room he brought out his flashlight.

He located the safe where Abe kept his hot stuff. In twenty minutes he had the safe open and its contents exposed, and he sucked in his breath with delight as he viewed them. There was even more than he had anticipated.

It was the work of but a few moments to scoop up the loot. Dickie well knew how to conceal a fortune in gems on his person. There was nothing left now but the simple business of getting away.

Starting toward the little store in front, he snapped off his flashlight. Almost at the same instant another flashlight snapped on—full in Dickie's face. At once Dickie was grasped in strong hands.

"Well, well, Dickie," rumbled a gruff voice.

Dickie recognized the voice of a detective named Halloran.

"Thought we'd better kinda watch the place tonight, Dickie," Halloran went on comfortably, "with Abe gone."

"But—but did Abe tell you?" gasped Dickie.

"Abe? Naw, Abe didn't tell us nothing. He couldn't. Abe got a telegram late yesterday afternoon about his brother dying. The shock was too much for the old boy's heart. He dropped dead!"

THE END

HAPPY DAYS

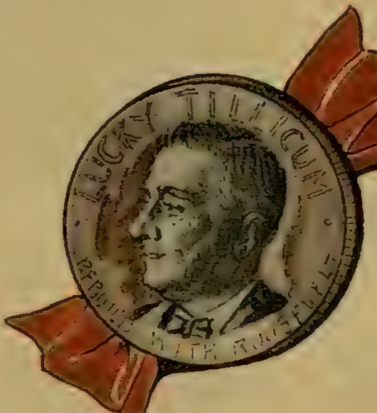
By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

BROTHERS OR SISTERS IN THE SAME SCHOOL—A CURE FOR THE HEAT, AND HUMIDITY—THE WHITE HOUSE RECIPE FOR CHESS-CAKE PIE

(Reading time: 3 min. 50 sec.)

SEVERAL weeks ago I went to the graduation exercises at Groton School, Groton, Massachusetts. It was very much a family affair and as many of us as possible were there to see Franklin, Jr., get his diploma. Groton is a beautiful and very familiar spot, as all of my brothers have gone there for six years of their school life. Being there this time brought a thought to my mind which, to be frank, has occurred to me before: Is it a good idea for several members of a family to go away from home to the same boarding school?

For instance, if you have two sons or two daughters who would be in school simultaneously, the chances are that their temperaments would be very different. One of them might fit perfectly into the life of that particular school, while the other might be overshadowed by his brother's success and consequently develop a feeling of inferiority.



Personally, I think that if parents see this happening it would be wise to send the latter boy to another school where he will have a better chance to stand on his own feet. It has always seemed to me inadvisable to send the average boy or girl of twelve or thirteen away from home during these most formative years of life, although naturally I recognize that in individual cases the discipline of boarding school is sometimes helpful to those in their middle and late teens.

WHEN I was living in the country all summer and had lots of leisure time, I used to long for Nubian slaves with palm-leaf fans on hot days. The weather seemed to be my chief topic of conversation and my complaints were frequent and very audible.

Now that I spend five days a week in the city, and this is the second summer I've done so, I find that my full day's work leaves me little or no time to worry about heat and the inevitable humidity.

HERE'S the second pie recipe which Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt has sent me from the White House. Evidently no one is watching his calories! (I never did know whether to count them by the tens or thousands.)

CHESS-CAKE PIE

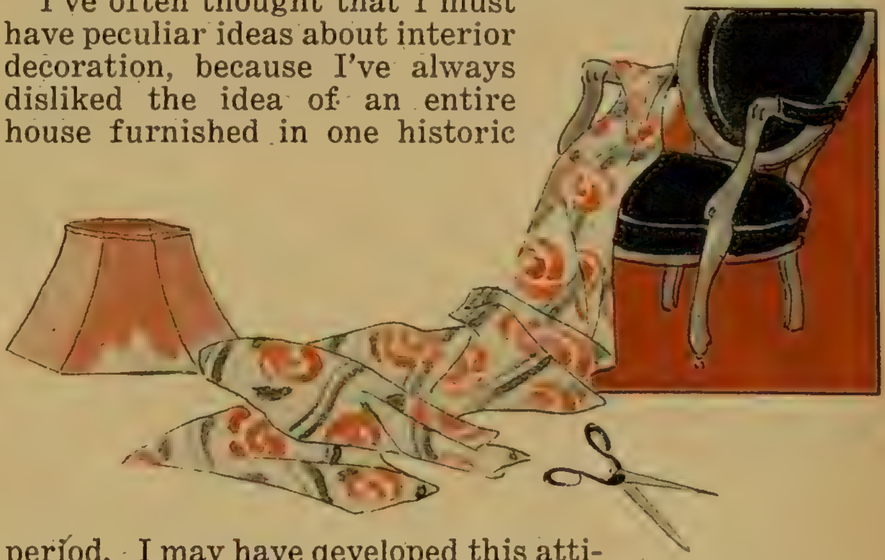
1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
Yolks 6 eggs
Whites 3 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Cream butter until fluffy; add sugar and beat until smooth. Beat the egg yolks until pale yellow and thick; add to butter. Next fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, add the vanilla, and fill two pie plates lined with a quick puff paste. Bake until the mixture is firm. Take out of the oven and cover with a meringue flavored with a little lemon juice, and put back in the oven to brown. Serve cool but not more than two hours after baking. The egg-and-butter mixture will rise high while baking but fall when set aside to cool, which is as it should be. The same mixture baked in muffin tins lined with puff paste makes a perfect sweet for teas or buffet suppers.

AFTER about six people had asked me what "Lucky Tillicum" means, I started to try to find out for myself. You know, they're those little metal disks with my father's likeness stamped on them. I asked at several stores that sell them, but couldn't learn anything. Finally a newspaper man told me that "Tillicum" is an Indian word meaning "lucky piece." That makes the redundant translation, "Lucky Lucky Piece."

MANY fortunate women are beginning to plan ahead now for fall redecoration in their homes. The Century of Progress with its modern architecture and modern art exhibits gives an impetus to this new type of decoration. Modern furniture, in my opinion, does not mix very well with furniture of any other period.

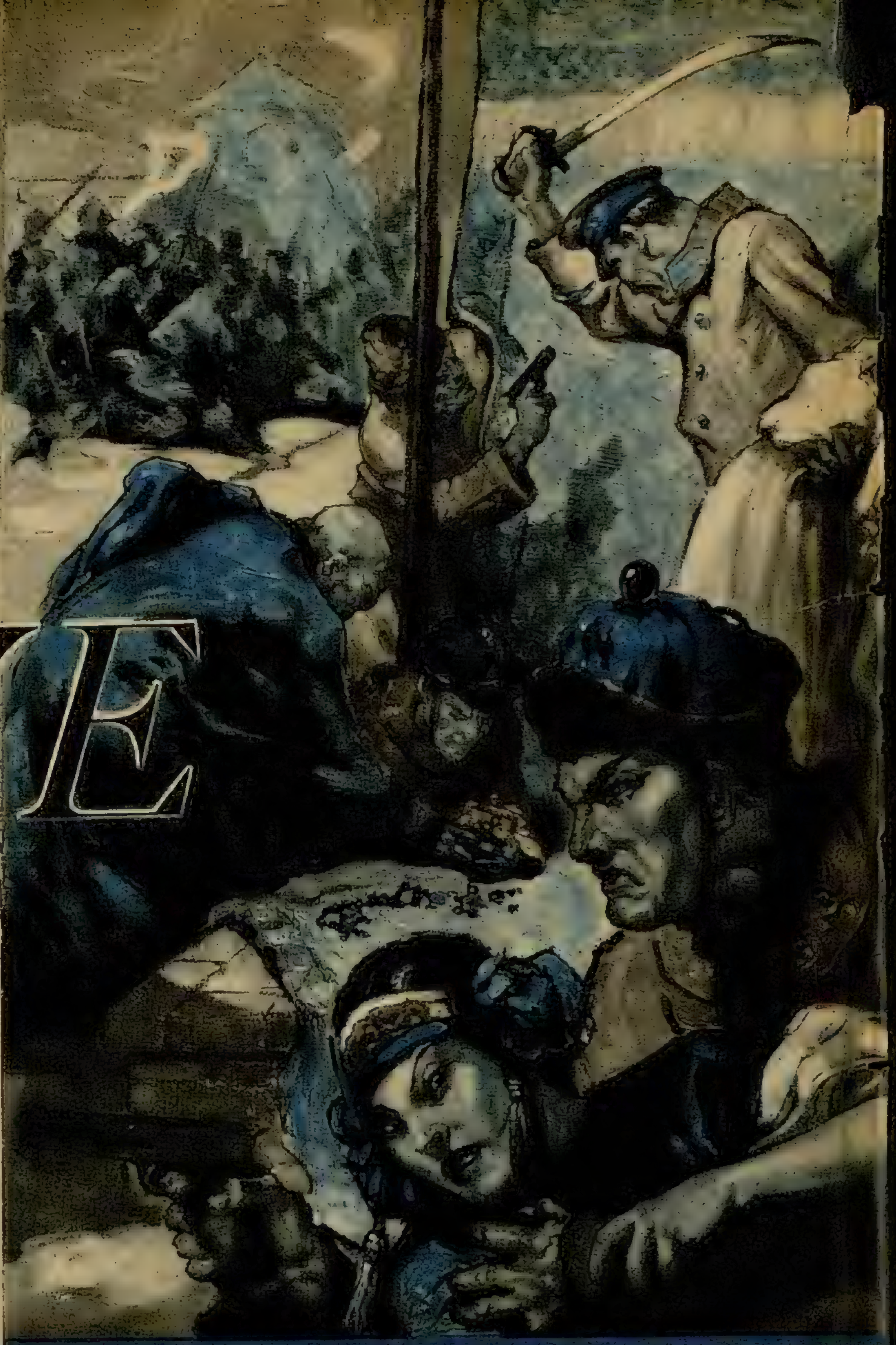
I've often thought that I must have peculiar ideas about interior decoration, because I've always disliked the idea of an entire house furnished in one historic period. I may have developed this attitude from the fact that my family has acquired their furniture in a most haphazard fashion. When my grandmother married, she brought a few pieces of furniture which her family had purchased while living in China.



She and my grandfather subsequently picked up odd pieces in different countries through which they happened to be traveling. When I married, I asked for furniture for wedding presents. My family and friends took me literally, and now I have everything from old French to early American!

The Amazing True Story of a Pilgrimage of Terror through Asia

Still ALIVE



EVERY RESTRAINT WAS CAST ASIDE. THEY CUT. THEY SHOT.

By

GEORGEI BELOFF

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations by Henry Alan

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

GEORGEI BELOFF'S strange encounter with a ghost in flesh and blood, that of no less a personage than the Czarevitch, was related in last week's installment. Beloff found the youth wintering in the wilderness with Symes, the American. He recognized Beloff at once, and Beloff, although convinced that the Czar's son could not be alive, and aware that a youth like him was supposed to have been unmasked as an impostor, none the less felt that he in turn had recognized the actual Czarevitch. Lest others do likewise, the terrified young man disappeared.

Symes and Beloff, with Andrei, the woman avenger masquerading as a man, set out for Mongolia. To ford the river, they must pass through a village where Red soldiers were encamped. Reconnoitering, they discovered that the party of White fugitives consisting largely of the wives and daughters of Colonel Russinski and his officers had been captured by these Reds and that the women and girls were about to be handed over to the soldiery.

Already the three wanderers had waylaid some Mongol traders who could pass through the village at pleasure. As soon as it was dark they impersonated the traders, reached the huts, killed a sentry, carried off six women—all they could transport—and provided the others, except two who had poison for suicide, with pistols and cartridges. The escape was going well when the shots of the prisoners taking their own lives roused the camp. Rescuers and rescued crossed the ford, only to be confronted by an outpost of Red cavalry. They shot their way clear and rode on. But a bullet had lodged against Beloff's spine, and he found himself paralyzed.

PART FOUR—THE MAD BARON

THE voice of Symes reached me, speaking coolly: "All right! We must move fast, Andrei. Clap a compress on him and hand him up to me! You ride ahead. Tell the women to follow as best they can."

He held me in his arms as he rode; beneath his fierce mask was an amazing tenderness. I felt nothing. There was no pain. But I could see, could hear, could realize things. My mind was clear enough.

Hour after hour we wound along through the passes of the Tannu Ola crags in the darkness. We had no guides. Pursuit must find us. Death lay ahead and behind. We were in Mongolia now, but this apparently meant little.

However, it meant more than we dreamed!

An hour before dawn Andrei, who had been riding ahead, abruptly halted us and then dismounted. A shrill voice rose in challenge. One of the women held me as Symes dismounted and cleared his rifle.

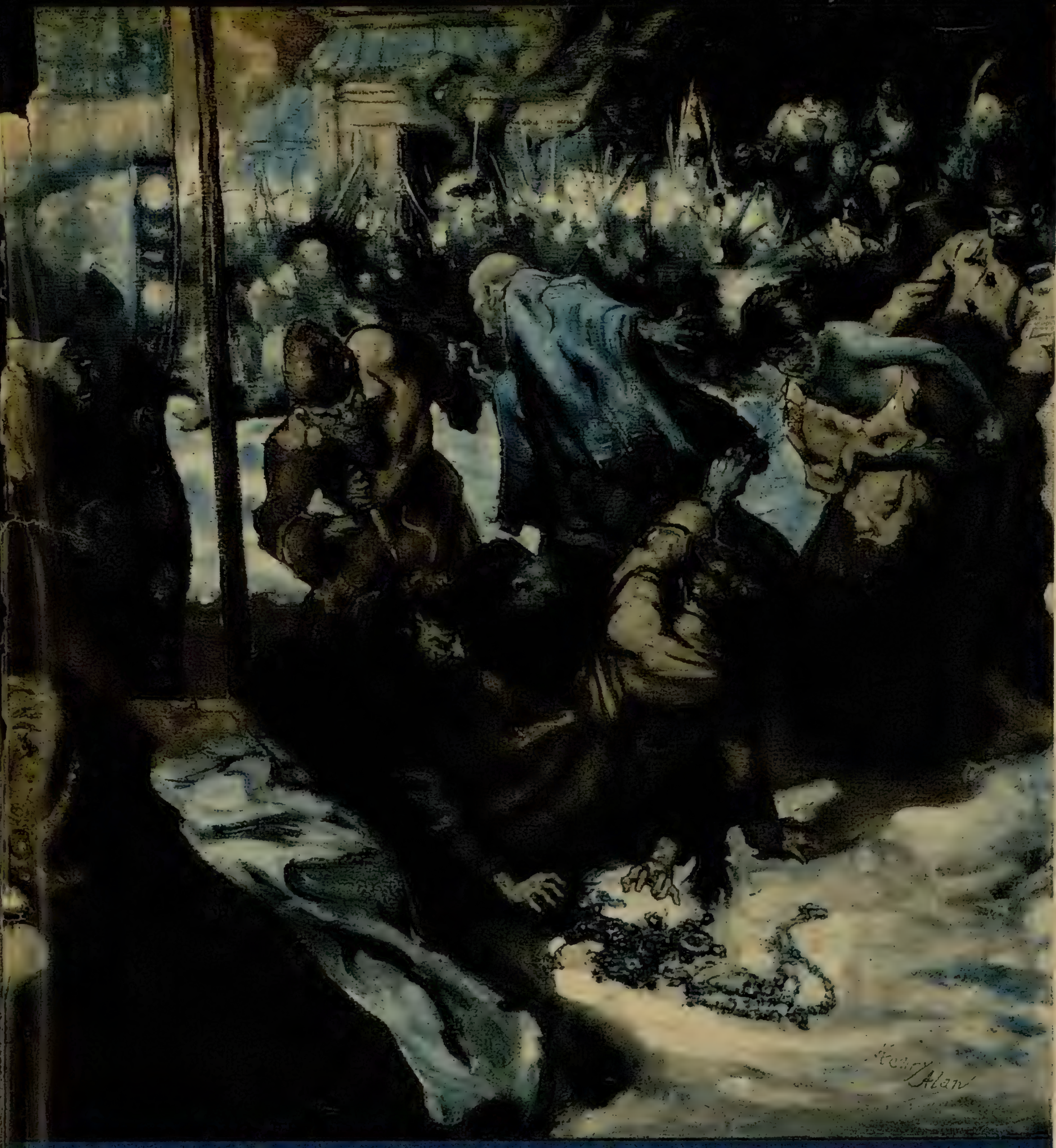
"They are all around!" exclaimed Andrei in despair. Calls, angry shouts, came from the trees. No one understood the words.

"*Tzagan!* Good people!" shouted Andrei, in the one word of Tatar she knew. "*Tzagan!*"

There was some delay. A single figure came forward afoot and spoke in Russian. Andrei went out and met him, talked with him, then turned joyfully to us.

"They are Tatars—friends! They will take us to their village. They say a number of White officers from Semenoff's army, on a mission, are there. We are saved!"

An hour after daybreak we came to a village hidden far in the mountains. I was carried into a hut. Symes stripped me and examined my wound.



SABERS GLEAMED RED. THE WOMEN WERE SEIZED. IN A MOMENT NOT ONE OF THEM WAS LEFT.

"The bullet is against the spine," I heard him say. "If we cut it out he has a chance to recover."

"Let me help you," said a soft voice. It was one of the women. She had a lovely face, a capable eye. She had been in charge of a hospital near Omsk. She was one of Colonel Russinski's daughters.

She and Symes looked at each other while Tatars and Russians pressed all around. Then Symes laughed.

"By God, you're the right sort, sister! Come on, then."

"Wait! We must be careful," she said. "Get a sharp knife, hold it in the fire. We must beware of infection. Get hot water. Make a compress and bandages—"

These things took time. Andrei talked with the Tatars and the Russian officers; the latter had come into this district hoping to raise new regiments for Semenoff's army.

One of these officers stood looking down at me—a handsome, powerful man. He did not recognize me in the least, but I recognized him. And I could not move or speak! This man was Petkoff—General Petkoff, who had murdered my friend Scriabin!

Andrei did not know it. She had never seen him, and here among the Tatars he had concealed his true name and rank. Well, this is all I remember, for now they turned me over and Symes cut for the bullet. Terrible pain seized me and everything went dark.

Owing to the great amount of blood I had lost, I did not regain consciousness for five whole days. When I did come around, Petkoff was gone, together with his officers and all the rescued women except one.

THE one who remained was Sonia Russinski. She, with Symes and Andrei, had refused to leave me. When I told Andrei who that handsome officer had been, she groaned. She too had longed to avenge poor Scriabin!

We remained in this village a long while, until I was able to travel. Spring was at hand. The Tatars were kind to us. They thought Andrei was a shaman or wizard.

Sonia Russinski was one of us now in very truth. Sadness lay in her eyes, but this began to be banished by joy and blooming happiness. Symes was different, too. His grim manner had softened and he was laughing and joking all the time. They did not care how long we remained here. They were living in a hut to themselves. It was a brief moment of sheer happiness, an interlude.

Then, one day, Symes came into his hut and found Andrei there. Andrei was sitting with one arm about Sonia, and they were kissing each other on the cheeks.

The first I knew of anything amiss was upon hearing the voice of Symes like a blaring bugle. The American's fury was something frightful! He dragged Andrei from the hut, then knocked her headlong.

Sonia came running, hurled herself at him with frantic cries of explanation.

Symes heard nothing. He thrust her away. Andrei rose to her feet, a knife glittering in her hand. Symes saw the blade and sprang at her.

Andrei's knife struck Symes, came away with a stream of blood. Then Andrei lay senseless, knocked out. Sonia was shrieking in frantic horror, the Tatars were stolidly looking on.

Symes, kneeling, seized the knife. He savagely wrenched away Andrei's coat and the shirt underneath. Then Andrei's breasts, bound about with a woolen band, were revealed.

Symes checked himself in blank bewilderment. There was a dreadful silence. He rose to his feet, pressing both hands over his eyes, cursing very softly. Blood dripped from his upper arm where the knife had slashed him.

I came up then and helped Sonia carry Andrei into the hut. Luckily she was not much hurt by those blows. After a time Symes came in. He went up to Andrei, and knelt, and pulled Andrei's head over against his shoulder. Nothing was said. He was terribly humbled.

How shall I describe the two months that followed? It was like some nightmare. For we made little or no headway in the right direction, although constantly traveling.

You must picture the country into which we came. It was inhabited solely by nomad tribes of Mongols, Buriats, and Tatars, who did not live in houses. What towns there were had grown up around the monasteries of Buddhist lamas. These were celibate monks, and lived in communities apart from men. Still, towns had grown up near them, small settlements. The natives followed the water and grass with their herds.

At this period the entire face of Mongolia was running with blood. It was summer—arid, blazing. These flat high steppes had no roads, but cars could cross them, and Baron Ungern in his armored cars rushed across the land like a devouring flame. Where he passed, death remained. His troops were now here, now there. Other men also were trying to establish themselves upon thrones of skulls. Everywhere was betrayal and death.

Shrewdest and richest of the native tribes were the Buriats. They rallied to Baron Ungern. So did the lamas, the Buddhist priests who exerted spiritual rule. He was actually king of Mongolia! His wife was a real Manchu princess. The lamas declared he was a god; the Mongols believed it; and because of his many narrow escapes it was believed that bullets would not hurt him.

Out of all the welter his power began to rise. White Russian refugees gathered to his standard. He rose, yes. But the Reds were terribly frightened by his rise, and were making plans against him. A tidal wave of Communism was forming. And beneath his feet treachery was slowly but surely crumbling all his structure.

In these long weeks we witnessed unspeakable things. Time and again we were forced to hide, to change direction, to retrace painful steps. We found Reds who slaughtered everyone. We found Mongol outlaws, Chinese bandits who acknowledged no master, Cossacks and Russians pitiless even to those of their own blood.

Three times we were followed by wild bandit riders; twice we met parties of Reds and rode away unhurt. The marvelous shooting of Symes put fear into all those men.

LATE one afternoon we drew close to a number of yurts, the great felt tents of the Mongol nomads. A number of horsemen came riding in from the herds, and one of them came rushing out to meet us. He was a squat, wild-faced man, who drew rein at a little distance and shouted something. I answered him in Mongol:

"We are friends! We seek hospitality."

"You shall die! Buren Khan gives you death!"

He turned and dashed back. We went steadily forward to the yurts. The throng was menacing but made no attack. I dismounted at the door of the nearest tent, told the others to wait, and walked in. The place was empty. I sat down and began to smoke.

After some minutes two men came in. One was enormously tall, handsomely dressed, but heavy and brutal of face. His stature revealed at once who he was. Only the descendants of Genghis Khan, by some freak of heredity, have this great height among the Mongols. The second man was hidden beneath his robe and hood. Around his feet I saw traces of an inner robe of yellow; he was therefore a Tibetan lama.

The two sat down, produced bone pipes, stared at me, and smoked silently. When the tall one saw that I would not be the first to speak, he addressed me:

"Soldier, you are evidently in love with death."

"Death frightens no one in times like these, Buren Khan."

The lama burst out angrily: "No strangers are allowed in this region!"

"I am not a stranger," I said. "Listen! When my father was viceroy of this country I traveled about with him. The great lamas welcomed me. In the princes—aye, in you, Buren Khan, who are descended from Genghis—runs the blood of my father. It is known that he too is of this same descent! For this reason, two years ago a certain friend took me with him, twice crossing all this country, going to the holy city of Lhasa."

"Name the princes and the great lamas," snapped Buren Khan, staring hard at me.

THIS I could not do. Mongol names were hard for me, and time had passed.

"Am I to obey orders from you?" I said. "I who am given the title of *noyon*, or prince, by your people? On the contrary! I carry the blessing of the Living Buddha at Lhasa, the Dalai Lama of Tibet. That is enough!"

"Liar!" exclaimed the lama, but in a doubtful tone. "You have not been to Lhasa! I lived there many years."

"Then listen." I described a certain place in Lhasa which I had visited. "In the wall there is a hole. From that hole protrudes a hand. The hand belongs to a lama who has lived behind that wall for six hundred years. This is one of the mysteries! I touched his hand, gave him food. By signs he gave me a blessing."

The lama clucked with his tongue.

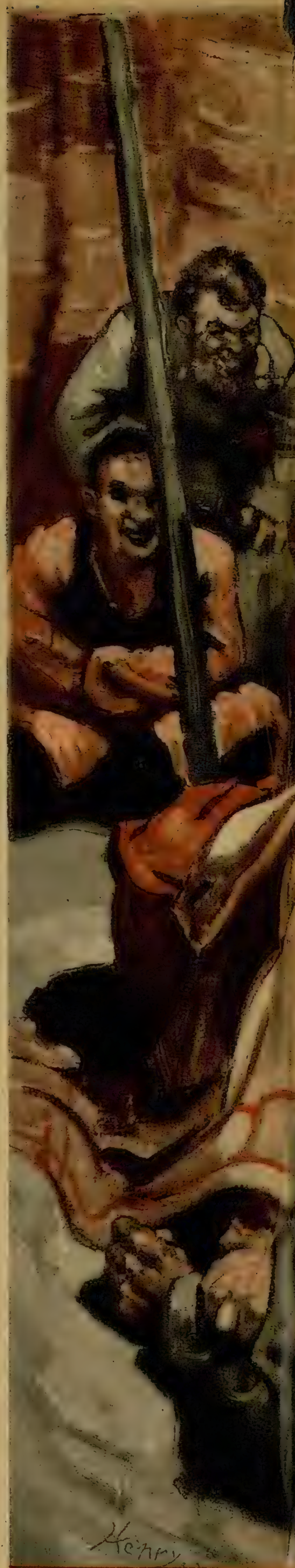
"Now I remember you," he said slowly. "Two years ago, or somewhat less, you did come with another man. The princes at Kobdo entertained you, noyon. I was there. You were called White Wings!"

He held out his hand to me, and Buren Khan gave me the embrace of a brother.

In this surprising manner we found a welcome, and remained here for some days. The Mongols now treated me as one of themselves. Buren Khan became most friendly. He sent out word about me to other Mongol princes.

On the last evening of our stay he came into our yurt with gifts. I gave him a silver-mounted pistol we had taken from a bandit, and he was delighted with it.

"Yesterday," he told me, "I rode up into the mountains, where sit the spirits of the dead. One of them spoke to me as I slept there, and gave me a message for you. It is that you shall ride far and safely, though your heart may sometimes be bursting with grief. Because your



THE REST OF US BROKE

soul is strong, you shall take no harm from suffering. The gods are watching over you."

I did not think very much of this message. What seemed at the moment much more to the point was a little scroll that Buren gave me. It was, he said, a safe-conduct among all Mongol tribes, and so indeed it proved to be.

We traveled on. This portion of Mongolia was very mountainous. Despite setbacks we tried to reach Urga, but were driven far south of our route, almost to the Gobi. We traveled by compass or, in Mongol fashion, from one herd of horses to the next, taking fresh horses from each herd by virtue of Buren Khan's scroll.

We were told of a town called Chasoktu. For two weeks we traveled toward it eagerly, hearing from our Mongol friends that we would find some of Baron Ungern's troops there. Worn out, we arrived at this town, only to find that war had swept it from the earth.

Now there were only tents and yurts, and some wooden houses rebuilding, and a huge concourse of people—Tatars, traders, lamas, and a great many Buriats who were being trained in two cavalry companies by their chiefs. The Buriat governor told us that Chinese bandits had been here. They were dead. Ungern's cavalry had been here also, with the mad baron in person, but had departed some days previously. These troops were being trained to join him in Urga.

We were made welcome, although we were watched rather closely. Later in the day a lama told me that fast riders had been sent off to Ungern with news of our arrival.

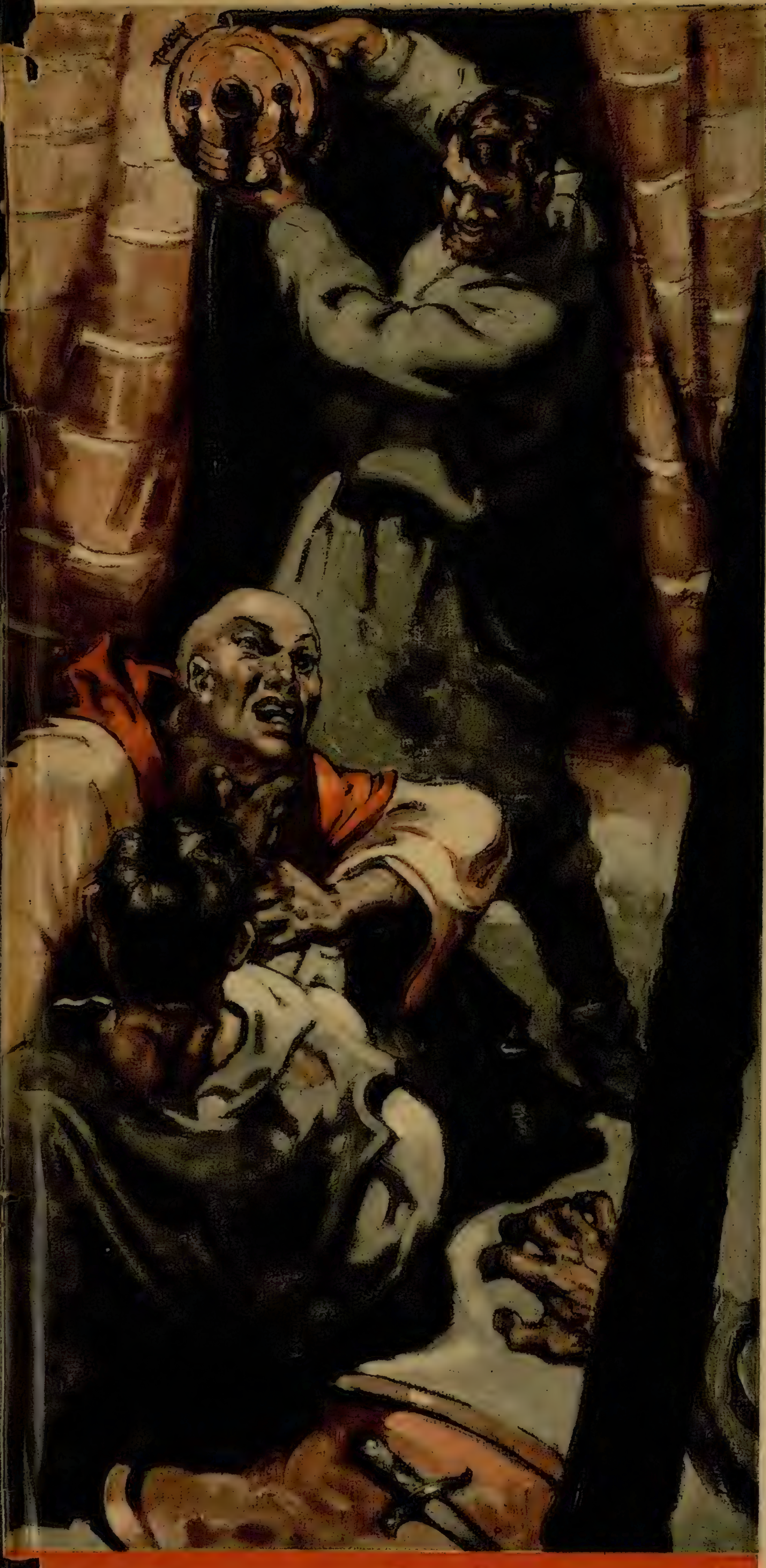
FOR three days we rested here. There were some very curious people in this town; all sorts came and went like wind or water. I remember there was a Swede who had been a missionary down in farther Mongolia. Now he was mildly insane. He was a big rawboned blond fellow, very gentle in all he said and did, and told us that he was Gabriel the angel. This was the only name he had. And a Russian from Petrograd, who had been a painter at the court, used to come and sit and smoke and listen.

Another man there was a Tibetan lama, a merry rascal who was often drunk and had four boy pupils. He would bring them and sit in our tent and talk. One night when he and Gabriel and the painter were all there drinking tea with me and Andrei, Symes came in. Symes did not like that lama. He took him outside, and after a time they came back smelling strongly of vodka. The lama became rather drunk.

I am not sure exactly what happened. I think Symes hit the painter a sharp blow. He swung around, thought that the lama had hit him, and gave the lama a push. Next instant they were rolling on the ground. The four boys all tried to jump on the painter, and one of them hit Gabriel with his knife by mistake. The Swede forgot to be gentle, and uttered a roar, then fell upon those boys. The rest of us broke into shouts of mirth, and Symes emptied the samovar on the lama's head.

Next minute the tent came down on us all, and when we crawled out, weak with laughter, the Swede had his teeth locked in the lama's arm and nearly killed him. We had to beat Gabriel unconscious before he would let go.

It was the next afternoon that Symes



UTS OF MIRTH, AND SYMES EMPTIED THE SAMOVAR ON THE LAMA'S HEAD.

came to me with a troubled air and drew me outside the tent.

"Listen, White Wings—I want some help," he said. "We were walking in the market and Sonia got a shock. She saw a guy there wearing a scapular or something of that kind. Says it had belonged to her mother, and her sister had taken it, and now here it is. She's got to have it, but I can't make the fellow understand me."

"She must be mistaken," I said.

"No matter. She wants it. I'll show you the fellow."

I went with him. The man proved to be a Kalmuck trader who was buying furs. The object that Symes wanted was a locket of silver and enamel. He had obtained it from some soldier, he said; what did it matter where or how? I fell to bargaining with him. He accepted some ruble notes and a handful of cartridges, and Symes got the locket.

He took it off to Sonia at once, apparently to her great joy. Later, however, he told me that she cried very bitterly that night and would not be stilled.

Early in the morning, just at dawn, Symes came in. He kicked Andrei awake, then me.

"Come on," he said in a cracked, strained voice. "Come on! I just tried to wake her up. Come on —quick!"

Poor Sonia—or happy Sonia! She had died in her sleep, undoubtedly from heart failure. That locket, the fate of her mother, of her sister—everything must have rushed upon her mind with terrific violence.

Baron Ungern's officers, from a rare photograph. All these men, Georgei Beloff says, are now dead.

After this there were some days of trouble for us all. Symes was drunk, and stayed drunk, and fought with everyone. At length he killed two Buriats in a wild brawl, and was flung into an inclosure that served as jail. Andrei and I were held under close arrest in our tent, for aiding him.

Only my scroll from Buren Khan saved us from instant death. As it was, I had been hit over the head and badly hurt, the wound festered, and there was none to care for it. Andrei knew nothing of surgery.

Three days passed. Then, one noon, two automobiles came thrumming into the town and halted in the market place. After some time a group of men came walking into our tent. Three of them were Mongol princes. One was a blond man with impassive features, wearing the uniform of a private. The fifth was Baron Ungern.

He gave me one long keen look, then turned to Andrei. "Who is this sick man?"

Andrei told him. "Beloff, eh?" The baron smiled a little. "White Wings, eh?"

He had recognized me at that first glance.

UNGERN was about five feet ten. He wore a filthy golden-yellow Mongol coat, symbol of the fact that in Mongol eyes he was a living incarnate god. His face was very quiet and pleasant, except for that sinister left eye, a little lower than the right.

His brown hair and mustache were worn in Cossack fashion, long. Beneath his bulging forehead were blue eyes—watery blue eyes. They were crossed by red streaks of blood, and they seemed to pierce directly into the hearts of men.

So, at times, they did. Ungern could frequently read the thoughts of those around him. This was why he killed many officers who were on the point of betraying him or fleeing from him.

At a sharp word from the baron, the man in private's uniform bent over me, examined my hurt festered head, then got a case from one of the cars and fell to work like the surgeon he was. Later, much later, I met him again in Harbin. I do not think he ever knew I was the man whom he had bandaged and treated.

This man in the uniform of a private, who traveled in Ungern's automobile, was Professor Ossendowski. In later days he became famous as a writer of books, some of which concerned Mongolia; but there were some things he did not tell in his books!

When the bandage was finished, Baron Ungern sent everyone else out of the tent. He sat down beside me and took my hand, looking into my eyes.

"Beloff, do you know that I can foretell the future?"

I nodded.

"It seems to me, White Wings, that you know something of artillery. Am I correct? Very well. This creature whom you call Andrei shall be shot. The man with red hair shall be shot. But you shall come with me—"

"Then you also will be shot. I shall certainly kill you," I said.

I meant those words passionately, and he looked down with a sharp frown. Then he nodded.

"I do not like to hear such talk from you," he replied calmly. "I understand very clearly that you are one of those men in whom it is not wise to provoke prophecy! You shall have a commission; I will make you a colonel now, at once. I will order that an escort be sent when you can travel. Fifty men, under your orders. What else do you want?"

"Life for my friends," I said. "The red-haired American can be useful. He is an old soldier and a good one, and can train men very quickly."

Ungern's face cleared. "Good! Bring your friends, then. Here is your commission."

He scrawled a few words on a bit of paper, then departed. I heard the automobiles whirring away.

Andrei came into the tent, and brought Symes with her—bearded, savage, sullen. Now the Buriat governor could not do enough for us; we were indeed masters of life and death!

That same night came uniforms for us—the long red Mongol coats adorned with the swastika used as an emblem by the Living Buddha. Baron Ungern took this symbol for his Mongol troops. His regiments of ex-bandit Chinese bore a dragon as insignia.

I was commissioned in the Mongol troops. Perhaps this was because he wished to respect my new name, my desire to hide the past. Like so many mad people Ungern was gifted with a singular insight. Had it not been for his superstition, his cocaine and opium, he might have come to a different end. I never spoke with him again until a long time after he was dead, as I shall recount in its proper place.

Two days after Ungern's visit a great caravan arrived in town. It was escorted by a number of the baron's wild Tibetan and Chinese troops, who brought with them many prisoners.

These raiding troops had struck an enormous trade caravan from the far west of Turkestan, convoyed by a strong guard of Russian Reds and heading for China. All the officers of these Reds had been brought along. Now they were shot down in groups of ten outside the town. Here too were several scores of women, among them many rich Jews from the Hebrew colonies around Kokand, Chinese women, Russians, and others. All were to be sold as slaves here in the market place.

Now, in this town where we were there were a great many Jews. Many of the merchants here were of that race.

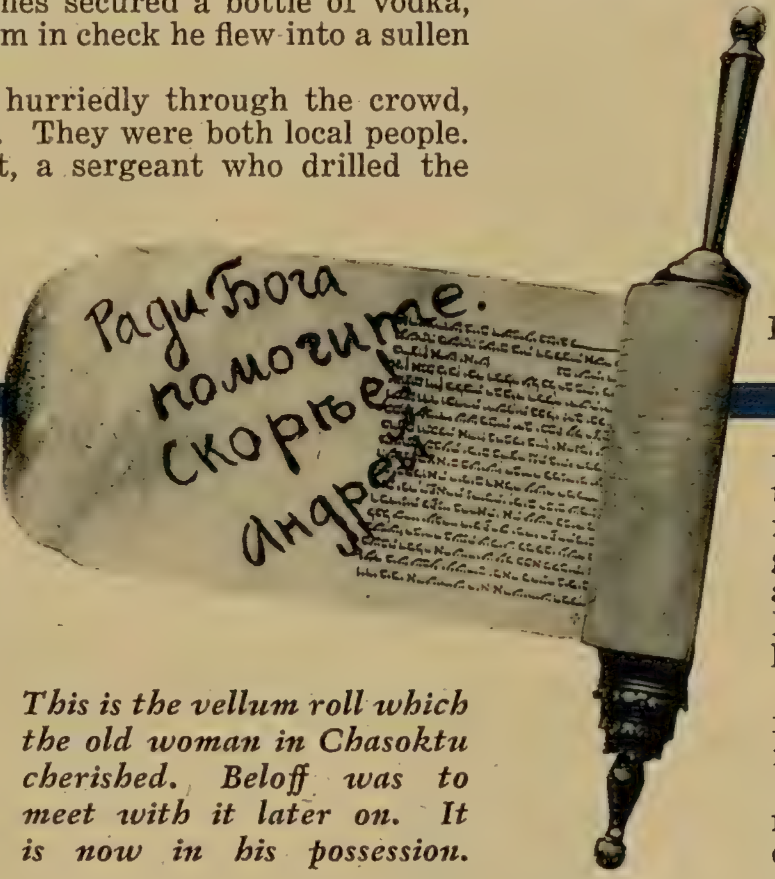
At the time I did not know what had taken place in Urga and elsewhere, but other people had heard of it. Baron Ungern had held a terrible pogrom. In his madness he thought that all Jews were Bolshevik spies. So he exterminated some thousands of them in one day.

From the plains and hills around a great many Buriats and other Mongol peoples had come in. All at once the whole town was converted into a huge market. Horses, camels, women, and loot were all put up for sale.

The soldiers, I should say, greatly outnumbered the merchants and gathered tribesmen. It was not long before the officers, who had bought the first women put on sale, took them out of sight and began to drink and revel. This left no authority whatever in the whole place.

For a time everything went well enough. With Symes I watched the sale of women and girls. Those of Jewish extraction were being bought in, rescued, by the local merchants of their own race. The sun was going down, a great deal of drinking was going on, and passions had begun to work loose. Symes secured a bottle of vodka, and when I tried to hold him in check he flew into a sullen rage and left me.

An old merchant came hurriedly through the crowd, leading a girl by the hand. They were both local people. A Russian in a blue coat, a sergeant who drilled the Buriat levies, caught hold of the girl and pulled her away. He was laughing heartily and no doubt meant no harm beyond a hug and a kiss.



This is the vellum roll which the old woman in Chasoktu cherished. Beloff was to meet with it later on. It is now in his possession.

The merchant turned around, cringing and imploring. The girl, however, began to scream wildly and to fight. A moment later she jerked out a knife and stabbed the Russian twice in the throat.

Instantly, as though this had been a signal, the laughter and joking died out and the ferocity of wild beasts burst forth. On every hand Jews were cut down, and not Jews alone. Those who had nothing began to take from those who had.

All those soldiers, the men who had brought in the caravan and the others as well, went suddenly stark mad, bestial! Every restraint was cast aside. They cut. They shot. Sabers gleamed red. On all sides there began to break out looting and deliberate killing. The women were seized. In a moment not one of them was left. They were carried off. The soldiers began to burst into the tents and yurts.

Some of the officers intervened. They were shot down in a moment.

I HEADED back for our own quarters. After a while Symes returned, bleeding from a cut across his forehead. He said no word, but shoved past into the tent. He came out with a pistol in his hand, and went away at a run.

Later, just after dark, he came back again and with a low word summoned me outside. He did not want Andrei; I think he was afraid of what she, a woman, might say or do in the scene around. I followed him in silence, my pistol ready; but it was not needed. By this time the din and confusion had somewhat quieted.

" Here," said Symes, halting before a hut whose door was smashed down. About the entrance lay a number of Chinese soldiers. I knew whose pistol had killed them.

Inside a candle was burning. A dead man sat at a table, his head fallen forward across it. He was an old man with a gray beard. In one corner, their arms about each other, sat an old woman and a girl. Her beauty leaped out at me. Her eyes burned at me. Instantly it seemed as though I had known her for a long time.

" Talk to 'em," snapped Symes. " I don't savvy their talk at all, but they know we're all right."

I complied. This family of Jews had come originally from one of the western districts near Semipalatinsk. They had been in this town for a year. They hoped eventually to get down into Sinkiang, somewhere near Urumchi, the capital of that province, where there were other Jews of their family. The look of the girl startled me. She had rich hair like deep-red gold, and her eyes, fastened steadily upon me, were of lapis lazuli.

I questioned her. She was not of their race; the old people had adopted her as a child, years ago. She knew nothing of herself. Her name was Yuryevska. As we talked the old woman stooped and picked up something from the floor. It was a roll of vellum about a holder of gilded brass topped with red coral. She said it was an ancient holy book. I unrolled a little of the vellum and found it written in Hebrew. She clutched it back again and stuffed it into her bosom.

A long time afterward I was to open this very roll of vellum in another place.

" Well? " I said to Symes. " What are we doing here? "

He threw a bundle of ruble notes on the table.

" There's money for them. Ask if they need help to get away."

The old woman seized the money: It would serve them, she said. Their two servants were hidden and could get them horses. They would leave this same night, at once. I looked again into the girl's eyes, then put her out of my mind and left the place. As we walked away I asked Symes who they were, how he had met them.

" I don't know," he said gruffly. " I felt sorry for 'em, that's all, and horned in."

We were to leave next day with our fifty horsemen. Most of them were drunk and scattered, but the sergeant promised to have them on hand early, by daybreak. This done, we came back to our tent.

We stopped short, staring, as we stepped inside. The lantern swung from the top of the tent. At one side was a tub of water which we had filled with water for washing. Andrei stood there, tall and solemn. Two of the Tibetan looters had broken in upon her—squat rascals, filthy, caked with dirt, spattered with blood. Now their weapons lay on the ground. She held each of them by one foot, their heads and shoulders in the tub of water. They cursed, squirmed, fought, choked, helpless against her terrible strength. We broke into a roar of laughter, and even Andrei grinned faintly. When the two Tibetans were unconscious, half drowned, we kicked them out.

It was here Andrei told us that she was not going with us in the morning. " I have decided," she said. " I am weary; life is a burden. I am going into the desert, down into the south, away from Russia. I shall be sad at parting with you, my friends, but it is for the best. Besides, I do not believe there is any luck with Baron Ungern. Ghosts cry out against him and his men."

" All the same," I said, " I intend to join the baron."

So there our talk ended. And when Symes and I rode away in the morning to join Baron Ungern at Urga, we rode without Andrei. She dropped out of my life, and I grieved for a comrade lost—little knowing that our paths were to cross again—and in the most harrowing circumstances.

How the mad baron launched his last campaign and plunged his army into a Red trap; how he stood up to the pistol fire of one of his own officers, and then rode off alone to face a different death—all this, a delirium of slaughter and terror, will be told by Georgei Beloff in next week's installment of Still Alive.

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

IN a way you can thank Woodrow Wilson for some of the spunk that American women are putting into their fight against prohibition. Mrs. Charles H. Sabin—wet Joan of Arc—credits the late President Wilson with having started her political career. Back in 1916 he made her so mad that she jumped into active politics on the Republican side. She was mad at Wilson for trying to keep America out of the World War.

"Since then," she tells me, "I have learned to appreciate his strength and wisdom. But the fact remains. He inspired my first urge to fight for a cause in which I believed."

Heart and soul, Mrs. Sabin believes in the anti-prohibition cause. During the past year she has preached the gospel of repeal to millions of Americans, telling it to them from lecture platforms, over the radio, and through the newspapers. She makes war on all bigots.

"When we have defeated the drys," she said to me, "we will not be through. Bigotry is a product of ignorance. It will persist in other forms, and we will have to keep on combating it."

I wanted to know if the rum racketeers had ever threatened her with violence. They never have, and she feels disappointed about that. She has plenty of arguments, however. Exalted drys are forever trying to talk her into their camp. She listens patiently—but doesn't change her mind. I asked her why she hates prohibition so bitterly.

"Because it has terrorized our most intelligent American mothers," she said. "The women who volunteer their service to our organization are nearly all young mothers of sound education who cannot bear the prospect of seeing their children grow up in the dangerous atmosphere of prohibition, with excessive drinking a nation-wide gesture of that liberalism which is so dear to youth."

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin

Mrs. Sabin was born in Chicago. Her maiden name was Pauline Morton. Her father was Secretary of the Navy in Teddy Roosevelt's cabinet. Her grandfather was Secretary of Agriculture in Cleveland's cabinet.

"WOMEN," says a man I know, "do not see the weather as weather. They see it only as an influence on their clothes."

The man I am quoting gets pretty eloquent on this subject. He says, "For most women there is no such thing as good or bad weather. Let a woman look out of the window some bright morning. What does she think of it? That's nice, she may think; I can wear my green suit and my white hat. On the other hand she may scold the nasty horrid sunshine because she wanted to wear her fur coat. Hot or cold, rain or clear, the majestic chemistry of nature exists for the sole purpose of helping or hindering her *chic*."

Not very flattering, this man's opinion, but honesty compels me to admit that he is more right than wrong.

FAR and wide we search for the culprits who inspire our young to folly. It has occurred to me that we search too wide, perhaps, and too far.

Why not take a look at the family? What about those attractive young aunts? How about that unmarried sister of mother's? How about that pretty kid sister of dad's?

I know a girl who turned down three marriage propositions because her aunt had set a like example. Auntie was frivolous, flirtatious. The men adored her. Her niece worshiped her. For years auntie carried on romantic intrigues, avoiding matrimony. She stopped that nonsense at the age of thirty-five. At thirty-five she married and settled down.

"There you are," said her niece. "When I am thirty-five I will do the same."

Now the niece is thirty-five—more than thirty-five—but she has not done the same. She has not married. Maybe she was not endowed by nature with gifts for coquetry as enduring as those of her aunt. Physically she resembles her aunt to an extraordinary degree. Maybe the girl has counted too much upon that resemblance.

If so, she has reckoned hazardously. Of all the arts, the hardest to copy are those of an attractive woman.

A FEW autumn trends are in sight on the style horizon. Skirts will be likely to have one or two flat box-plaited frills at the hem. That will be useful, for I warn you that dresses are going to be longer again, so the box-plaited hem will be helpful when we start lengthening our this-year skirts for next-year wear.

I predict a return of old-fashioned watered silk in dark colors. Also popular, I think, will be the new Schiaparelli material called moirélsa. It is a two-layer fabric, the outer stuff thin and transparent over a darker, heavier silk.

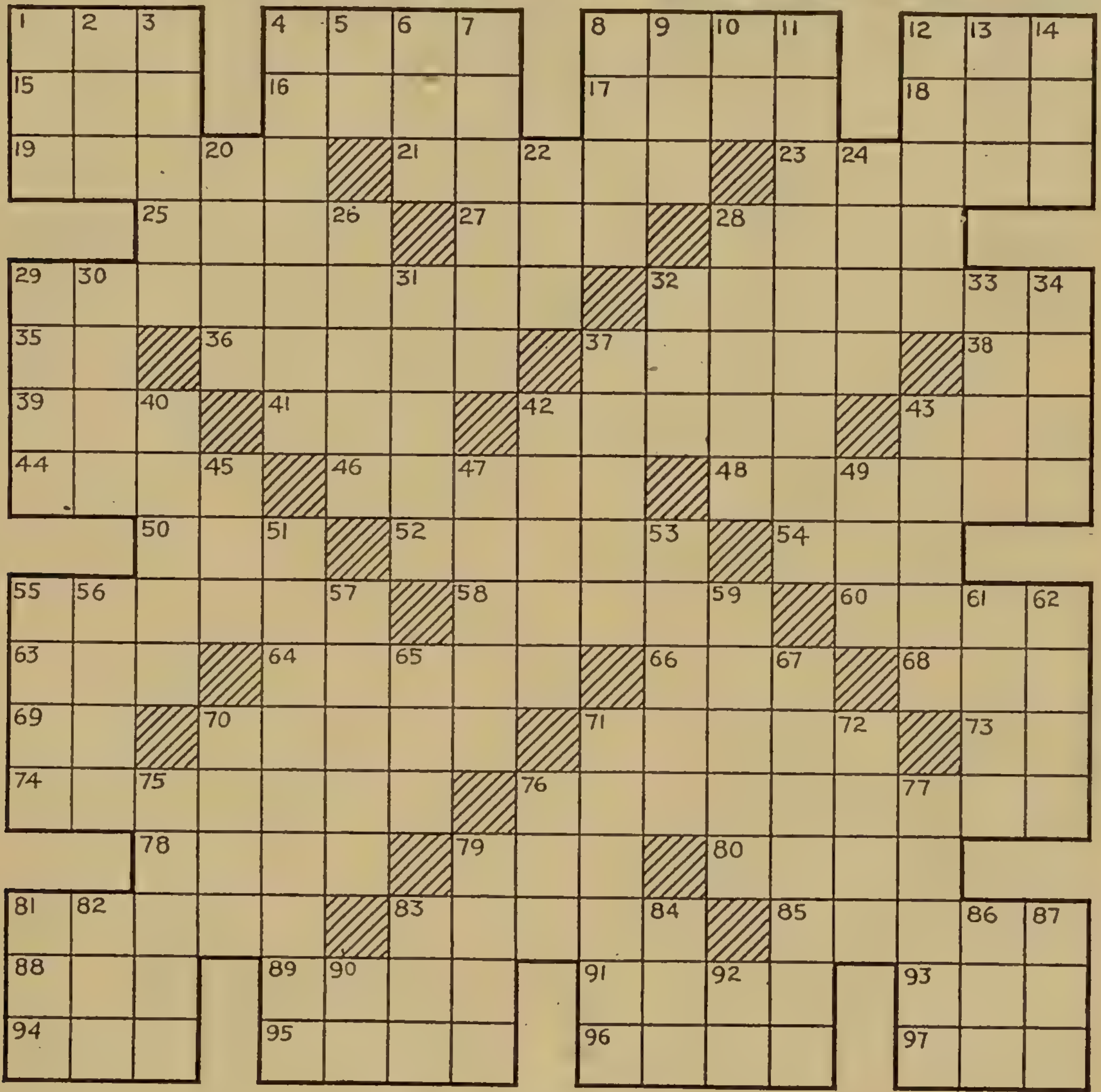
NAPOLEON never ate Liederkranz cheese, but he had a horse named Nicolle, or something that sounded like that. While invading Germany, Napoleon tasted its dark rye bread. Napoleon no like. "*Bon pour Nicolle* (Good for my horse)," he said derisively. That was a fine joke, thought the Germans, so they nicknamed their black bread bon-pour-nicolle. But they pronounced the French words with a German accent. *Bon* became pum, *pour* became per, *nicolle* became nickel. Pumpernickel.

Around the world went pumpernickel, everywhere introduced by globe-trotting Teutons. Germans kept on baking it when they came to live over here. To go with it, they wanted a cheese that tasted like home. Forty years ago cheesemaster Emil Frey tried to fill that bill, and in the process of doing so he invented Liederkranz—the only classic fromage native to these American shores.

ABSORBING, to me, was this book about the sacred monkeys of India—Leap-Home and Gentle-Brawn, by Frieda Hauswirth Das. (Published by Dutton.)

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Possessive pronoun
4 File
8 A loud harsh cry
12 An affirmative
15 Anger
16 Relieve of strain
17 A city in New York
18 Devour
19 Fermented drink (pl.)
21 Concluded
23 Clever; capable
25 Notes of a dove
27 Domestic animal
28 Asterisk
29 Divert; amuse
32 Severer
35 Depart
36 Stable compartment
37 Regretful
38 Pronoun
39 A tree
41 To be seated
42 Lassoed
43 Obtain
44 Regarded fondly
46 Pertaining to birth
48 Irrigates
50 Tear
52 Splits
54 Yonder
55 Brass clappers
58 Immerse again
60 Wooden pins
63 Owns
64 Tardier
66 No
68 A digit
69 Indian mulberry
70 Creates
71 Greek market place
73 Note of the scale
74 Narrated
76 Rechosen
78 Anglo-Saxon coins
79 Excavate
80 Satiate
81 A daughter of Saul
83 Daughter of Æetes
85 Rulers
88 Aged
89 Spare
91 The sheltered side
93 Comprehend
94 Form of to be
95 Spikes of cereal
96 Spikenard
97 Teutonic deity

VERTICAL

1 Pronoun
2 Prior to
3 Respond to a stimulus
4 Has recourse
5 Scoriated lava
6 Compass point
7 Depict in writing
8 To be gathering
9 Measure of length
10 Form of to be
11 Day last past
12 Long for
13 Attention
14 Coin of Siam
20 Performs
22 Put on
24 Woman's name
26 Soil
28 Scatter
29 A minced oath
30 Part of the head
31 Place of sacrifice
32 To dip in a liquid
33 Pitcher
34 Steeps
37 Repaired, as a shoe
40 Injures
42 Ranter
43 A kind of civet
45 A bone
47 Wearies
49 Upper extremity
51 Savory
53 Burn superficially
55 Scorch
56 American university
57 Bodies of water
59 Puddles
61 Blood
62 A ripened ovule
65 Man's nickname
67 Ministered to
70 Hindu evil spirit
71 A certain sea
72 Deeds
75 Peers
76 Cause to be quit of
77 Annoy
79 Lairs
81 Reap
82 The highest note in Guido's scale
83 Disfigure
84 A wing
86 Brazilian coin
87 A weight of India
90 Babylonian deity
92 Adjective suffix

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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The Drys Won't Like This One

BOSTON, MASS.—I have read Liberty for some time and I have always received my full nickel's worth. Particularly do I enjoy Vox Pop.

I wish to mention W. S. Gardner's letter in Vox Pop of the June 24 issue. I quote from that article: ". . . think that last word should have been gutter. That's where the wets have always done their fighting." May I say that we do our fighting where we find our enemy. —*N. W. Young.*

A Base on Balls

WEYERS CAVE, VA.—Now, listen. I'm getting real mad. This is the fourth time I have written in praising your mag, and I have yet to see my letter in print.

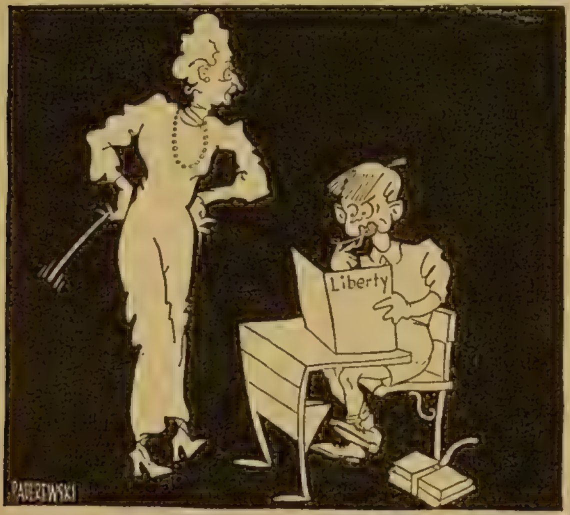
In fact, I am believing right now you manufacture your own letters.

Now a knock. I was all het up over the serial Mike, by Grace Perkins, as I have been waiting a long time for a novel concerning the radio world. Then what happens? You present a two-weeker, and although it was good, it was way too short.

Concerning your contests. I'm disgusted—not regusted but disgusted. Well, I had better stop before I choke.—*Possum King.*

A Life-saver for Bobbie and a Break for Teacher

ATLANTA, GA.—I am a great chewer of gum and take my exercises in class at school. Lately we have had a substitute teacher who loves to talk—about nothing. I sat up, chewing gum of course, and started reading a continued story in Liberty. (I got it from the boy sitting behind me. He sells them.)



I was busy chewing and reading. About half an hour later I was chewing with renewed vigor. Boy, was that some story!

Yes, I got caught for chewing gum, but the teacher took my Liberty and read it. I did not have to stay in.

Congratulations to Liberty, my life-saver!—*Bobbie.*

You Never Can Tell, These Days

SHANGHAI, CHINA—In your issue of March 18 of this year Princess Kropotkin puts some queries to your readers. Among them she asks if one ever puts shaving cream on one's toothbrush or puts toothpaste on one's shaving brush. Now tell me, does a lady use a shaving brush and does she use shaving cream? Being a bachelor I naturally turn to To the Ladies!—*Charles.*

That Would Be No Alibi on Some of These Hot Summer Days

ROCHESTER, MINN.—Just finished reading Upton Sinclair's letter to the people in the June 10 Liberty. Read it once; couldn't see that I'd learned anything. Read it again, and still a third time, and still couldn't make anything out of it. It couldn't be that I'm so dumb (impossible!), so I've decided that it's just a lot more hooey. Take away from the rich and give to the poor.

Mrs. C. J. Blasing

That is my personal opinion; not that it amounts to a hill of beans to anyone, but still it's my opinion that Mr. Upton Sinclair and a few more of his gang should be sent up to the North Pole to start their own civilization and then they can do as they please. After about three months of this Utopia my guess is that they'd all be back clamoring to get in again, and then in another six months they'd publish a nice fat book about the wonders of their Utopia with the alibi that it was too cold to live there.—*Mrs. C. J. Blasing.*

What a Gadget Really Is

MARINE BARRACKS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Radio Gadget, whose letter appeared in the June 17 issue of Liberty, should be congratulated for knowing his right name. I think all the world knows the service man's definition of the word gadget. However, for the benefit of those who might not know, gadget is a name given to any meaningless or insignificant object that has no particular reason for existing, but, due to the fact that it does exist, it must be called something, and so some person thought of the word gadget.—*Not a Gadget.*

A Vote Against the Index

ONEONTA, N. Y.—Liberty is ace high with me and always has been, contests 'n' everything. But I don't like it because you snitch a whole column off our Vox Pop page to use for your table of contents.

Won't you please move this article of furniture to some other location?—*Cynthia Reed.*

The Artists Will Just Love Being Called Amateurs

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Here is my picture to prove I'm not two-faced, even though I offer two criticisms of a different nature.

Al Melling

First, your magazine is ninety-nine and ninety-nine one hundredths per cent perfect. Don't weaken.

Second, we Philadelphians try to make things beautiful, but how can we when we see such old-fashioned, ugly, and amateurish illustrations as appear in your one-page short short stories?—*Al Melling.*

Recant, You Ask? Nay, Nay, My Friend, but Get More Quickly to That End

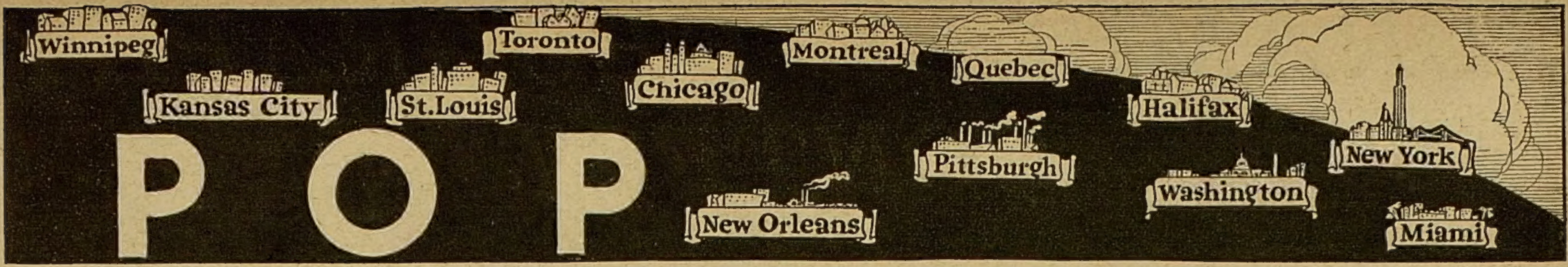
MADISON, CONN.—Oh, Liberty, oh, Liberty! I took the magazine to bed, and wound the clock up, just to see. And am I sore? Is *my* face red?

Oh, Liberty, oh, Liberty! Confusion now its work has done! It took me minutes twenty-three to read a yarn marked twenty-one!

For those who read more quickly than me (I ask for no Macaulay fame!). Will you recant, oh, Liberty, the times committed in thy name?—*Weed Dickinson.*

We Didn't Know They Were Baking Stories but We've Been Suspicious

DETROIT, MICH.—Do you form a line at the right to register complaints? Being a constant and usually pleased reader of Liberty, I feel privileged to voice an opinion concerning Hagar Wilde's story, Not Made in Heaven, appearing in the May 13 issue. If anyone with a name of lesser magnitude than Hagar Wilde (mine, for instance) had written such trash he'd have been told to put it back in the oven. It sounded as if it had been written during an awful hangover.—*D. G. Spaulding.*



The Repeal Returns Seem to Indicate You're Right

MONTREAL, QUE.—Just a little word to tell you that I have reached the conclusion that all that is wrong with the United States is that you should slow down your way of living to the pleasing tempo of The Sidewalks of New York.

PADEREWSKI

Every time I hear that song it makes me compare it with conditions in your country. Keep in time with that song. Gangsters, no drink, and kidnapings all lead to the conclusion that you are always away ahead of yourselves. Get back to the time of that pleasing melody, with saloons, street dancing, and all, and you will be far happier. Do you admit it?—*Young Montrealer.*

You Must Want a Painless Painting

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.—That was *some cover* on Liberty of June 24! The fisherman was straight from Hollywood, and the artist (who is probably asking him if he can spare a scallion) has feet as big as Garbo's. And what an ocean!

You will also note that the handsome fisherman is holding on to his neck. The explanation to that is simple, for I'm suffering from the same cause—a pain in the neck at seeing another Leslie Thrasher cover on Liberty.—*K. W.*

You'll Get Them

CALGARY, ALTA.—Kindly allow me a small space in your valuable magazine in which to express my opinion of Octavus Roy Cohen's serial, Scarlet Woman.

It was a compelling story with not a single dull moment and a smashing finish that left nothing to be desired.

Give us more of this caliber.—*Frank Hopson.*

When Mayor Kelly Disarmed the Famous Pancho Villa

EL PASO, TEXAS—Sometimes the truth is more impressive than fiction, and a snapshot of Mayor Kelly of El Paso, Texas, taking Pancho Villa's gun from him at the time Villa tried to kill Garibaldi, would have made a more impressive picture than the artist's illustration of that event in Tex O'Reilly's story, Born to Raise Hell. A photo of Pancho Villa with his heavy, thickset body and the powerful features of his bandit's face would have corroborated O'Reilly's statement that Kelly was the only man who ever disarmed Villa. And Kelly himself had a fine Irish face, not of the tough type but with classical Celtic features. Pancho Villa looked up to Kelly as a friend and adviser. As an illustration, in those restless, revolutionary times, one night about ten, Kelly thought he could sleep better on his farm, thirty miles down the valley. Villa probably had Kelly's house shadowed. Anyhow, Kelly had been there but a few minutes when Villa showed up and they sat up the rest of the night visiting. Both Kelly and Villa played the parts assigned them in O'Reilly's true story of how Mayor Kelly disarmed Pancho Villa.—*Albert E. Eylar.*

California Comes Across with a Little Free Advice

KING CITY, CALIF.—Ever since Hell Hounds I have been sold on your magazine. I can hardly wait to get it home and read it, but I have one criticism:

Bob Harnisch

Too much politics.

Why not stick to the good short stories and serials and leave stuff like Prince Willie and The Web of the Red Spider for others?

Yours for more fiction and serials and less politics.—*Bob Harnisch.*

This Is News to Liberty

REGINA, SASK.—I am an ardent reader of Liberty. I can hardly wait till every Wednesday when Liberty is delivered to our door. I think Liberty is the berries, but I have heard that it is backed by iron and steel magnates who publish these war articles to scare the people of Canada and the United States and so stimulate the production of deadly modern weapons of offense to make more money by the increased expenditure of good shekels to create new implements of war. I dare you to print this.—*A Fan.*

Poor Rob Wagner

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Will you please get rid of that old skippety-widget Rob Wagner? I don't like his reviews. For one thing, he's a smoothie, and you'd think he was writin' a humor column instead of telling us whether a picture is good or not.

He's always getting twisted — and he runs out before the picture is over.—*Hector McGoogle.*

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Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY CONTEST

$250

IN BIG CASH PRIZES

THIS week Liberty presents another group of scrambled geographical names to challenge your skill at word-building and your knowledge of geography. It's really two contests in one.

The object of the competition is to rearrange the jumbled letters in each of the words at the right so that each spells the name of a place, locality, river, mountain, lake, or other geographical designation. All of this week's names will be found in Australia or New Zealand.

It is not necessary to depend on your memory. Free reference to an average map or gazetteer, or both, is suggested. Of course there will be more satisfaction in working the list out without the aid of references, but there are undoubtedly some words this week that will require considerable research. In fact, if you manage to get half or more of the solutions you should consider that you have established a creditable showing and that your chance to win one of the cash prizes is excellent.

Test your skill against a friend's or against the other members of your family. Set a time limit and see who can unscramble the most names before time is up. Or see who can correctly locate the most names without reference to the map. You'll probably be surprised at the results.

The rules give complete instructions for the preparation and filing of your entry for a share of the prize money. Read them carefully and then get down to work. There is ample time allowed for study of every name. And watch for the fourth contest of this interesting series next week.

THE WORDS

1 THERP
2 CLEARCEN
3 DYSEYN
4 RACBEARN
5 BOATWOOMO
6 CREPSEN
7 TOADONATAD
8 LEAKLOGIRO
9 RINDSELF
10 RUMSVEGA
11 CLONDADAM
12 VANNARCOR
13 TONCMERL
14 DAREREV
15 ALLARTAB
16 ENRUMBELO
17 WINSHALL
18 MANONTORN
19 NUDALACK
20 RONIBEGS
21 TEWLONGLIN
22 ARIAKAP
23 SWENQUOTEN
24 CALLIGRINVER
25 RIVATICO
26 TECAPARINAR

THE RULES

Each of the scrambled words will, when the letters are rearranged in their proper sequence, form a geographical name which may be found on any complete map of Australia and New Zealand.

Copy the scrambled words. Opposite each, list your solution. On the same line identify the name with its geographical application and its location. For example, the first scrambled word correctly resolves into Perth. Your first line will therefore be something like this:

1 THERP--PERTH—a city in Western Australia.

In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

When you have solved and identified as many of the words as possible, write a brief statement to complete your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled, identified, and located, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference, will be adjudged the best.

In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Scrambled Geography Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, August 14.

PHONY EXCUSE PRIZE WINNERS

ISSUE DATED JUNE 10

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. Elizabeth Sheppe, Staunton, Va.

"I'm sorry, judge, that I'm in arrears in my alimony payments, but please give me time, judge; you know I always pay my gambling debts."

$25 SECOND PRIZE

Elizabeth Clair, Chicago, Ill.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

H. Ramsbottom, Calgary, Alta.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

R. E. Miranda, Cleveland, Ohio

TEN $5 PRIZES

Henry Bruno, Chicago, Ill.; Laverne Caron, Highland Park, Mich.; Catherine De Stasio, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas M. Farquhar, Indian Mills, N. J.; James R. Grant, Edmonton, Alta.; Mrs. F. J. Huekels, Bennings, D. C.; John F. MacDuffee, Portland, Me.; Ben R. MacElavin, Noblesville, Ind.; D. M. Malone, New York, N. Y.; Raymond Thayer, Gassaway, W. Va.

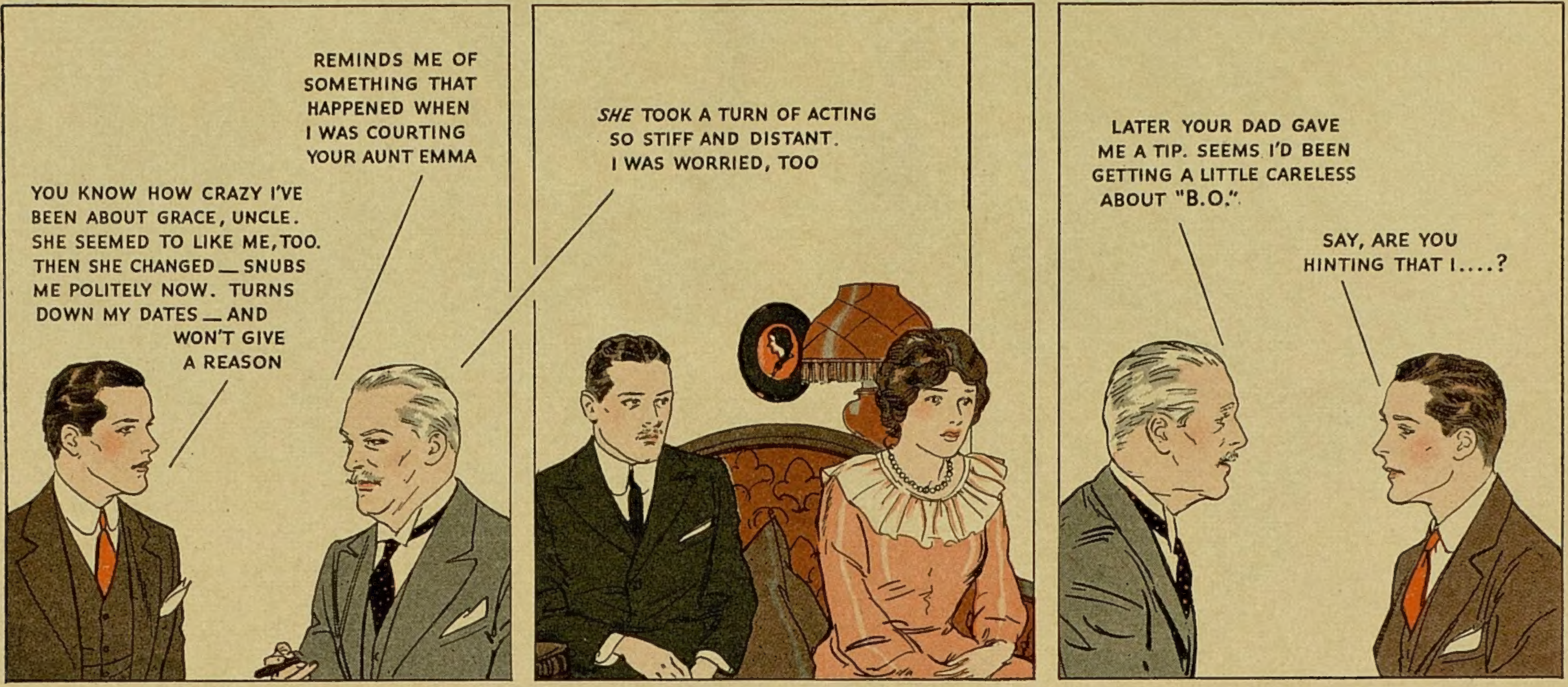
FIFTY $2 PRIZES

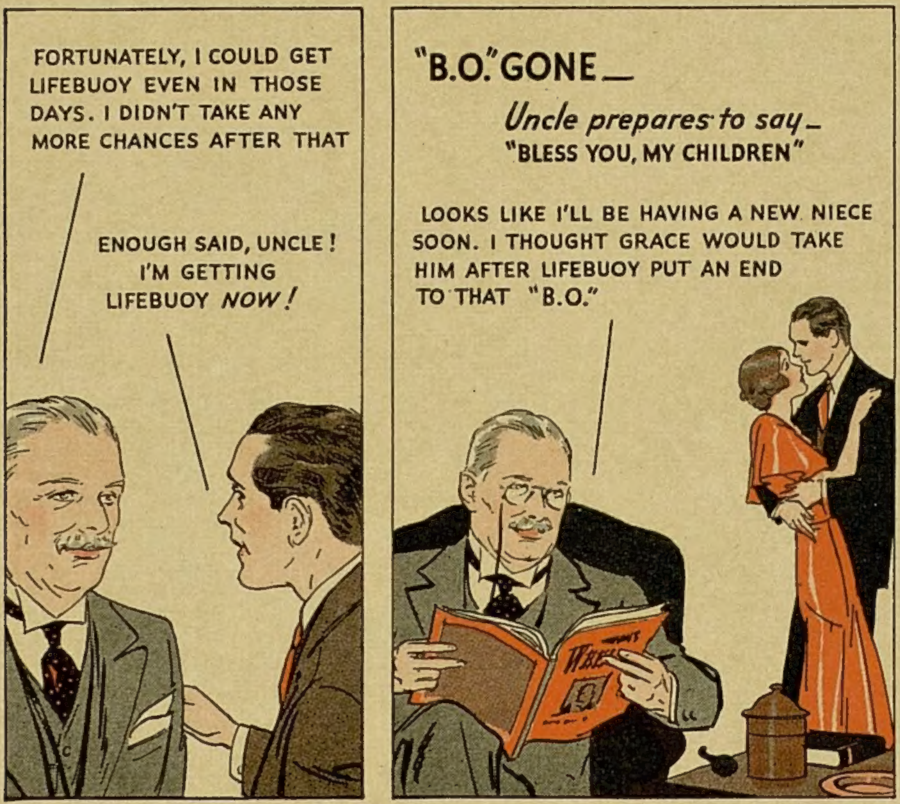
W. C. Adams, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ruth Ball, Syracuse, N. Y.; E. J. Bennett, Columbus, Ohio; L. G. Bonprie, Montreal, Que.; Sarah S. Carnes, Sparta, Ga.; A. B. Chadbourne, Compton, Calif.; Allen Curtis, Denver, Colo.; Sarah Gaillard, Dahlonega, Ga.; Mrs. Alva Green, Houston, Tex.; Lillian Harm, Lock Haven, Pa.; Herbert M. Hart, Rochester, N. Y.; Irene G. Hartzell, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. D. Henry, Los Angeles, Calif.; E. E. Holt, Clearfield, Pa.; Mrs. Geo. E. Inglett, South Bend, Ind.; Walter Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

Milton E. Kossack, New Orleans, La.; Hamilton McClure, Lubbock, Tex.; Marie McDowell, Scooba, Miss.; E. M. McGann, Los Angeles, Calif.; Joseph P. McGrath, Atlanta, Ga.; Emma Manning, Jackson, Miss.; Robert F. Meyers, Chicago, Ill.; Theo Morris, Birmingham, Ala.; Violet Mountain, Seattle, Wash.; H. A. Newell, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Mrs. J. Perry Ogden, Watervliet, N. Y.; N. C. Olson, Ashland, Wis.; Gwendolyn Parker, Palestine, Tex.; Lou Porter, Liberty, Ind.; Anthony Pozelnik, Cleveland, Ohio; J. G. Prichard, Ashland, Ky.

Zack Proctor, Chicago, Ill.; Margaret Rankin, Dayton, Ohio; Laura Redding, Los Angeles, Calif.; C. H. Rice, Peoria, Ill.; Hermann H. Rinne, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. M. Robinson, Los Angeles, Calif.; D. G. Sanborn, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Idelle N. Shader, Gurdon, Ark.; Jack Sidney, Denver, Colo.; Jean W. Stahl, San Francisco, Calif.; C. H. Taylor, New Castle, Pa.; George D. Thompson, Tucson, Ariz.; James J. Tracy, St. Louis, Mo.; Carmen Troy, Los Angeles, Calif.; C. G. Van Schelven, Decatur, Ga.; Richard G. Weiler, Yeadon, Pa.; J. Milton Wigley, Birmingham, Ala.; R. Bill Williamson, Lafayette, La.

...HIS UNCLE'S GUILTY PAST....by Timmins


YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY I'VE BEEN ABOUT GRACE, UNCLE. SHE SEEMED TO LIKE ME, TOO. THEN SHE CHANGED — SNUBS ME POLITELY NOW. TURNS DOWN MY DATES — AND WON'T GIVE A REASON
REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS COURTING YOUR AUNT EMMA
SHE TOOK A TURN OF ACTING SO STIFF AND DISTANT. I WAS WORRIED, TOO
LATER YOUR DAD GAVE ME A TIP. SEEMS I'D BEEN GETTING A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
SAY, ARE YOU HINTING THAT I....?

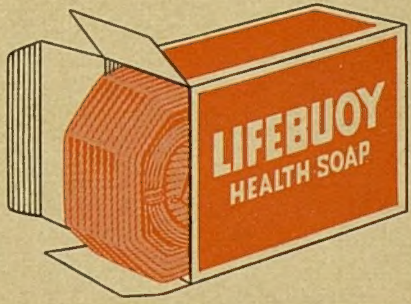

FORTUNATELY, I COULD GET LIFEBUOY EVEN IN THOSE DAYS. I DIDN'T TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES AFTER THAT
ENOUGH SAID, UNCLE! I'M GETTING LIFEBUOY *NOW!*
"B.O." GONE —
Uncle prepares to say — "BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN"
LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE HAVING A NEW NIECE SOON. I THOUGHT GRACE WOULD TAKE HIM AFTER LIFEBUOY PUT AN END TO THAT "B.O."

"B.O." (body odor) has ALWAYS been an unforgivable fault!

IN LOVE—in social or business relations—"B.O." (*body odor*) is a handicap *no one* can afford to risk! It's easy to offend unknowingly, for pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily. Warmer weather makes us perspire even more freely—increases "B.O." danger. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its rich, penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

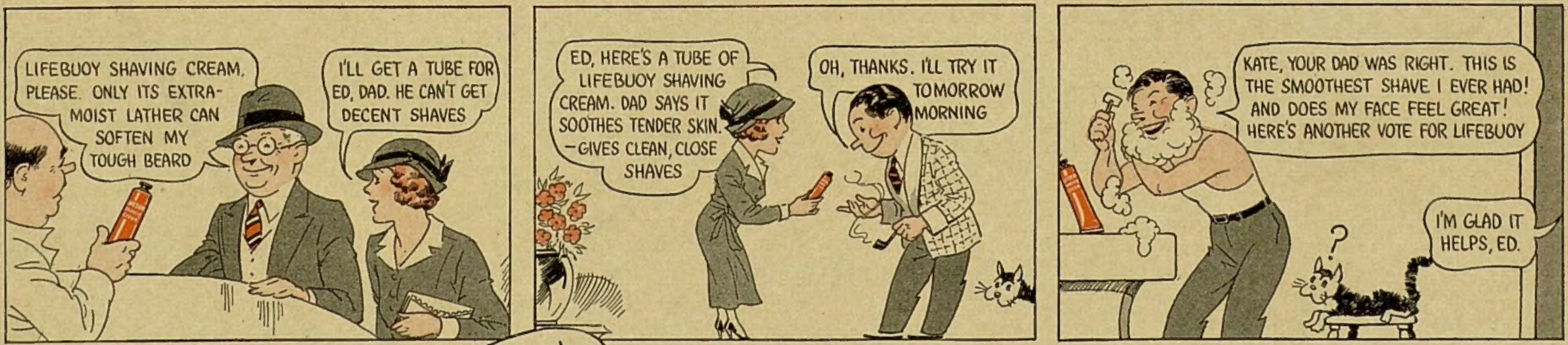
Dull skins freshen

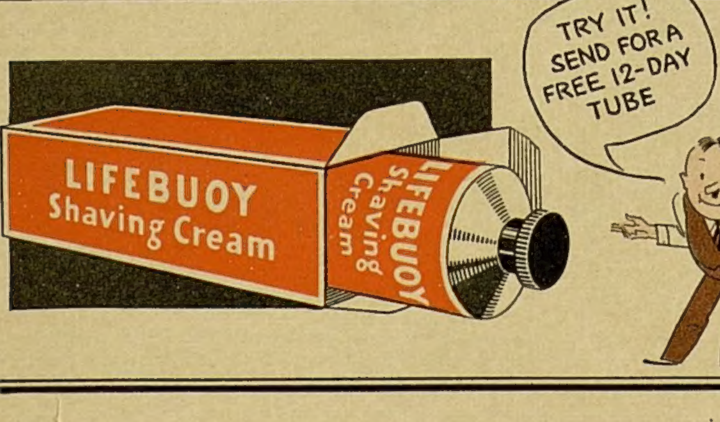
Make Lifebuoy your complexion soap—watch your skin improve! For Lifebuoy *deep-cleanses*—its creamy, searching lather rids pores of clogged impurities—makes dull complexions glow with health.


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

He learned about shaving from her! by J.F. HART

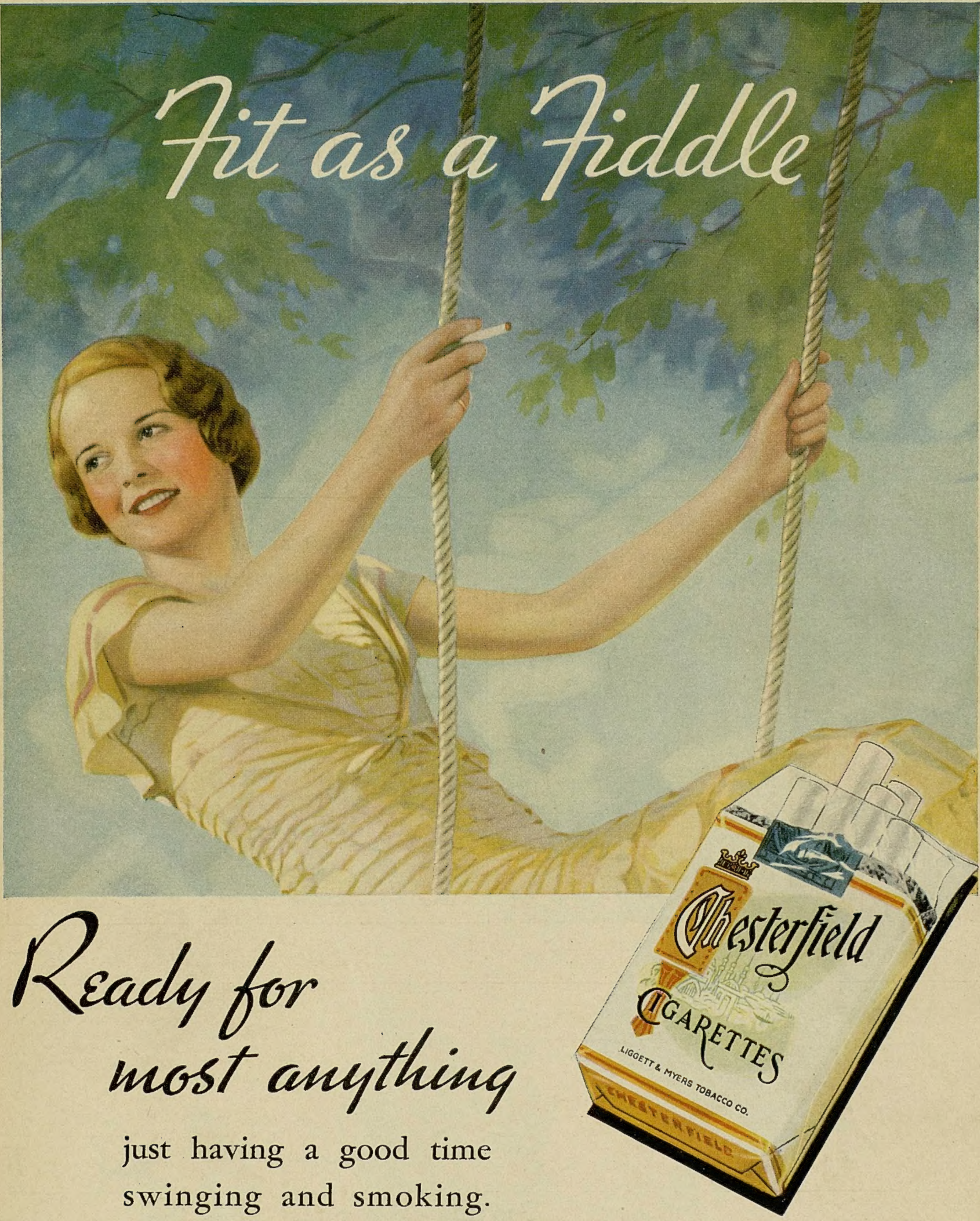

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM, PLEASE. ONLY ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER CAN SOFTEN MY TOUGH BEARD
I'LL GET A TUBE FOR ED, DAD. HE CAN'T GET DECENT SHAVES
ED, HERE'S A TUBE OF LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. DAD SAYS IT SOOTHES TENDER SKIN. —GIVES CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVES
OH, THANKS. I'LL TRY IT TOMORROW MORNING
KATE, YOUR DAD WAS RIGHT. THIS IS THE SMOOTHEST SHAVE I EVER HAD! AND DOES MY FACE FEEL GREAT! HERE'S ANOTHER VOTE FOR LIFEBUOY
I'M GLAD IT HELPS, ED.
?


TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Use this extra-moist lather that soaks beards soft—soothes skin

Holds 52% more moisture

FOR a clean, snappy, long-lasting shave—there's nothing like Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Because it holds 52% more moisture, Lifebuoy lather does what ordinary thin, quick-drying lathers never can do. It *soaks* stubborn stubble soft—*extra soft.* Tough whiskers come off quicker, cleaner, easier. It's kind to the skin, too—leaves it soft, relaxed, refreshed. Try it. Get the big cheerful red tube at your druggist's. Or write to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A-127, Cambridge, Mass., for a free trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)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Ready for most anything

just having a good time swinging and smoking. Well yes, Chesterfield—

They Satisfy

. . . all you could ask for

THE CIGARETTE THAT'S MILDER
THE CIGARETTE THAT TASTES BETTER

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